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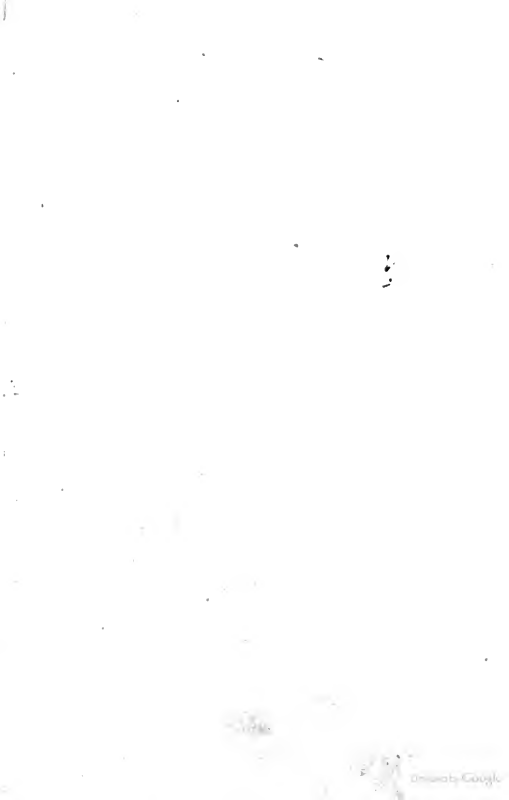
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THE
WESTMINSTER
AND
FOREIGN QUARTERLY
REVIEW.

APRIL—JULY, 1850.

⁴⁴ *Legitima inquisitionis vera norma est, ut nihil veniat in practicam, cujus non sit etiam doctrina aliqua et theoria.*"—BACON, *De Augm. Scien.*

⁴⁵ Those who have not thoroughly examined to the bottom all their own tenets, must confess they are unfit to prescribe to others; and are unreasonable in imposing that as truth on other men's belief which they themselves have not searched into, nor weighed the arguments of probability on which they should receive or reject it."—LOCKE, *Essay on Human Understanding*.



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THE
WESTMINSTER
AND
FOREIGN QUARTERLY
Review.

ART. I.—*Contributions to the Edinburgh Review.* By Francis Jeffrey, now one of the Judges of the Court of Session in Scotland. Second edition. London, 1846.

ALTHOUGH we have taken for our text the title of this work, we have no intention of offering a critical estimate of the whole, or of any large portion of its contents. The time for such an operation has gone by; caprices of literary taste are for the most part as transient as they are frequent; and although many books on their first appearance meet with undeserved civility or neglect, yet the treatment they ultimately receive is commonly, at least, when uniformly courteous, very fairly proportioned to their merits. The character, therefore, established by writings, some of which have been before the public for nearly half a century, and which, after being collected into four stately volumes, speedily reached a second edition, may be reasonably presumed to be not less just than favourable; and it would now be as superfluous to dilate upon the elegance and ingenuity displayed in them, as it would be invidious to qualify that praise by more than gently hinting that they are more remarkable for grace than vigour, and for speciousness than depth. Instead, however, of either confirming or questioning the reputation of their accomplished author, we ought rather, perhaps, to commence by apologising for having cited him to appear before us at all. As quondam president of a court of concurrent jurisdiction with our own, he might seem to be exempt from our supervision; and we are

aware, that in reviewing, with the intention of reversing, one of his most carefully considered decisions, we are stretching our authority to the utmost. There are occasions, however, on which official etiquette ceases to be paramount, and when the forms of law must yield to the requirements of justice; and certainly irregularities, of whatever kind, never stand so little in need of excuse as when they are committed in the cause of outraged Beauty, than whom, we hold with the poet—

“Nought is there under heaven's great hollowness
That moves more dear compassion of the mind.”

It is this fair being whom Lord Jeffrey, in the first and most elaborate of his collected essays, has made the victim of judicial oppression, not merely aspersing her character and disputing her most valuable properties, but absolutely denying her existence, and pronouncing her to be the mere creature of a deluded imagination. The sympathies of our readers will surely be with us while we proceed to set aside this iniquitous decree, and to vindicate the fair fame of the divinity who strews the path of life with flowers, at once delighting and refining the mind, and who, in return for her favours, requires no painful homage nor irksome ceremonies, but careless of being revered, asks only to be loved.

What beauty is,—why certain objects are distinguished by the epithet of beautiful,—are questions, which though among the earliest to exercise the speculative ingenuity of philosophers, have, we think, been treated with as little success as any in the whole science of metaphysics. None, at least, have given rise to more wild and fantastic notions. The only affirmative proposition to be found in the dialogue on the subject, of Socrates with Hippias, is this recondite one—that beauty is that by which all beautiful things are beautiful. St. Augustin seems to have believed that beauty depends on the unity of an object, or on the harmonious combination of its several parts. Crousaz maintained that it is resolvable into five elements: to wit, variety, unity, regularity, order, and proportion. Dr. Hucheson liberally bestowed on mankind a sixth sense, specially adapted for the perception of beauty, which, according to him, depends upon the combination of variety with uniformity. Burke condescended to amuse himself and others, by representing beauty as the power of producing a relaxation of the nerves and fibres so as to occasion a degree of agreeable languor. Diderot gravely asserted it to be the power of an object to suggest ideas of relation between itself and other objects; and Sir Joshua Reynolds, who ought to have more accurately discerned the nature of what

it was the business of his life to contemplate, stoutly maintained that familiarity breeds not contempt but admiration, and that things are considered to be beautiful in proportion as they are common. On these and some similar speculations we can bestow only a slight allusion. Most of them bear with them their own refutation, and their unsoundness has moreover been pleasantly exposed by Lord Jeffrey. From them, therefore, we pass at once to the doctrine which his lordship would establish in their place; and of which, though it must be acknowledged to be as plausible as some of the others are extravagant, we are nevertheless constrained to affirm, that with all its ingenuity and brilliancy of illustration, it will be found, when closely examined, to be scarcely less opposed to the truth than the least orthodox of those for which it is proposed to be substituted.

According to Lord Jeffrey, whose theory is in great measure composed of materials supplied by Mr. Alison, "Beauty is not an inherent property, or quality of objects at all, and does not depend upon any particular configuration of parts, proportions, or colours," but consists entirely in the power which certain objects possess of reminding the beholder of pleasing emotions which have been previously experienced by him, and have become associated in his mind with such objects. Objects are beautiful "merely because they possess the power of recalling, or reflecting the emotions of which they have been the accompaniments," or with which they have become in some other mode connected. Consequently, "no object can be beautiful in itself, or could appear so antecedently to our experience of direct pleasures;" and beauty, far from being inherent in an object, must be an attribute with which we have ourselves endowed it; is nothing more, in fact, than a creation of our own minds unwittingly transferred by us to an object with which, but for ourselves, it would have had no connexion. Moreover, "as an infinite variety of objects may suggest interesting ideas and feelings, all of them might acquire the title of beautiful although utterly diverse and disparate in their nature, and possessing nothing in common but this accidental power of reminding us of past emotions." To the inquiry, what are the mental emotions the suggestion of which produces the perception of beauty, it is replied—All emotions whatsoever which are either agreeable when experienced by ourselves, or attractive when observed in others. Nay, it is added, that as the remembrance of our own past pain is often agreeable, and as the spectacle of the endurance of pain by others is generally interesting, so objects may become beautiful from their connexion even with painful ideas. As to the nature of the connexion between beautiful objects

and the ideas or emotions from which they derive their beauty, it is observed that objects are beautiful,

“First, when they are the natural signs and perpetual concomitants of pleasurable sensations; or at any rate, of some lively feeling or emotion in ourselves, or in some other sentient beings; secondly, when they are the arbitrary, or accidental concomitants of such feelings; or thirdly, when they bear some analogy or fanciful resemblance to things with which those emotions are necessarily connected.”

There is some ambiguity in this exposition, owing to the mode in which sensations, emotions, and ideas are spoken of, as if the three were convertible terms, but Lord Jeffrey's meaning becomes clearer as he proceeds. That he advances many ingenious arguments and apt illustrations in support of his theory, will be readily believed; but plausible and attractive as it has been rendered by its skilful contriver, we fear that no part of it will bear the test of close examination. Some of its propositions appear to us to be unqualified fallacies; and whatever truth may lurk in the rest, can scarcely be extricated from the tissue of error with which it has been elaborately interwoven. After carefully considering all that is urged in opposition to our own opinion, we remain convinced, and we hope to convince our readers, that beauty is invariably dependent upon form, proportion, or colour; that it is in many instances inherent, and that the associations from which it is in other cases derived, are quite different from those referred to by Lord Jeffrey. His lordship's ill-success in investigating the nature and origin of beauty is, indeed, little surprising if, as we imagine, he has completely mistaken the tokens by which its presence is manifested. He considers the gratification afforded by it to consist principally in pleasures of memory, which, as shall immediately be shown, proceed from a widely different source; and it is no wonder that his researches have failed while his attention has been withdrawn from the proper class of phenomena.

Undoubtedly a large portion of the pleasure we derive from the appearance of a beautiful object consists of the agreeable recollections which it awakens; but this sort of pleasure is neither the whole of what the spectacle affords, nor is it the effect of the *beauty* of the object. The sight of a rose may transport us, in fancy, to the pleasant garden in which it was gathered, and open to us glimpses of shady walks, velvet lawns, and variegated parterres; or may remind us of the tresses which we have seen adorned with such a flower; or may possibly assist us in living over again the happy hours we have spent in company with the fair owner of those tresses. But all these images and recollections might have been equally presented to us by a flower less beautiful

than a rose, or by a withered rose which had lost the whole of its beauty. It cannot, then, be the beauty of the rose which affords us this intellectual enjoyment, since another object possessing less, or even altogether destitute of beauty, might have prompted the very same reflections. When seeking for the origin of any phenomenon, we must not flatter ourselves that we have discovered its cause, if it be obvious that the effect would remain, even though the assumed cause were removed.

So, when we have before us a common English landscape,—green meadows dotted with sheep and cattle, and watered by a purling stream,—well-tilled fields bordered by tufted hedges, and neat cottages half hidden in trees and scattered round a hill topped by a decent church,—we seldom fail to be agreeably affected by the scene. Much of our gratification, too, is doubtless derived from the picture of human happiness which the mind is assisted in forming—from the appearances of comfort and content, of the industry by which those blessings are insured, and of the simplicity by which they are contrasted with the bustle of a city life; and our delight is perhaps heightened by the dreams in which we are led to indulge “of those primitive or fabulous times when man was uncorrupted by luxury and ambition, and of those humble retreats in which we fondly imagine that love and philosophy may find an unpolluted asylum.” But it is not the beauty of the scene that leads us into these reflections; most of them might have occurred to us as forcibly in situations in which the eye of taste would find nothing to admire—in a well-stocked farmyard or in a productive kitchen-garden. We might there have found the same evidences of successful industry; the same signs of plenty, temperance, and health; and the same excuse for amusing ourselves with the belief that such peaceful spots must be the favourite retreats of innocence and purity. Or, if we exchange this quiet landscape for one of a more romantic character, where we have “lofty mountains and rocky and lonely recesses, tufted woods hung over precipices, lakes intersected with castled promontories, ample solitudes of unploughed and untrodden valleys, nameless and gigantic ruins, and mountain echoes repeating the scream of the eagle and the roar of the cataract,”—here, too, when we have somewhat recovered from the impression by which we were at first overpowered, and can pause to analyse our feelings, we shall find that much of the delight with which we are filled proceeds from the new and elevated course into which our thoughts have been directed. But we shall also find that the reflections which occur to us do not originate in the *beauty* of surrounding objects. The idea of “the Mighty Power which piled the massive cliffs upon each other, and rent the mountains

asunder, and scattered their giant fragments at their base," would be not less forcibly presented to us if, instead of appearing in such various and picturesque shapes, the features of the landscape were all regular geometrical figures. There would be nothing to please the eye in a succession of cubes of the height of Ben Nevis, but the recognition of Omnipotence would be extorted as irresistibly by such rectilinear masses as by a mountain range of the most charmingly irregular outline; nor would the comparison be less naturally suggested in the one case than in the other, between the weakness and insignificance of perishable man, and the firmness and durability of unchanging nature. When, from these works of God's own hand, we turned to the crumbling remains of artificial monuments, the sight of a shattered castle might probably call up visions of martial pomp, glittering processions, and triumphal banquets; but the vividness of such glimpses of departed glory would not be proportioned to the picturesqueness of the ruins on which we were gazing: we should obtain them as clearly from blank walls, like those of Kenilworth, as from the graceful turrets of Conway, or from an ivy-clad pile like that of Berry Pomeroy. Even without the aid of such memorials, our thoughts could scarcely fail to revert to the ancient inhabitants of the neighbourhood; but neither then would fancy be dependent on the beauty of the scenery. We should be equally apt to contrast their activity and turbulence with the stillness and desolation of the ground beneath which they lay interred; to call up the romantic ideas attached to their ancient traditions, their wild and enthusiastic poetry, and their gloomy superstitions, whether we wandered over the bare and boggy domains of the Macleods and Macleanes, in Harris and Mull, or gazed upon the blue waters of Loch Katrine from the woody side of Benvenue. In either situation, too, we should be equally disposed to sympathise with the actual occupants of such wild regions; to follow them in thought through the dangers, hardships, and enjoyments of their lonely huntings and fishings; to fancy them resting, on warm summer nights, in pastoral shielings on the mountain-side, or beguiling the dreariness of winter with tales and sports in their turf-built huts in the glen below. It is true that we should take much more delight in musing over the mode of life of a people dwelling amid cheerful and picturesque scenery, than of one settled in a spot devoid of such external attractions,—and only in the former case should we be disposed to dream of "romantic seclusion and primeval simplicity; of lovers sequestered in blissful solitudes; and of rustic poets and philosophers communing with nature, at a distance from the low pursuits and selfish malignity of ordinary mortals." Undoubtedly, in instances like this, our

thoughts are directly affected by the beauty of surrounding objects: great part of our pleasure consists of pleasant thoughts, which would not have occurred to us unless the landscape had been beautiful. We imagine that in such lovely spots it must be happiness to dwell, and we amuse ourselves by thinking how much the constant contemplation of their charms would cheer the various occupations, and heighten the various enjoyments of life. But is the landscape beautiful because it suggests such thoughts? Does it not rather suggest them because it is beautiful? Do the dwellers amid lovely scenery enjoy it merely because they imagine others would enjoy it, or because they themselves derive from it an independent, and so to speak, selfish pleasure? How could they suspect that it would please others, unless it had first pleased themselves? Is it not obvious that in such a case selfish enjoyment must precede sympathy? And if we imagine certain "blissful solitudes" to be peculiarly adapted for amorous dalliance or philosophic meditation, is it because we suppose that lovers would suddenly suspend their courtship, or philosophers descend from the heights of speculation, to think how satisfactorily others might woo or muse in the same place? Is it not rather because we perceive that, however we may be engaged, certain combinations of form and colour are agreeable to the sight, and that the pleasure we derive from their appearance heightens every other pleasure?

The reverse of this opinion is, however, maintained by Lord Jeffrey, who, even of the countenance of a young and beautiful woman, which in common with the uncritical vulgar he acknowledges to be the most beautiful object in nature, will not admit that either the form or colours have any independent attractions. He considers that what we admire is nothing more than a collection of signs and tokens of certain qualities which are universally esteemed and loved—of youth, health, innocence, gaiety, sensibility, intelligence, delicacy and vivacity. And he very pertinently asks whether, if the appearances which are actually significant of those qualities were commonly found in connexion with their opposites, we should not then regard them with aversion instead of rapture?—whether—if the smooth forehead, the firm cheek and the full lip, which are now so distinctly expressive of the gaiety and vigour of youth, and the clear and blooming complexion which indicates health and activity, were in fact the forms and colours by which old age and sickness were characterised—it would not be thought absolutely ludicrous to speak of the beauty of what was universally understood to denote decrepitude and pain? Still more confidently he inquires whether, if the smile which now enchants us as the expression of innocence and

affection were the sign attached by nature to guilt and malignity,—if the blush which expresses delicacy, and the glance that speaks intelligence, vivacity, and softness, were always found united with brutal passion or idiot moodiness, the whole of their beauty would not be extinguished, and our emotions at the sight of them exactly the reverse of what they now are?

All this is so strongly put, that we think it prudent to postpone our reply, and shall, for the present, only ask a few questions in our turn. Is there really nothing pleasing in the symbols of advanced age? Do we never admire hair that is thinly scattered and of a silvery hue, nor a lofty though furrowed brow, nor eyes whose brightness time has dimmed but not entirely quenched? Is it likely that Vandyke felt disgusted while painting the portrait of Gervasius?—or do we commonly turn away with horror from our acquaintances as soon as we perceive them to be tottering towards the grave under the weight of years and infirmities? Is not the richest bloom of health successfully rivalled by a hectic flush?—and is female beauty ever more exquisite than when it owes its delicacy to the deadly influence of consumption? Do we never speak of a beautiful face with a bad expression, nor discover sweetness among features which are undeniably plain? Does not a woman sometimes look all the prettier for pouting, though the fact of her doing so proves that she is not in the most amiable of moods? Is a straight nose esteemed more ornamental than a snub because it is distinctly indicative of some desirable property, physical or moral?—or can a similar explanation be offered of the preference universally accorded to raven and auburn hair over tresses of a fiery red? Unless these queries should meet with answers very different from what we expect, we may reasonably suspect that features which are commonly recognised as beautiful, possess a charm independent of suggestiveness; and we may, at any rate, refuse to believe that it is that quality alone which prevents our “preferring the richly-fretted and variegated countenance of a pimpled drunkard to the tame smoothness and comparatively poor colours of a youthful face.”

In attempting to analyse female beauty, Lord Jeffrey seems to us to have erred in consequence of comprehending under that term all the various attractions of a pretty face, without perceiving that those on which he lays most stress may exist where beauty is not present. A similar complication of ideas may be detected in his attempt to account for the beauty of spring. He asserts that winter has shades as deep and colours as brilliant, so that we must look elsewhere than to the accidents of mere organic matter for the sources of that vernal delight and joy which subject all finer spirits to an annual intoxication, and strike home the

sense of beauty to hearts that seem proof against it under all other aspects. It is, he thinks, the renovation of life to all animated beings, and the hopes and sympathies awakened in consequence, that constitute this annual jubilee of nature. And such are, undoubtedly, some of the conceptions forced upon us by the appearance of returning spring, and which contribute largely to render that season delightful; but that they do not constitute its beauty is proved by the fact that autumn, a season calculated to suggest ideas of a directly opposite and melancholy character, is very generally esteemed more beautiful still, and simply on account of the greater brightness and variety of tints of which Lord Jeffrey speaks so contemptuously.

So with regard to the beauty of childhood, Lord Jeffrey contends that the forms and colours peculiar to that age cannot be beautiful in themselves, because in a grown person the same forms and colours would be either ludicrous or disgusting, but that their charm really consists in their indestructible connexion with the engaging ideas of innocence, of careless gaiety, of unsuspecting confidence, of helplessness, of blameless and happy ignorance, and of parental solicitude. But it is not necessary that a child should be pretty in order to suggest these ideas. A plain child may be equally innocent, gay, confiding, helpless, and ignorant, and may fill a parent's bosom with the same hopes and fears. Besides, although a child's head on an adult's shoulders would form a very offensively incongruous combination, the face, if otherwise handsome, would not be rendered ugly by being misplaced. If a young fop were to use a pair of diamond earrings for his personal bedizenment, we should not think the diamonds had lost their lustre because we thought the man very silly for wearing them.

Lord Jeffrey, however, though he attaches much importance to the examples already cited, acknowledges that they are not altogether decisive. He admits that in those instances the conception of beauty appears to be inseparable from the appearance of the objects, and to be impressed in some degree upon all beholders, so that room is left for insinuating that it may exist independently of the reflections called up by the sight of the objects. But he says that there are other instances in which the perception of beauty is not universal, but entirely dependent upon the opportunities which each individual has had of associating ideas of emotion with the object to which it is ascribed; the same thing appearing beautiful to those who have been exposed to the influence of such associations, and indifferent to those who have not. Such instances would "really afford an *experimentum crucis* as to the theory in question;" and it must be acknowledged

that if any such instances could be found, they would fairly warrant the conclusion, not only that there is no such thing as absolute or intrinsic beauty, but that it depends altogether on those experiences with which it was perceived to come and disappear.

Let us, then, examine the proofs which Lord Jeffrey deems so irresistible. Taking again the example of female beauty, and observing what different and inconsistent standards would be fixed for it in different parts of the world, he demands whether, if there were anything intrinsically beautiful in any of the forms that distinguish it, it is conceivable that men would differ so outrageously in their conceptions of it? Whether, if beauty were a real and independent quality, it could possibly be strongly felt by one set of persons, where another set, altogether as sensitive, could see nothing but its opposite? And whether, if it were actually attached to certain forms, colours, or proportions, it could be likewise perceived in the most opposite forms and proportions in objects of the same description? If we were capriciously disposed, we might meet this bold challenge by remarking that there are qualities in matter which, though unquestionably inherent, do nevertheless differently affect different persons of equal sensibility. But we are far from asserting that female beauty is an absolute entity. We are ready to admit that it is almost entirely derived from association, though we, at the same time, maintain that it is inseparably blended with the forms and colours with which it has become connected. We shall have another opportunity of explaining how this fact is consistent with differences of taste in different men; and shall, for the present, be satisfied with showing that, whatever may be the nature of female beauty, it does not at any rate depend upon the power of suggesting ideas or exciting sympathies. If it consisted, as Lord Jeffrey supposes, in the visible signs of youth and health, gentleness, vivacity, and kindness, it is obvious that these qualities could not be discovered in any countenance which was not considered by the spectator to be beautiful. But surely, although an European might not admire the Hottentot Venus, he would not be so unjust as to call her old and sickly, as well as ugly. The elderly lodging-house keeper, whose gentleness as a nurse the philanthropic John Howard rewarded by making her his wife, is expressly declared to have had no pretensions to good looks; and kindness must have been depicted as clearly in the countenances, as it was evinced by the actions, of the negroes who afforded shelter and food to poor Mungo Park, when "the wind roared and the rain fell, and the white man, faint and weary, came and sat under their tree."

It seems unnecessary to dwell long on some other peculiarities of national taste alluded to by Lord Jeffrey; for his proposition, that "the style of dress and architecture in every nation always appears beautiful to the natives and somewhat monstrous and absurd to foreigners," is directly opposed to experience. Franks and Osmanlees agree in thinking the turban and loose robe far more becoming than the round hat and swallow-tailed coat. If we believed the scenery of Cumberland and Derbyshire to be unrivalled, swarms of English tourists would not annually invade the Rhineland, Switzerland, Italy, and the Tyrol; nor, proud as we justly are of Windsor Castle or Westminster Hall, are we blind to the merits of the Escorial, or of the *Hotels de Ville* at Bruges and Louvain. Neither, when we are moved, even to tears, by some simple ditty, which reminds us of childhood, do we pronounce it to be more beautiful than *Vedrai Carino*, because it has a more powerful effect upon ourselves. Lord Jeffrey must have been jesting when he so completely transposed cause and effect, as to say that white is thought a gay colour because it is used at weddings, and that yews are thought gloomy because they are planted in churchyards; and as for the majesty which he ascribes to large masses of powdered horse-hair shading the brows of bishops and judges, we will only remind him that the striking features of one of the most remarkable of living personages lost something of their ordinary dignity, when their owner was compelled, during a short portion of his chequered career, to crown them with a chancellor's wig.

Although, however, Lord Jeffrey's theory can derive little support from some of the examples just alluded to, he has brought forward some other illustrations, which must not be set aside without a more careful examination. He remarks that, besides diversities of national taste, there are differences of taste produced by differences of education or instruction, and that well-educated persons receive numberless impressions of beauty from objects that are utterly indifferent to uninstructed persons of equal natural sensibility. For instance, quoting an eloquent passage from the work of Mr. Alison, he imagines a tourist, well versed in classic lore, to have before him a city, meanly built for the most part, though containing several magnificent structures, and occupying an extensive tract of low ground, broken by a few insignificant hills and intersected by a muddy stream. He might not perhaps be altogether indifferent to the sight, but comparing it with the many more picturesque towns he had seen in the course of his travels, he would probably not be very much struck with the view. But if he should presently discover that it was Rome which lay before him—the ancient mistress of the

world, the glory of the whole earth, and the citadel of nations—then, indeed, a field of rich and solemn imagery would be presented to his imagination, on which he would continue to gaze with inexhaustible delight. This is true; but Lord Jeffrey and Mr. Alison appear to have misapprehended the real nature of the spectator's emotion. Rome, in being discovered to be Rome, had become infinitely more interesting, but had not grown likewise more beautiful. It must have affected the mind in the same manner whatever had been its external aspect. The mere knowledge that it was the scene of such splendid historical recollections would have sufficed to enable the fancy to revel in visions of the past. Emotions of precisely the same sort, and, in some instances, far higher in degree, would be experienced by the traveller who, journeying along the Syrian shore, and seeing some fishermen spreading their nets on a rocky headland, should reflect that on that desert spot once stood a city of unsurpassed grandeur, "whose merchants were princes, and whose traffickers the honourable of the earth;"—or who, among shapeless heaps of ruins on the banks of the Euphrates, should recognise traces of "the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency;"—or who, though in the gloom of a subterranean crypt, should believe himself to stand on the site of the crucifixion. In this last case the idea of beauty is absolutely inadmissible; yet the mind receives an impression far deeper and more solemn, though of the very same kind, as, in the instance of Rome, was assumed to be the effect of beauty.

Lord Jeffrey, it is evident, has not distinguished between beauty and the quality to which, for want of a more euphonious designation, we must give the clumsy name of *interestingness*; but though the first is almost necessarily accompanied by the second, the latter may also exist independently. Grains of corn taken from the folds of an Egyptian mummy—loaves baked eighteen centuries ago at Herculaneum—a fragment of the true cross—are all exceedingly interesting; and the one last mentioned the source, to a devotee, of more rapturous delight than any other object that could be shown him: but although thus interesting, it would be a mere abuse of language to call them more beautiful than things of the same sort which any farmer, baker, or carpenter could supply. When Captain Cook's companions found in a remote corner of the globe a broken spoon, with the word "London" stamped upon it, they burst into tears; but it is not related that they thought the spoon which had so deeply affected them the prettiest they had ever seen. There is no man who has not some interesting associations with particular scenes or objects. The view of the house where he was born, or of the

school where he was educated, is indifferent to no one ; but how much soever we may "love the play-place of our early days," yet if the house or the school be a formal red brick building, our partiality for it does not blind us to its intrinsic ugliness.

As for the influence of literary studies upon the feelings we receive from the contemplation of rural scenery, we must, in the first place, intimate our dissent from the opinion that children and uneducated persons are insensible to the beauties of nature. Boys permitted to ramble where they please, commonly prefer the river side, or the shady grove, or the steep upland, to the highway, and even to fields, however green and flowery, if undiversified by wood or water, or undulations of the ground : and the Constantinopolitan Turks, who at the maturest age are little better than children of a larger growth, always prefer, for the kiosks in which they love to smoke, sites commanding views of the unrivalled Bosphorus. As the mind becomes cultivated, the capacity for the enjoyment of scenic beauty no doubt increases ; but though poets and other favourite authors contribute greatly to the formation of our taste, it is principally by directing special attention to points which might otherwise have been overlooked, or insufficiently noticed. It is certainly not by enabling us to people every fair landscape with the figures of ancient mythology, nor by reminding us of their own descriptions of similar scenes. It is not, perhaps, once in a thousand times, that a fine prospect suggests to us the idea of Diana and her nymphs, or of Theocritus or Virgil ; and when it does so, how much soever our enjoyment may be enhanced in consequence, it is obvious that we have ceased to regard the realities before us, and are solely occupied with the visionary scenes to which we have been transported by the vigour of our own imaginations. But the delight we take in such mental excursions, is evidently quite distinct from admiration of the spot from whence the fancy took flight. That would indeed be a singular sort of admiration, which did not commence until we had ceased to regard its professed object, and had transferred our attention to something else.

While thus engaged in controverting the notion that beauty consists in the power of suggesting agreeable ideas or recollections, we have anticipated another of Lord Jeffrey's tenets, and we need not be detained by the inquiry, what sort of ideas are those which beauty suggests ? Yet we cannot pass, without a few words of comment, the very startling proposition, that because it is often agreeable to recollect our own past sufferings, and because it is often interesting to witness the sufferings of others, therefore an object may be rendered beautiful by its association with

painful ideas. That we do really think with pleasure of pains that are past, is undeniable. *Meminisse juvat*, or as Cowley says,

" Things which offend when present, and affright,
In memory well painted, move delight :"

but it is obvious that we are pleased solely because the pains are past. We contrast former suffering with present ease, and exult in the improvement of our condition. Our pleasure is derived, not from the idea of pain, but from the consciousness of exemption from it. Even if this be disputed, and if it be contended that we actually delight in reflecting on the painful sensations to which we have been subject, we shall still be unable to admit that the objects which suggested those recollections are necessarily beautiful. A liberated prisoner, as he passes Newgate, may congratulate himself that he is no longer within its walls; but he does not fancy he perceives beauties in its architecture to which he was blind before his confinement. Neither does a cripple see anything to admire in the shape of the instrument with which his leg was amputated; nor a youth escaped from pupilage, in the cane under which he has so often smarted. We should apologize for urging such palpable truisms, if the assertion against which they are brought had proceeded from an authority less respectable than Lord Jeffrey,—who, however, goes so far as to affirm that we delight not only in the remembrance of our past, but in the anticipation of our future emotions, even though attended with great pain. This is utterly unintelligible. We can understand that when a schoolboy has been flogged, he is pleased to think his punishment is over; but if he look forward with satisfaction to being flogged again at some future period, all we can say is, that the fact is altogether inconsistent with our own experience, mental or bodily.

We have not yet disposed of all the examples cited by Lord Jeffrey in support of the opinion, that the beauty of an object consists in its suggestiveness. In the cases hitherto examined, the objects were supposed to have a direct and close connexion with agreeable or elevated ideas. Thus, a well-tilled farm might naturally remind us of rural simplicity and innocence; a mountainous landscape, of omnipotence; a pretty face, of gaiety and gentleness; and the sight of the ruins or sites of ancient monuments might fill the mind with historical recollections. But many objects are undeniably beautiful, which have no such obvious or immediate connexion with ideas of any sort. All mountains may suggest the idea of power: but of two mountains of equal size, one may be much more beautiful than the other, owing solely to

some variation in its form. Can it be that the superior beauty is attributable to some distinct idea connected with the diversity of shape? Lord Jeffrey appears to think that it does, though, upon this point, he has expressed himself with less than his usual perspicuity. If we understand him, however, he considers that objects may derive beauty from some analogy subsisting between themselves and other objects naturally suggestive of agreeable ideas. Thus, spring, the infancy of the year, is supposed to owe its principal charm to the resemblance which it bears to the infancy of man, and to inspire us in the same manner with a sort of fearful tenderness; and morning and evening are also considered to be beautiful, because typical of the dawn and close of human life. Upon which illustrations it seems sufficient to observe, that whereas all men admire the tints of spring, the brightness of morning, and the softness of evening, many exceedingly dislike the company both of children and of old people; and it is hard to understand how these, at least, can admire one thing because it reminds them of another which they regard with a feeling the reverse of admiration. There are other objects whose beauty Lord Jeffrey endeavours to explain, on the principle of "sympathy with human feelings," and which he asserts to be suggestive of certain mental qualities. Thus, in his opinion, the purity and transparency of air or water are universally expressive of mental purity and gaiety; the sunny gleams and fitful showers of early spring, remind us of the waywardness of infancy; flowers waving on their slender stems, impress us with the notion of flexibility and lightness of temper; all fine and delicate forms are typical of delicacy and gentleness of character; and almost all forms bounded by waving or flowing lines, suggest easy movement, social pliability and elegance; a lofty tower or a massy building, gives at once the idea of firmness and elevation of character; a rock battered by the waves, of fortitude in adversity. It is impossible to deny that there is some analogy between these several objects and the mental qualities respectively classed with them; but we suspect that we are much more frequently reminded of the former by the latter, than of the latter by the former—that we much more frequently transfer to mind the attributes of matter, than we invest matter with mental characteristics. We liken mental purity to the transparency of the air, but we do not speak of a frank and candid atmosphere. We complain of the willow-like fickleness of our acquaintance, but we never accuse the willow of indecision of character. We admire the rock-like stability with which a good man endures the storms of fate, but we do not give a rock credit for fortitude and patience. At any rate, if material objects are ever suggestive of mental qualities,

they are so only to persons of a more than ordinarily vigorous fancy, and very rarely even to them. A Greek or a Persian poet might discover hyacinthine locks and eypress waists among the tenants of the parterre or the grove; but only in his finest phrensy would he be likely to perceive in plants indications of human virtues, as well as traces of human forms; and assuredly the great mass of mankind habitually behold and admire tall trees and drooping flowers, without thinking for a moment of moral rectitude or feminine modesty. If there are any visible appearances which universally *suggest* ideas of human emotions, it is because they are likewise naturally *productive* of those emotions. Bright light is not agreeable, as Lord Jeffrey strangely says, because it reminds us of gaiety; nor darkness oppressive, because it is emblematical of sorrow. The converse of the proposition is the truth. We call light cheerful, because it makes us gay; and darkness melancholy, because it is apt to make us dull.

One other illustration of the theory we are endeavouring to refute, remains to be examined before we take leave of this part of the subject. Both Lord Jeffrey and Mr. Alison deride the notion that there is any independent merit in the proportions of Grecian architecture, the beauty of which, they say, arises entirely from considerations of utility, convenience, and fitness for the purposes of the building—of security and stability—of the skill and power required to mould the materials into forms so commodious—of magnificence, splendour, and expense—of antiquity; and of Roman and Grecian greatness. If this were the case, St. James's Palace would be as well entitled as Whitehall to be styled a handsome building, for it is as useful, convenient, and suitable for its purpose; it has been built as substantially, and at equal or greater expense; it has witnessed scenes of greater magnificence, and it can boast a seniority of more than a hundred years. Its sole inferiority is the absence of the classic associations arising from the use of a classic model; and save in this respect, and in antiquity, the warehouses of St. Katherine's Docks and Meux's brewery should also be placed by Mr. Alison on a level with Whitehall. Moreover, in comparing specimens of Grecian architecture, regard would be paid to utility alone. The Lantern of Demosthenes would, therefore, rank no higher than the octagonal Temple of the Winds at Athens; and the Church of the Madeleine at Paris, would be scarcely on a par with that of St. Pancras, or of St. George's, Bloomsbury. Mr. Alison's language seems to imply, that whatever style had been first adopted, the same would have become the standard of taste, for that the earliest durable structures would have been taken as

patterns by succeeding architects. Yet it does not appear that the treasury of Atreus furnished any hints to the founders of the Parthenon, and monuments of Grecian and Gothic art stand side by side in Italy, as well as in other European countries. If architectural beauty were dependent on historical associations, no building would be comparable for elegance to the Egyptian pyramids; and if suggestiveness constituted the sole recommendation of any particular style, it would be difficult to account for the instantaneous admiration with which the Taj Mahal at Agra, and the Jumma Musjeed at Delhi, invariably strike the European spectator who, until his arrival in India, can have seen nothing similar to either.

We believe that we need say no more to prove that the pleasure afforded by beauty is not purely intellectual; but when we intimate our suspicion that it *is* altogether sensual, we shall probably inspire Lord Jeffrey's disciples with a contempt which we are very far, indeed, from feeling for any of their master's opinions. In spite, however, of the scorn which we may incur, we shall venture to define the beauty of visible objects as the power which they possess of imparting an agreeable sensation to the eye. We must here distinguish between sensations and ideas. By the former we mean bodily feelings;* by the latter, mental conceptions. Now, although a beautiful object may suggest agreeable ideas, we have seen that it will not do so by reason of its beauty; for another object, utterly devoid of beauty, might have been equally and similarly-suggestive. The effect of its beauty will be merely to give pleasure to the sense of sight. If required to describe the pleasure to which we allude, we must at once confess our inability to do so, for it is impossible to analyze sensations. Ideas may always be expressed in words, but feelings never. We can only give instances of their occurrence. We cannot describe flavours or scents; the only means by which we can indicate their character is by likening them to other flavours or scents, as by saying that honey is sweet like sugar, or that orris-root smells much like violets; but precisely in

* It may, perhaps, be objected to this definition, that sensations, as well as ideas, are mental phenomena, inasmuch as it is really the mind that feels as well as thinks; although, in the former case, she is merely a passive recipient of impressions from without—whereas in the latter, she is engaged in an active operation. The expressions in the text, however, seem to be sufficiently distinct and intelligible, especially if the reader be forewarned that wherever the eye and ear are spoken of as experiencing sensations, they are, nevertheless, to be merely regarded as the channels by which the mind maintains its communication with the external world.

"It is the mind that sees: the outward eyes
Present the object, but the mind describes."

the same manner as certain flavours are agreeable to the palate, and certain odours are agreeable to the sense of smell, so do we conclude that certain forms and certain colours are agreeable to the eye.

This doctrine may, perhaps, be less startling, if we pause to consider what is passing in our minds when we are engaged in the contemplation of beauty. While absorbed, for example, in admiration of a fine prospect, are we studying the composition of the picture, and carefully noting the mutual relations of its several parts? Are we observing how skilfully the tints of sky, earth, and water are blended or contrasted; or how the outlines of some bold cliff or gentle descent, some crumbling tower or slender spire, some umbrageous or tapering tree, affect the general character of the scene? The professed artist, indeed, may do this habitually, for it is his business; but it is not, perhaps, more paradoxical than true to affirm that his gratification is lowered in consequence; for instead of tranquilly enjoying the landscape, he is restlessly investigating the process by which it affects him. Not so the ordinary, unartistical spectator. He, too, may occasionally endeavour to trace his enjoyment to its source; but his ill-success will probably cause him, like Scott,* to give way to unreasonable regret, on account of his inability "to dissect the various parts of the scene—to comprehend how the one bears upon the other," and to estimate the share of each feature in contributing towards the aggregate result. But this is a departure from his usual practice. In general, though he may specially distinguish points of extraordinary beauty, his thoughts do not rest upon them. He notices them, not otherwise than he might notice some peculiarly exquisite perfume. It is only momentarily, if at all, that he thinks of the beauties which attract him. Nay, it is seldom that he continues long to think at all about the objects on which his eyes are fixed. In general, his mind flies off almost instantaneously to some distant spot, perhaps of a similar, but perhaps, also, of an utterly dissimilar character, where memory or hope enchants him with visions of her own. Perhaps to him, as to Lord Byron, it may seem that—

"Lochnagarr with Ida looks o'er Troy."

Perhaps, like the author of 'Eothen,' he is transported to Windermere while gazing on the Sea of Galilee, and from thence conveyed to a snug fireside, or to a box at the opera, or to some other situation possessing no closer resemblance to the scene of the miraculous draught of fishes. Yet, while his thoughts are wandering widely from the spectacle on which he seems intent, he is nevertheless powerfully affected by its delightful influence,

* 'Life of Scott,' second edition, vol i. p. 71.

for he cannot withdraw his eyes without reluctance, and when he does so, the brightness of the vision fades away: although, unconsciously, he has been keenly enjoying the beauty of the landscape. But in what way did it affect him? Of what description was the pleasure it afforded him? Not intellectual, for his thoughts were far away; the ideas which filled his mind were quite different from any that could be suggested by what he looked upon. But although the beauty which attracted his eye did not suggest, it coloured his thoughts. It forced them into a cheerful course, and diverted them from gloomy subjects. It enhanced his gaiety, or alleviated his melancholy. It affected him like sunshine or genial warmth, or like that sweet season, during which—

“The inmost heart of man, if glad,
Partakes a livelier cheer;
And eyes that cannot but be sad,
Let fall a brighten'd tear.”*

But it produced this effect by operating, not on the intellect, but on the feelings; and the pleasure it afforded must consequently have been not intellectual, but sensual.

“The science of mind may not appear to be much advanced by these responses;” but in this, as in all similar researches, we fear it is impossible to reach much further than the point attained by *Zadig, qui savoit de la metaphysique ce qu'on a su dans tous les ages, c'est à dire très peu de chose*. We shall not, therefore, admit that our theory is unsound, merely because it might occur to the most superficial inquirer, but shall proceed to consider what more weighty objections can be urged against it. Of these, “the first and perhaps the most considerable” is pronounced to be “the want of agreement as to the presence and existence of beauty in particular objects among men whose organization is perfect, and who are plainly possessed of the faculty, whatever it be, by which beauty is discerned.” An object which possessed the power of pleasing the eye, might be expected to please every eye, and if thought beautiful by any, to be thought so by all. Yet it is notorious that many persons, acutely sensitive to beauty, can discover nothing of it in objects in which it is distinctly felt and perceived by others of not greater susceptibility. The argument founded upon these diversities of perception would deserve more attention, if the same thing did not occur with respect to every bodily sensation whatsoever. “A Chinese or African lover might possibly see nothing attractive in a belle of London or Paris, and undoubtedly an *elegans spectator formarum* from either of those cities would discover nothing but

* Wordsworth's ‘Address to May.’

deformity in the Venus of the Hottentots," but neither, perhaps, would an African or a Chinese greatly relish the dainties of an European table, and an English or French epicure would assuredly turn with disgust from a repast of fried worms and frica-seed rats. Now the flavour of food undoubtedly acts directly upon one of the bodily senses; yet the same flavour is liked by some and disliked by others, who are all equally possessed of that sense. In the former case an agreeable sensation is imparted to the palate, which the same cause fails to produce in the latter case. Yet the failure is not to be ascribed to insensibility. A person who cannot touch putrefying venison dines heartily on recently killed mutton, and justly appreciates the palatableness of all such meats as suit his peculiar taste. So likewise may a visible object differently affect the eyes of different spectators, by all of whom it is seen with equal distinctness. All equally perceive its form and colour, as all men can taste that sugar is sweet; but some may not recognise in it the beauty pointed out by their companions, just as those who are not fond of sweet things may say that sugar although sweet is not nice.

Another objection, esteemed of almost equal force, is derived from the prodigious variety of things to which beauty may be ascribed, and from the assumed impossibility of imagining any one inherent quality which can belong to them all, and at the same time possess so much unity as to pass universally by the same name. The form of a fine tree is beautiful, and the form of a fine woman—and the form of a column, a vase and a chandelier. But what, it is asked, has the form of a woman in common with that of a tree or a temple? So far as we are concerned, we might decline offering a direct reply to this query, for we have not asserted that beauty is a real property of objects. We merely believe it to be dependent on their real properties. We conceive it to be strictly analogous to the palatableness of food; and as this may be defined to be the power of imparting an agreeable sensation to the palate, so may beauty be described as the power of imparting an agreeable sensation to the eye. Now the power of pleasing the palate is possessed by substances having as little in common as the most dissimilar objects of sight. A palace, a waterfall, and a rainbow, are all beautiful, yet utterly unlike; but they are not more unlike than turtle, pine-apples, and champagne—all of which connoisseurs consider to be very nice things. They are all called nice, because dissimilar as they are in other respects, they resemble each other in the power of pleasing the palate; and in like manner the most dissimilar objects are classed together as beautiful, provided they possess the power of pleasing the eye.

In order, however, firmly to establish our theory, something

more is required than merely to answer the objections against it, and we have some additional affirmative evidence to offer in its support. Even while keenly enjoying a beautiful spectacle we are frequently, as we have seen, thinking of something in no way connected with it. Still it does frequently happen that the ideas which occupy the mind are those which the scene itself has suggested, and we have admitted that a great part of the pleasure afforded by the sight of beautiful objects, often arises from the agreeable ideas associated with them. But we have also endeavoured to show that those ideas are not the result of the beauty of the objects, inasmuch as other objects absolutely devoid of beauty might equally have suggested them. Objects destitute of beauty, however, can please only by suggesting ideas, whereas beautiful objects invariably please. They please, therefore, by virtue of an attribute peculiar to themselves; and this attribute (which may fairly be presumed to be no other than beauty), must, inasmuch as it does not address itself to the understanding, produce its effect by operating on some bodily sense. There are many tokens by which the physical sensation to which we allude may be distinguished from the intellectual emotions which accompany it. The latter are frequently after-thoughts. They are seldom, perhaps, precisely simultaneous with the first perception of pleasure, though they may follow it after a scarcely appreciable interval. They vary too from time to time, the same spectacle suggesting very different reflections on different occasions. They may possibly be deeply melancholy, though excited by beautiful objects; yet, in spite of the pain which is thus occasioned, the objects are always regarded with a certain degree of pleasure. This pleasure cannot be the effect of the ideas which occupy the mind, for these are assumed to be painful; and the mind cannot be conceived to be intent at the same moment upon two ideas, one painful and the other pleasurable. It may, however, while suffering from disagreeable reflections, be soothed by sensations received through one of the bodily organs, and this we imagine to be what actually occurs. Though conscious of the pleasure we are receiving, we strive in vain to analyze it. If it consisted of agreeable ideas, we should have no difficulty in discerning and describing its nature; but it is a sensation, and cannot therefore be expressed in words. Like all other sensations, too, the first acute enjoyment of it is exceedingly evanescent. The first draught of odour from a rose or a bunch of violets is so exquisite, that if it could be continued with equal zest, we should never have enough of it; but it is useless to persist in inhaling the scent. After a few moments the palled sense loses the keenness of its sensibility, and the flowers must be withdrawn for a

time before they can reproduce the whole of their original effect. Equally impossible is it to maintain at their height the pleasurable sensations derived from beauty. In vain do we endeavour to preserve them by fixing our attention upon them. They elude our grasp, for they are not appropriate objects of attention. The first thrill of delight is only momentary, and cannot be protracted by any effort of ours. But though the first enjoyment of beauty becomes so speedily blunted, we do not grow absolutely insensible to its influence, but continue to be agreeably affected by it as long as it remains present,—just as it is pleasant to sit in a room scented with clematis or mignonette, even when we are too busy to notice the perfume. So it is always pleasanter to have beautiful than ugly objects before our eyes, even though our thoughts are so fully occupied as to prevent our being aware that we are looking at them. If it were otherwise—if the gratification afforded by them depended on our giving them our active attention—the contemplation of beauty would be a toil instead of a pleasure, and would be perpetually distracting our thoughts or disturbing our repose. It would be difficult to study in a library garnished with showily bound books, or to rest on a couch of elegant design; whereas, in reality, in whatever manner we are engaged, we commonly prefer a richly adorned apartment to a room plainly and scantily furnished. Even if deep in meditation we should scarcely, unless we kept our eyes fixed on the ground, walk with precisely the same feelings through Pall Mall and Gray's Inn Lane, or through Hyde Park and Kennington Common; not because we should have leisure to compare the magnificence of the one with the meanness of the other, but because, although the eyes of the mind were closed to the external world, the eyes of the body remained open and admitted sensations which gratified us, without interfering with our intellectual labour.

Another strong proof that visible beauty exerts only a sensual influence, may be drawn from the changes in the beauty of objects—occasioned by material changes to which no distinct ideas can possibly be attached. The appearance of a shady grove is pleasing to all men, and part of the pleasure which the spectator derives from it may consist of the pleasant train of thought into which it leads him. According to his turn of mind, he thinks, perhaps, how suitable the spot would be for meditation, or courtship, or a picnic; and recalls his personal experiences of such pastimes, from whence he passes into other equally gratifying reminiscences. But all these suggestions he might have received from an ordinary grove, or from one composed of trees of only one kind, as of elms or oaks. Such a grove might

possess much beauty; but its beauty would be exceedingly augmented by a judicious intermixture of other trees, or by the removal of branches which prevented the stem of some particular tree from being seen, or by the placing of some old oak paling at the edge of the wood. Every observer of nature must be aware how amazingly the scene would be improved by these alterations: but would the improvement consist in increased suggestiveness? The grove would be in no degree better adapted for retirement, or for social intercourse, after some gloomy firs had been interspersed amongst the trees of a lighter green, nor because the wooden fence was left with its natural grey colour, instead of being painted bright yellow or sky-blue. Yet by these circumstances, with which it is impossible to connect any precise idea, the beauty of the scene would be materially affected. Or if, through the trees, we obtained glimpses of a commodious villa, we might probably amuse ourselves by thinking of the pleasantness of such a dwelling in such a situation, and our interest in the scene would be proportionably increased; but much as such an object might gratify the mind, the mere beauty of the prospect would be much more enhanced by the substitution for it of a ruinous hovel or cow-house,—not, of course, because the latter would suggest ideas equally agreeable, but simply because the colour of its tiles or thatch would harmonize better with the surrounding foliage than the blue slate and white stucco of the far more desirable mansion.

Our explanation of the nature of the gratification derived from beauty has, we trust, been sufficiently clear to absolve us from the suspicion of believing that a distinct sense or faculty, denominated taste, must exist for its perception. Instead of a distinct faculty, taste appears to be simply the capacity of any sense or faculty to receive an agreeable impression. To have a taste for the picturesque, for music, for poetry or oratory, or for field-sports, is to have the eye, the ear, or the mind so constituted as to delight in a certain class of spectacles, certain combinations of sounds, or certain intellectual or bodily exercises. Taste for beauty is not, however, the property of one organ only; for, as we shall see hereafter, beauty is of several distinct sorts, and each species is perceived in a mode peculiar to itself. Confining ourselves, however, for the present, as we have hitherto done, to the beauty of visible objects, we may define taste to be the ability of the eye to derive pleasure from certain forms or colours, or from certain combinations of them. Varieties of taste are merely preferences evinced by different persons for different appearances, as when one person prefers wild and romantic scenery or gaudy colours,

another, tamer landscapes and soberer hues. Similar preferences are exhibited by the palate, the organ which has already supplied us with so many apt illustrations. One man likes a peach better than a pine-apple; another likes a pine-apple better than a peach: one ranks claret and another champagne as the queen of wines. These preferences may be either natural or acquired. Many flavours which are disliked when new and strange become grateful when we are used to them. An old South Sea navigator relates that the New Zealanders who visited his ship could, at first, be scarcely persuaded to touch the highly-seasoned dishes set before them, but after a few trials, grew fond of the very things which their simplicity had formerly rejected. In some parts of Central Asia *assafœtida*, which no one ever swallowed for the first time without disgust, is greatly esteemed as a spice, and is much used in cookery. A veteran opium-eater is merely exhilarated by a dose of his favourite drug that would kill a horse; and people who practise what that impudent reprobate Wilkes used to despise as "small vices," are soothed by the tobacco-smoke that once made them sick. So painters who, instead of regarding nature, content themselves with studying the works of other artists, frequently become incapable of distinguishing between the beauties and the blemishes of their models; and thus it happens that not a few enthusiasts, whose visual organs do not seem to have been originally defective, are not merely reconciled to, but absolutely enamoured of, Mr. Turner's fantastic tricks of colouring. In such instances as these the senses become, by habit, adapted to impressions which were originally offensive. Sometimes, however, instead of being blunted, their sensibility is sharpened by being frequently subjected to a new class of impressions. A coal-heaver, admitted as a daily guest at the table of a prince or a peer as whimsical as the Caliph Haroun Al Raschid or the entertainer of Christopher Sly, would gradually grow dainty in his diet, and might at length prefer olives and claret to onions and porter. So must it have been impossible for the dullest Athenian, in the days of Pericles, to have lived constantly within view of the Parthenon without apprehending something of the graceful symmetry of its proportions. So Tom Purdie, Sir Walter Scott's rugged gamekeeper, by habitually turning his eyes in the same direction as his master, contracted, by degrees, some of his master's feeling. "When I first came here," said Tom one day to the factor's wife, "I was little better than a beast, and knew nae mair than a cow what was pretty and what was ugly. I was cuif enough to think that the bonniest thing in a country-side was a cornfield enclosed in four stane dykes; but now I ken the

difference. Look this way, Mrs. Laidlaw, and I'll show you what the gentlefolks likes. See ye there, now, the sun glinting on Melrose Abbey. Its no a' bright, and its no a' shadowy neither, but a bit screed of light, and a bit daud of dark yonder like, and that's what they ca' picturesque, and indeed it *maun be confessed that its unco bonnie to look at.*"* Since London has been able to boast of a National Gallery, freely open to holiday visitors, many a heavy-eyed journeyman and gaping nursery-maid has learned to discriminate between a painting by Titian or Murillo, and a public-house sign; and those pioneers of art, the Italian image-boys, have greatly assisted in bringing the lower classes of our countrymen to a juster appreciation of elegant forms, by their gratuitous exhibitions in the streets and highways of Baily's *Eve*, and the *Graces*. Education improves taste, chiefly by directing the faculties to subjects peculiarly qualified to afford them gratification. Every sort of mental cultivation, all additions to our knowledge, every development of the affections, and every increase of imaginative power, do indeed make objects more *interesting* by establishing new relations between ourselves and them, but can scarcely render us more susceptible of beauty, except by stimulating us to more habitual and closer observation.

Hitherto our dissent from Lord Jeffrey's doctrine has been too wide to admit of compromise. What he refers to the intellect, we would refer to the senses. Our conclusions are separated by the broad barrier which divides thoughts from feelings. When, however, we proceed to another part of the subject and enquire, not how the power which we term Beauty operates, but how it originates, or from whence it takes its rise, the differences between us, though still exceedingly great, are not so absolutely irreconcilable. Lord Jeffrey appears to think that the beauty which a spectator perceives, results from his own experience, and has been by himself communicated to what he beholds; and this position would be incontrovertible if beauty were really the ability to awaken recollections,—for nothing but the spectator's own observation could have caused an object to be associated in his mind with particular reminiscences. We, on the other hand, contend that there are appearances in which beauty is inherent,—an opinion which we hope to be able to justify when we come to consider the beauty of colour. We admit, however, that the same remark is not applicable to beauty of form, of which it cannot be said that it pleases the eye simply because it is natural to the eye to be pleased with it.

* Lockhart's 'Life of Scott,' vol. vii. p. 312—13.

Such was, nevertheless, the opinion of Hogarth, who composed his 'Analysis of Beauty' on purpose to establish the principle that the winding or serpentine line is the essence of all that is beautiful in nature or art; but it is singular that that daring genius, while looking around for examples to corroborate his theory, should have contrived to overlook many appearances which are quite inconsistent with it. A zigzag path leading across a perfectly level and open meadow would not be pleasing to the sight; neither would a column bent (if that were possible) into a curve instead of standing perpendicularly; for in these cases ideas would be suggested of needless toil or insecurity. The undulating line would seem, therefore, to be beautiful only in situations in which it is not inappropriate; whence it has been inferred that forms or shapes derive their beauty from a perception of their fitness for the purpose to which they are subservient, provided that purpose be such as may be contemplated with pleasure. Thus the forms of an antelope and a swan are supposed to be beautiful, because admirably adapted to the lively movements of those animals; while a pig's snout, though equally well contrived in its way, is pronounced ugly, because commonly employed in doing dirty work. But neither does this opinion appear to be strictly correct. There is nothing admirable in the shape of a common table-spoon, excellently suited, as it is, for its proper and very agreeable office. All windows of equal size admit equal quantities of light, but some are much more ornamental than others. A column will not be rendered stronger or more useful by being fluted and surmounted with a capital,—alterations which so greatly improve its appearance. A Saxon will serve as well, or better, than a pointed arch to support a weight, but is commonly thought less graceful. An English great-coat is quite as convenient as a Spanish mantle, but is not nearly so becoming. Beauty of form does really, in most cases, originate in a perception of utility, fitness, or convenience; but the process by which it is thence derived, far from being perfectly simple and obvious, seems to require a somewhat elaborate explanation to render it intelligible.

Ideas of agility, health, strength, and repose—of all qualities, in short, which contribute to comfort and ease—are pleasing to the mind, and the suggestion of them is accompanied by a sensation of satisfaction. By an easy transition, appearances which are intimately connected with such ideas, produce a similar sensation. They become, in fact, substitutes for the ideas, and affect the spectator in the same manner. Now, in animals, slenderness is observed to be conducive to freedom of motion; moderate sleek-

ness is indicative of vigour; and unconstrained attitudes imply cessation of toilsome effort. For these reasons we look with pleasure on the nimble antelope, on a race-horse in high condition, on a swan gliding through the water, and on the recumbent figure of a man; but are somewhat offended by the sight of a camel, or a hippopotamus dragging its awkward weight along—of a lean greyhound, a mangy cur, and of a soldier standing bolt upright at the drill-sergeant's word of command. In the former class of instances, the primary source of our pleasure is the association of the objects with certain agreeable ideas, but the objects do not always suggest those ideas. We might never have admired the shape of the antelope unless we had first remarked how well adapted it is to rapidity of motion; but having once made that discovery, we are not continually reminded of it by the sight of the animal. We often see an antelope without thinking of its fleetness, but we never see it without being pleased by its graceful appearance. The reason is, that the appearance has acquired the same influence over our feelings as the idea with which we formerly observed its connexion: it strikes the same chord within us and produces the same sensation of pleasure. It thus appears that beautiful forms, even when obviously conducive to convenience or utility, do not usually excite those ideas, but only the gratifying sensation which is their ordinary accompaniment. The effect is the same when the forms in question have no apparent connexion with utility. The delicacy of figure, the flowing outlines, the smoothness and flexibility, the unwieldiness, angularity, bareness, and rigidity which please or displease in living creatures, please and displease likewise in inanimate things. Sometimes, as in the case of animals, the secret of the influence of these appearances lies in their manifest appropriateness or inappropriateness, as when we notice the tapering height of a church spire, or compare a Thames wherry with a coal-barge, or a landau with a broad-wheeled waggon. But even when they tend to no apparent purpose, the same forms which please in animals, please also, unless manifestly misplaced, in inanimate objects. Swelling hills, sloping vales, rolling or fleecy clouds, slender columns, convoluted shells, trees, leaves, feathers, flowers, are all defined by outlines of which the spectator approves. He is gratified, however, not because the outlines seem conducive to any special design,—not because he can clearly perceive how their diversities assist the operations of nature, and can assign any particular reason why hills might not have had flat instead of rounded summits, why all trees might not have been of the same shape, and all leaves and shells of the same pattern,—but because the flowing lines and delicate proportions which have been observed to conduce to the comfort of animated beings, usually affect us, even when

noticed in inanimate things, in the same manner as the abstract idea of comfort, and excite within us the same feeling of satisfaction.

Beautiful forms do really then frequently owe their charms to their original connexion with utility and convenience, but the connexion need not be perceptible in the objects possessing them. Neither do they exert their influence by suggesting ideas of the qualities alluded to. They operate in a more direct manner. They become, as we have said, perfect substitutes for the ideas, and acquire the same power over the mind. The contemplation of the ideas is attended by a sensation of comfort and satisfaction; and the appearance of the substitutes, without suggesting the ideas, produces the same sensation.

It is an analogy of the same sort which causes regularity of plan to be required in most artificial productions. It is not on account of the obvious convenience of such an arrangement, that the entrance and all other architectural features of which there is but one, look best when placed in the centre of a building; that windows are commonly disposed in rows or pairs, and that pairs are expected to consist of members precisely alike. The disorderly manner in which windows are scattered over the back of a common London house, does not offend the eye because it is presumed to be incommodious to the inmates; on the contrary, it is taken for granted that some very cogent motives of convenience must have occasioned such a deviation from architectural propriety. But the structure of all animals and of many plants is such, as to allow of their being divided into two exactly similar parts. Single features are situated in the centre of the face, and limbs and features of which there are more than one, are placed at equal distances from each other. Exceptions to this rule are the result of defective formation, or of accident, and affect the beholder in the same manner as the abstract ideas of incompleteness and violent distortion. The unsightliness of irregularities in productions of art may be traced to the same source. The appearance of an edifice with only one wing, or with the door on one side, offends the eye in the same manner, and for the same reason, as a man with only one arm, or with a wry mouth; and symmetry is scarcely less indispensable in many articles of furniture, in vases, carriages, and ships. But it is not esteemed in parks, or gardens, because the models of these are natural landscapes; and, as nature never disposes hills, valleys, or trees, in methodical order, so in gardens where

"Grove nods to grove, each alley has its brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other,"

such excessive regularity is justly censured as formal.

The above is not offered as a complete explanation of the beauty of form. It is chiefly applicable to curved or waving lines, symmetrical proportions, and smooth surfaces, and seems to condemn all heavy masses, and sharp, rigid, and irregular figures. Yet appearances of the latter class are not invariably offensive; but on the contrary, when judiciously combined with others of a different description, add greatly to the general effect. Thus, abrupt precipices and jagged rocks are often the most important features in a fine landscape. A poplar standing alone has a stiff, and formal look; but when rising above a cluster of other trees, separately more elegant, is often the most admired member of the group. Sharp angularities, elsewhere so objectionable, are not found fault with in architectural pediments and cornices. In fact, there is scarcely anything not positively shocking, or disgusting, which may not be so placed as to produce a picturesque effect. The beauty which is thus generated, must, we think, be referred to that craving for variety to which all mankind are subject, and which makes almost any change from monotony preferable to no change at all. This peculiarity of the human mind, which can create beauty where it would not otherwise exist, can also neutralize its charm where it exists in the greatest abundance. The most lovely objects fatigue by constant repetition. The eye would rest but languidly on a boundless plain planted with roses, or paved with rubies or emeralds, or on a long succession of edifices of faultless but uniform design; nay, would scarcely bestow an approving glance on the Medicean Venus herself, if her exquisite features were the common property of womankind. After perusing a whole room-full of Sir Peter Lely's beauties at Hampton Court, it is almost a relief to turn to the starchy plainness of Queen Elizabeth in an adjoining apartment.

This seems to be a proper place for a remark which should not have been so long deferred, if a convenient opportunity had occurred for introducing it earlier. Although the suggestion of pleasing ideas cannot make an object beautiful, the suggestion of unpleasing ideas may counteract the effect of beauty. The reason probably is, not so much that the appearance ceases to produce its usual effect on the eye, as because the sensation of pleasure so produced is overpowered by the pain of the thoughts which simultaneously occupy the mind. The most ardent lover of the picturesque would view without much delight a conflagration which was destroying his property, though he could not deny the brilliancy of the spectacle. Few men look with pleasure on a person, however handsome, whom they greatly dislike, or on a place or thing which has been to them the scene or instrument of some

great calamity; but they do not, in consequence, think their enemies ugly, or consider that a spot has changed its aspect because they are no longer attracted by it. It is the interposition of disagreeable thoughts which prevents our admiring things in themselves beautiful, but misplaced, or incongruously combined. The union of small limbs with a large trunk would offend by sinning against proportion; but, independently of the want of symmetry, the junction of parts so ill-assorted would suggest disagreeable ideas of diseased and unnatural growth, and would cause us to look with something like disgust on the prettiest hand and the neatest ankle. An ancient castle, built according to a design suited to the date of its construction, may be beheld with a pleasure quite independent of any historical associations; but our admiration of the most splendid modern castle, such as that near Bangor, is alloyed by reflections upon the absurdity of elaborately raising obsolete defences in a situation where no enemies can be apprehended. Affectation or pretence of any sort is as intolerable in architecture as everywhere else. We cease to admire an edifice as soon as we find that it is not what it pretends to be. Modern ruins lose all their picturesqueness the moment they are perceived not to be genuine antiques; and the sham temples and palaces of Regent Street, even if built after chaster models, would still be condemned for being in reality nothing but shops. London's commemorative monument loses half of its effect from a different cause. No one can see it without surprise that so handsome a column should have been erected to exhibit—not a statue of Phœbus, the symbol of the element by which the city was destroyed; nor of Sir Christopher Wren, the architect by whom it was rebuilt—but merely a very clumsy representation of a very tasteless emblem—a blazing urn of gilt bronze. If we should see realised Goldsmith's favorite illustration of a man "wearing ruffles while wanting a shirt," we should certainly think less of the richness of the lace than of the wearer's folly in buying expensive ornaments while in want of necessities. When masses of trees and untrimmed fields are seen close to the walls of an elegant mansion, the uncultivated aspect which would be approved of elsewhere, is censured on account of the inconsistency of bringing together the wildness of nature and the finished productions of art. In the immediate neighbourhood of a house a garden-like neatness is most appropriate, which prunes the luxuriance of nature without too rigidly constraining it. Neat gravel walks, closely shaven lawns, regularly disposed flower-beds—even statues and vases—are there perfectly in character; but specimens of the *ars topiaria*—shrubs, cut, however skilfully, into the shapes of animals—are nowhere admissible; not merely because the natural

forms of plants are commonly the most beautiful they can assume, but also because materials which will not retain the shapes given them by the sculptor, are evidently unsuitable for the exercise of his art. Upon the same principle may be explained the preference usually shown, in the case of human beings, for the mean size between opposite extremes. It must be observed that it is only in human beings that this intermediate size is preferred, for it does not seem probable that a tree, or a palace, or a statue, would lose any of its beauty by being greatly magnified or diminished. A Liliputian tiger or stag would certainly be thought very pretty; and if the first named animal ceased to be admired when enlarged to Brobdignagian dimensions, it would only be because terror would then overwhelm every other feeling. But in mankind, every considerable deviation from the mean stature is held to be not merely unnatural, but also to produce unfitness for social intercourse; and it is for this reason that a giant or a dwarf, although of the most correct proportions, would appear to disadvantage amongst persons of ordinary size. In every one of these instances the sentiment of admiration excited by the perception of beauty is intercepted by the conflicting reflections suggested by beauty's ill-chosen concomitants. We may now see why the beauty of the human countenance would vanish, if, according to an hypothesis already referred to, the forms and colours which are now indicative of pleasing qualities should become the habitual signs of disease and vice.

It would seem, from what has been said, that beautiful forms are indebted for their distinctive characteristic, either to their having been originally associated with ideas of utility and convenience, and to their having become, in consequence, efficient substitutes for those ideas—or to the spectator's innate love of variety. There are a few cases, however, for which this explanation will not suffice. The beauty of the human countenance, in particular, cannot be satisfactorily accounted for solely by a reference to the delicacy or flowing outlines of its features, and to the diversification of its surface by gentle prominences and depressions. Expression and complexion must be added to the list of elements; and we must also have recourse to what Sir Joshua Reynolds styled "the central form,"* admitting, for example, that the superiority of a straight nose arises partly from its being the intermediate type between the extreme shapes into which that important feature is apt to diverge. Those opposite extremes are equally ugly because equally unnatural; and that may be presumed to be the most beautiful shape which, being

* 'Third Discourse addressed to the Students of the Royal Academy.'

half-way between them, is at the greatest distance from both. Still, it may be fairly doubted whether the analysis is quite complete, and whether there is not in the female face, over and above its more intelligible charms, a secret witchery, of which no more can be said than that it captivates the beholder.

Beauty of colour, like that of form, takes its rise, in a few instances, from association with some pleasing idea, and more frequently from the spectator's love of variety; but it generally exists independently of either. Exclusively of their acquired or accidental properties, there is in many colours an inherent power of pleasing the eye. Some are universally perceived to be more agreeable than others. Every one prefers green, blue, and pink, even when presented in shapeless and unmeaning patches, to black and brown; and the youngest baby coos with delight at the sight of a watch, or of a flame, or a gay flower, and cries with fear when left alone in the dark, or when approached by a person clad in mourning. Now, the variations of beauty apparent in the colours daubed upon a painter's pallet can scarcely be traced to distinct ideas connected with each, and it is at least certain that an infant can have no pre-conceived notions associated with hues which it beholds for the first time. It is manifest, therefore, that whatever pleasure is afforded by colours in such circumstances, must be imparted to the sense and not to the intellect; and it is not less clear that the power of communicating it must be inherent in the colours, and must have existed in them antecedently to the spectator's observation of them. These propositions appear to us so self-evident, that we should have pronounced them to be indisputable, if Lord Jeffrey had not assailed them with his usual boldness and dexterity. We do not think it necessary to discuss his objections at much length, but we may mention one or two of the most important. If a colour which affords organic pleasure to the eye be properly called beautiful, what offends or gives pain to the eye should, we are told, be called ugly: yet moderate light, which gratifies the eye, is not called beautiful, but only agreeable or refreshing; and excessive or dazzling light, which offends the eye, is not called ugly, but only painful or disagreeable. To which it seems sufficient to reply, that although a colour which pleases the eye be for that reason justly called beautiful, it does not follow that everything that soothes or gratifies the eye must likewise be beautiful. Otherwise, that epithet would be as justly due to collyrium and eye-water as to the rainbow. Again, it is asserted that no colour is esteemed beautiful in every situation—not, for example, blue in the cheeks, nor green in the sky, nor vermilion in the grass. Nor, it is said, would any man choose to have a blue house, or a

green ceiling, or a pink coat. These remarks we shall meet with a retort more direct than courteous, maintaining that favourite colours *do* please invariably, except when they occur in situations to which they are plainly unsuitable, and when, consequently, disagreeable reflections arise to intercept the agreeable sensations which would otherwise be experienced. Blue cheeks or lips would be regarded as signs of disease; but the sky has no lovelier tint than the soft green which is sometimes seen above the rising or setting sun; and a field of red grass would, at a little distance, present much the same appearance as a field of red clover. Modern fashion forbids the habitual use of gay colours in male attire; but whenever her interdict is withdrawn, demure civilians may be seen arrayed in brilliantly variegated habiliments, and it is notorious that a red coat is among the most powerful attractions of the military profession. But it is needless to multiply examples. The intrinsic beauty of colours seems to be sufficiently established by the fact of their affording pleasure when beheld for the first time. The argument founded upon this observation appears to be decisive, and neither to require any additional support, nor to be in danger of being shaken by any violence.

Denying as he does intrinsic beauty to separate colours, Lord Jeffrey cannot be expected to recognise it in particular combinations of them. He suspects that there is "no little pedantry, and no little jargon in what connoisseurs say of the harmony and composition of tints." Perhaps there may be; and we must at any rate confess that we understand no more than Lord Jeffrey, "of the natural gamut of colours, and the inherent congruity of those that are called complementary with reference to the prismatic spectrum." Nevertheless, though without knowing why, we do know positively, that certain combinations of colours are naturally more pleasing than others; for we have frequently observed that of the very same flowers, arranged in several different ways, may be composed nosegays of very various degrees of beauty. One such instance as this (and a hundred might easily be cited), seems to us quite sufficient to prove that certain combinations of colours are naturally more pleasing than others; and we do not think that a contrary inference is warranted by the fact, that "multitudes of persons having the perfect use of their eyes, delight in combinations which to others are offensive." For to say nothing of differences in the tastes of different persons, taste in colours, as in everything else, may be modified by education, and education of the senses is simply experience of numerous and varied sensations. An uneducated ear is insensible to jarring notes that would distract a professed musician; but when it has had frequent opportunities of comparing discord

with harmony, it never fails to prefer the latter. Now, the Dutch shopkeeper, who fondly gazes upon his bright red and sky-blue summer-house, may never have been taught to notice the effect of such a mixture of colours as a painter would approve, and at all events, has not acquired skill enough to compose such a mixture for himself. Yet, if it were exhibited to him, he would probably at once see its superiority to his own incongruous combination, which he would accordingly cease to admire when he discovered how much it might be improved.

We have now, we trust, exhibited with sufficient distinctness, our notions both of the nature of beauty and of its mode of operation. We consider that there is a beauty inherent in colour, the pleasure derived from which consists of a sensual emotion, which we are in many cases as little able to account for, as for the gratification afforded by perfumes or sweetmeats. Sometimes, however, the beauty of colour is derived from association with pleasing ideas; and the same association is the most common source of the beauty of form. So far our views appear to coincide with those of some preceding writers, but there is a great difference between us in the meaning we attach to the term *association*. We deny that the beauty of an object springs from its connexion with recollections of past enjoyments, for we have shown that similar reminiscences might be awakened by an object devoid of beauty. The ideas with which beauty is associated, are of a peculiar class. They are the abstract ideas of convenience, comfort, and ease, to which, in certain situations, particular forms have been observed to be conducive, or of which particular forms or colours have been observed to be significant. Yet the beauty of such forms and colours does not reside in their power of suggesting the ideas with which they are connected; for even where they are really indicative of those ideas, they are frequently admired when the ideas do not occur to the spectator; and, moreover, the same forms and colours are equally admired in situations in which they have no utility and no significance. The real secret of their influence we conceive to be this:—that having been frequently observed to promote, or denote, convenience and comfort, they become not merely emblems of those ideas, but efficient visible substitutes for them—affecting the beholder in precisely the same manner as if the ideas had presented themselves to his mind; and that, as the ideas are never contemplated without a sensation of pleasure, so the appearance of their substitutes, though it may not suggest the ideas, is accompanied by the same sensation as the latter would have excited. Thus, the beauty of visible objects—even when it has an intellectual origin, and springs from the association of particular

appearances with particular ideas—nevertheless exerts only a sensual influence, and acts only on the spectator's feelings, without supplying the materials of his thoughts. Here we might stop, if there were no other species of beauty than the one we have been considering. But music or poetry may be beautiful, or a mathematical problem, or a mechanical contrivance. The same epithet is also applied, though somewhat affectedly, to human character and conduct, and it is perfectly correct to speak of beautifully washed, or beautifully mended linen. In none of these instances does beauty address itself to the eye. The beauty of music is perceived by the ear; that of poetry, partly by the ear and partly by the understanding; that of the other examples, by the understanding alone. For an ingenious machine is not admired on account of its form or colour. We do not think the shape of a steam-engine elegant, neither do we pretend that a neatly-darned stocking looks better than it did when it was new, and before it required repair. What really pleases us is the cleverness of the contrivance, or the skill of the needlewoman—qualities which cannot be discovered by the eye alone, without the aid of an active intellectual operation. Thus it appears that there are many other kinds of beauty besides that which has been described as the power of pleasing the eye; but it does not follow that the definition which is not sufficiently comprehensive to embrace all the different species, may not be strictly correct when confined to a single one. Lord Jeffrey contends that beauty can never be the power of pleasing the eye, because the same term is applied to the sources of pleasures to which the eye is insensible; and there certainly is an apparent anomaly in applying to what cannot possibly be seen, and can only be detected by the ear or the understanding, the appropriate epithet of pleasing objects of sight. Language, however, is full of similar irregularities, of which a very good example is furnished by one of the names of that quality, which has already been frequently referred to as analogous to beauty. If we use the word beautiful in connexion not only with material objects, but also with sounds, and with intellectual and moral essences, we are not more sparing in the use of the word "nice." We talk of a nice peach, nice behaviour, a nice question, and a nice distinction; so that substances, actions, and abstractions, are all characterised by the same expression. We speak likewise of sweetmeats, sweet scents, sweet music, a sweetheart, and a sweet temper. There is as little affinity between these various sorts of sweetness and niceness, as between the most dissimilar kinds of beauty; and if the latter had absolutely nothing in common, the fact of their being classed under the same designation, would be a sign of nothing,

except of the scantiness of the human vocabulary. But the most dissimilar sorts of beauty, how much soever they may differ in other respects, have all one point of resemblance. They all excite admiration, and the power of exciting this sentiment is invariably what constitutes their beauty. Whatever is beautiful is admirable, and what is admirable is generally beautiful. The terms are not exactly synonymous (for some portion of love or affection must be mingled with the sentiment inspired by beauty), but there are few occasions on which the one may not be substituted for the other, without much loss of force or precision. A landscape, an edifice, a musical or literary composition, a problem, an invention, an act of self-devotion, may all be beautiful. If beautiful, they will be admired; and their beauty will reside in the peculiarity, whatever it may be, which causes them to be admired.

We are here reminded of the essential difference between beauty and sublimity—which are certainly quite distinct from each other, and not, as Lord Jeffrey imagines, merely unequal manifestations of one and the same quality. The sublime is derived from association with a class of ideas with which beauty has no necessary connexion—those, namely, of eternity, infinity, omnipotence, and the like. It may inspire admiration; but the admiration is blended, not with love, but awe, and unmingled awe is commonly the only sentiment excited. If there are any features in natural scenery which may be justly termed sublime, they are frightful precipices and horrid abysses, whose very names seem to deny the presence of beauty. Alpine solitudes and boundless expanses of land or water are always sublime; but whether they possess beauty likewise, depends upon the accidents of form and colour. Thunder is sublime, and so, too, perhaps, may be the noise of a cart rattling over the street, as long as it is mistaken for thunder; but neither the one nor the other is ever thought beautiful, because there is nothing pleasing in the sound. Sublime poems or paintings are those which, like the works of Milton and Michael Angelo, vividly represent scenes, or forcibly express ideas calculated to inspire awe. The beauty of such compositions depends upon the mode of execution,—their sublimity, or the nature of the subject; for no subject, however skilfully treated, can attain to the sublime unless it be originally of an awe-inspiring character. But, although distinct, beauty and sublimity are not incompatible; both attributes may belong to the same object, and there is, therefore, no impropriety in speaking of the sublime beauties of nature, or of the Scriptures.

Beauty, then, in its largest and most comprehensive sense, may, without much inaccuracy, be defined to be the power of exciting

admiration; for, however various the disguises she may wear, this will invariably be found to constitute her essence. But although this be the constant and unfailing characteristic of all the species, some of them have likewise other points in common. Beauty of sound resembles beauty of visible objects, in acting, not upon the intellect, but upon a bodily sense; as the one imparts pleasing sensations to the eye, so does the other convey corresponding sensations to the ear, and it is only by affording this auricular gratification that music acquires its right to be called beautiful. Of course we do not mean to assert that the pleasure yielded by music is exclusively sensual, or to deny that a large portion of the delight derived from it is purely intellectual. We freely admit that it commonly awakens recollections connected with occasions on which the same airs were formerly heard.

“ With easy force it opens all the cells
Where memory slept. Wherever we have heard
A kindred melody, the scene recurs,
And with it all its pleasures and its pains.”

But if music did no more than this, there would be no difference between the chimes of a village church and the finest composition of Mozart. The most discordant noises may be agreeably suggestive. Street cries, the lowing of cattle, the cackling of geese, the shrill whistle of a railway engine, may serve as effectually as the most exquisite strain to remind us of past enjoyments. It cannot then be by reason of its beauty that music thus affects the memory, since any sounds, however inharmonious, may possess the very same influence. Neither will we assert that music never speaks an intelligible language, and that, by imitating natural sounds, it may not address itself directly to the understanding. But we do say that the diminution of beauty will be in exact proportion to the success of the imitation. If the imitation be perfect—if the clash of arms, or the howling of the tempest, or the roar of wild beasts be completely counterfeited—the composition will lose almost the whole of its beauty, and will, indeed, cease to be musical. Music's legitimate domain does not extend beyond the feelings. It may sooth or exhilarate—melt into tenderness or goad into fury; but the emotions which it excites are indefinable, and differ little from what might have been produced by wine or opiates. Of itself, and without the aid of words, it cannot effectually describe, nor plead, nor exhort. Upon the intellect it acts rather as a sedative than a stimulant, and its charm is never so deeply felt as when, to use the words of Dryden,

“ We are so ravished with its heavenly note
We stand entranced, and have no room for thought.”

Even poetry, an art which deals directly with ideas, does not afford a pleasure purely intellectual. Its effects are sensual so far as they are dependent upon the musical arrangement of the words; and that very much depends upon this particular, will be at once perceived if we reflect that many very agreeable verses have absolutely nothing poetical about them, save rhyme and metre, and that poetry of the very highest order would lose much of its charm by being converted into prose, even though the same ideas continued to be expressed with the same force as before. What would be lost would be the influence previously exerted upon the ear, for the ideas and images presented to the mind would continue unaltered; and an impression received by the ear and unperceived by the understanding, cannot be other than sensual. Sensual influence, however, constitutes only a very small part of the beauty of all poetry really deserving the name, whose principal charm is commonly derived from vigorous description, apt comparisons, just similitudes, felicitous epithets and expressions. We have here started a topic which we should have been glad to pursue farther, taking the opportunity to point out that the specific excellence of poetry depends more upon the mode in which ideas are presented to the mind than upon the quality of the ideas themselves. But we forbear. It is hard to refuse to follow where Beauty leads the way, but we have already overstepped our limits, and the blandishments of the enchantress shall not persuade us to trespass farther on the patience of our readers. T.

ART. II.—*Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, Vol. X. Parts 1, 2, 3; Vol. XI. Part 1. The Persian Inscription at Behistun, deciphered and translated by Major H. C. Rawlinson.—Parker. 1847—1849.

IN reading the works of Greek historians, we are often struck by the glimpses which they give us of an immense world of Asiatic life, which lay far removed from the daily acts and scenes in the midst of which the authors wrote. Persia only appears on the stage as a great uncertain *shadow*; but yet as a shadow thrown by some solid, although distant, substance. If but little known to the Greeks, Persia was not the less a great reality. True heroes were they whose valour and wisdom called it into existence; and perhaps few pages of ancient history would be more interesting, if we could recover the lost annals of Persia, than those which comprise the period from Cyrus' birth to the victories of Alexander. These

would not contain the mere ordinary details of oriental cruelty and despotism; but a far more important story to be read;—that of the nation's *heroic days*, when the national soul first awoke to life and thought. It is in them only that we could trace the beginnings of that mighty empire which influenced the destiny of ancient civilization.

But these records are lost; in all probability, irrecoverably so: and Major Rawlinson's discoveries of the ancient inscriptions on the rocks of Behistun only just serve to verify the little that we knew conjecturally before. They are, however, deeply interesting, inasmuch as they really lead us back to those old times to which we refer; but they reveal little which we have not already learned from other sources. Still they have their value, as *confirming* by undeniable proof; and we confess that we feel no ordinary satisfaction in reading these contemporary documents, and hearing the original Persian names which Hippias and Themistocles so often used when they resided in the Great King's court. Cambyses, Hystaspes, Darius, and Xerxes here really appear in their proper names under the forms of Cabujiya, Vashtaspa, Daryavush, and Khshayarsha,* and they are no longer disguised by foreign principles of euphony. The well-known patronymic of the great Persian families, Achæmenian, is identified under the title Hakhamanishiya, which continually follows the name of Darius; and Gobryas and Mardonius seem to be recognisable under Gaubruva and Marduniya.

In many respects this is one of the most valuable of the many discoveries of antiquity which our age has made; and, indeed, we know of none besides those in Egypt to rival it, unless perhaps something still more wonderful rises, like an apparition, from the ruins of Nineveh! Great is the interest which hangs around the recent researches in Bactria and India, where oriental scholars have traced by coins, with their multifold inscriptions, the whole history of the colonies which Alexander left in his stormy career of conquest, unravelling the varying dialects of the legends, Greek, Pracrit, and Scythian, and wresting from them the secrets of their contemporary changes of dynasty; and where they have deciphered from time-worn rocks copies of treaties made by Hindu kings with Antiochus the great: but yet their interest is far inferior to

* Major Rawlinson has an interesting notice on this name, *certainly* identifying it with the Ahasuerus of Scripture, and *possibly* with the royal title of *Shâr* amongst the Persian colony in the Paropamisus. We do not recollect that any one has observed that Herodotus (ix. 109) calls Xerxes' queen *Amestris*. Surely we can recognise Esther here; and the story of her cruelty towards Masistes will be that of Haman, distorted by national prejudices and jealousy. The incident of the banquet is a striking coincidence.

that of Major Rawlinson's discoveries. Herodotus flings a charm round these which enlists our sympathies at once; we here find his narrative confirmed by contemporary evidence which he knew not of, and which has kept its secret well for more than two thousand years, until European scholarship has broken the spell.

The deciphering of these Cuneiform inscriptions has been effected by the united efforts of many scholars in various countries, from more or less perfect copies of parts of them, brought from time to time to Europe. Professor Grotefend led the way in 1815, and was followed by Saint Martin; each of these identified a few letters; and other scholars, as Burnouf, Rask, and Lassen, continued to add to the list, and interpret the words which were successively read, as one by one the letters which formed them came to light. To Major Rawlinson, however, we owe the final and completed discovery; his residence in Persia gave him opportunities of personally inspecting the inscriptions, which were diligently employed. To him we owe the transcription of the whole, extending to more than four hundred lines of Cuneiform writing; and we "gentlemen of England, that sit at home at ease," can know little of the persevering toil which was required to accomplish it. Major Rawlinson, with noble modesty, hides all this; but we may gather some idea of the danger, from the accounts of the many travellers who have wistfully eyed the sculptures from a distance, although he himself only talks of these perils as being "such as any person, with ordinary nerves, may successfully encounter;" and his untiring perseverance may best be judged from the few hints that he lets fall in his work, as that, for instance, where he mentions a letter which was only to be seen for a few minutes, in a particular light, and then faded and became invisible all the rest of the day! To him, too, we owe the editing and translating the whole, which is done in the parts of the '*Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*' which stand at the head of our article, where any one that chooses may find text, translation, grammatical analysis, and vocabulary, —everything, in short, that his Cuneiform studies may require! His vocabulary (*Journal As. Soc.* vol. xi. part 1) is one of the most interesting works of comparative philology we ever saw.

In the first part of his '*Memoir*' there are two plates representing the rock on which the inscriptions are found. Behistun with its ruins is situated not very far from Kermanshah, and, no doubt, represents the Bagistanum of Diodorus Siculus, who gives (*Book ii. 13*) a somewhat exaggerated account of the mountain and the sculptures, ascribing them to Semiramis. The lower part of the rock is scarped, and on it is sculptured Darius holding his bow, with two state officers behind; under his feet lies one rebel, while a line of nine others stand before him,

chained one behind the other, with their hands tied. Over each of these captives there is a long bilingual inscription, relating their names and crimes, which is also generally repeated in a third language below, and underneath all these are the tablets containing the long inscriptions which are the chief subject of our remarks. These are bilingual; one of the languages is the ancient Persian, the other is supposed to be Median or Scythian; and over these, on the right and left of the sculptures, is a third translation of the long inscription into Babylonian. Each of these three languages has a different kind of Cuneiform; and hitherto only the first has been deciphered; but at the anniversary meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society (May, 1849), it was announced that Major R. was "engaged in a memoir on the Median inscription, for which his knowledge of the Turkish branch of that class of languages admirably fits him; and this work was understood to be near completion." This has not yet been published; but since his arrival in England, he has read two papers before the Royal Asiatic Society, on the Babylonian inscriptions, together with the Assyrian brought from Nineveh by Layard, the language of the two being nearly identical. He states that the cast of the Babylonian translation of the great Behistun inscription (which he has brought with him), is as valuable for Cuneiform decipherment as was the Rosetta stone for the interpretation of the hieroglyphic writing of Egypt. By diligent comparison of the Persian proper names which are there given, he made his first discoveries in the alphabet; this has been subsequently extended to about 150 letters, and a vocabulary has been formed of about 500 words. Many interesting facts relating to ancient geography and history have been brought to light from the so-called Nineveh inscriptions, (the true name of the city appears to have been Halah, supposed to be the Calah of Genesis, x. 11); thus the Jews seem to be mentioned as "the twelve tribes of the upper and the lower country," and are classed with the Khetta or Hittites; and we have also glimpses of the Yavanas or Ionians, and their leader, Netheti of *Atheni*. When the inscriptions are published, as they doubtless will be, a new tract of the past will be won for history.

There are many other inscriptions in the Persian Cuneiform in various parts of Persia, of the reigns of Darius and Xerxes, especially at Persepolis and Hamadan; one of Cyrus has been also found at the site of his supposed tomb at Murghab, which runs as follows, with truly affecting simplicity:—"Adam Kurush, Khshayathiya, Hakhamanishiya," *'I am Cyrus the King, the Achaemenian'*; and there are two of Artaxerxes Ochus at Persepolis. None, however, have the historical interest of that at Behistun; the others chiefly contain the praises of Ormazd

(Auramazda), and prayers for a continuance of prosperity; one of those of Darius, however, found near Hamadan, is remarkable as being, we believe, the only instance of grandeur in the language. (Part iii. p. 286). "The great God Ormazd, (he it is) who gave this earth; who gave that heaven; who gave mankind; who gave life (?) to mankind, who made Darius king, as well the king of the people as the lawgiver of the people."

We will now transcribe that part of the Behistun inscription which relates to the history of Smerdis, (*Æschylus'* Mardus), as given by Herodotus:—

"Says Darius, the king, 'This (is) what was done by me, before I became king. He who was named Cambyzes (Kabujiya,) the son of Cyrus, of our race, he was here king before me. There was of that Cambyzes a brother named Bardius; he was of the same father and mother as Cambyzes. Afterwards Cambyzes slew this Bardius. When Cambyzes slew this Bardius the troubles of the state ceased, which Bardius had excited. Then Cambyzes proceeded to Egypt, (Mudraya, which is connected with the Hebrew *Mitzraim*, and Arabic *Misr*). When Cambyzes had gone to Egypt, then the state became heretical. Then the lie became abounding in the land, both in Persia and in Media, and in the other provinces. Afterwards there was a certain man, a Magian (Magush), named Gomates. He arose from Pissiachada, the mountains named Arakadres, from thence on the 14th day of the month Viyaklna, then it was, as he arose, to the state he thus falsely declared, 'I am Bardius, the son of Cyrus, the brother of Cambyzes.' Then the whole state became rebellious. From Cambyzes it went over to that (Bardius), both Persia and Media, and the other provinces. He seized the empire. On the 9th day of the month of Garmapada, then it was he thus seized the empire. Afterwards Cambyzes, unable to endure his (misfortunes), died. That crown, of which Gomates the Magian dispossessed Cambyzes, that crown had been in our family from the olden time. After Gomates the Magian had dispossessed Cambyzes both of Persia and Media, and the dependent provinces, he did according to his desire, he became king. There was not a man, neither Persian nor Median, nor any one of our family, who would oppose that Gomates the Magian, possessed of the crown. The state feared to resist him. He would frequently address the state, which knew the old Bardius, for that reason he would address the state, (saying, 'Beware) lest it regard me as if I were not Bardius, the son of Cyrus.' There was not any one bold enough (to oppose him;) every one was standing obediently round Gomates the Magian, until I arrived. Then I abode in the worship of Ormazd; Ormazd brought help to me. On the 10th day of the month Bagayadish, then it was, with the men who were my well-wishers, I thus slew that Gomates the Magian, and the chief men who were his followers. The fort named Siktachotes, in the district of Media, named Nisæa, there I slew him; I dispossessed him of the empire. By the grace of Ormazd I became king; Ormazd granted me the sceptre.'"

If we compare this with Herodotus' narrative (book iii.) we shall find a remarkable similarity; and the apparent disagreement in the writing of the impostor's name (whom Ctesias, by-the-bye, calls Tanuoxarces*) may be reconciled by a law of euphony in the Zend. It is singular thus to find Herodotus confirmed by contemporary evidence, which has been reserved to our own time to discover. Indeed, at no former period would it have been possible to have unravelled these mysterious inscriptions, since the language which they preserve would have been unintelligible but for the assistance of Sanscrit, even if some cunning head had partially recovered the alphabet. Sanscrit throws an invaluable light over the palæography and antiquities of all the Indo-Teutonic nations; and but for its aid, the annals on these rocks of Behistun would have still maintained their silence even in the nineteenth century, and been only the same marvel as ever to the unlettered native or the European traveller. Sanscrit, however, was not the only requisite, and Major Rawlinson seems almost equally indebted to the Zend, whose laws and grammatical structure were first critically analysed by M. Burnouf, in his commentary on the *Yagna*, published in Paris, in 1833-35.

The following is Darius' account of his conquest of Babylon:—

"Says Darius the king—"Then I proceeded to Babylon against that Natitabirus, who was called Nabokhodrossor. The forces of Natitabirus held the Tigris; there they had come, and they had boats. Then I placed a detachment on rafts; I brought the enemy into difficulty; I assaulted the enemy's position. Ormazd brought help to me; by the grace of Ormazd I succeeded in passing the Tigris. Then I entirely defeated the army of that Natitabirus. On the 27th day of the month Atriyáta, then it was that we thus fought. Then I marched against Babylon. When I arrived near Babylon, the city named Zazana, upon the Euphrates, there that Natitabirus, who was called Nabokhodrossor, came with a force before me, offering battle. Then we fought a battle. Ormazd brought help to me; by the grace of Ormazd I entirely defeated the force of Natitabirus. The enemy was driven into the water; the water destroyed them. On the 2nd day of the month Anámaka, then it was that we thus fought the battle. Then Natitabirus, with the horsemen who were faithful to him, fled to Babylon. Then I proceeded to Babylon; I both took Babylon

* We do not know whether this word has been analysed, but no doubt it is merely a title erroneously taken for the real name, and we would suggest that its meaning may be '*prince*,' connecting it with the Sanscrit *tanaya*, 'a son,' and *khshatra*, which continually occurs in the inscriptions as "*crown, empire*." The Greek Artaxerxes occurs in the later inscriptions as "*Artakshatra*." It is singular that Trogus Pompeius preserves the Magian's name as Cometes.

and seized that Natitabirus. Afterwards I slew that Natitabirus at Babylon."

We have given these few details respecting the Behistun Cuneiform inscriptions, because we fear Major Rawlinson's discovery has not met with that general notice which it deserves among those who feel interested in antiquity. Still we hope that the field of Persian inscriptions is not exhausted, and perhaps more interesting remains may yet be discovered by excavations at Susa, Persepolis, or Pasargadæ, which latter place (if we may consider it as the modern Murghab) Major R. pronounces "one of the most favourable spots for excavations in all Persia." Perhaps in the mounds which there surround the supposed tomb of Cyrus, yet lies buried many a record of those stormy times which freed Persia from the yoke of the Medes, and perhaps we might find the whole story of Harpagus and Astyages, no longer as we have it related by a foreigner, but in all its native and contemporary colouring!

The modern Persian, of course, knows literally nothing of all these European discoveries; the records of his country's ancient monarchies have to him faded into an indistinct dream, faintly remembered by the national ballad epic, or *Shahnameh*. Here the wars and revolutions of ancient history lose their stern outlines of reality, and melt into a "midsummer night's dream" of poetry, almost like Charlemagne and his paladins, in Turpin's Chronicle and the Italian romantic epics. Through the gorgeous web of fiction run the lines of historic truth, but who shall separate the tissues, or point where the veritable fact grew into a song and an immortal fable, through the national love? Persia's early history, however, only shares this fate in common with those of all other nations; the bards are always the earliest historians, whether they are called Hindu cutilavas, or Greek rhapsodi, or Scandinavian scalds; and truth, in their mouths, swells at last into only a majestic hyperbole. The descent of the Brahminical tribes into Hindustan, the conquests of the Heraclidæ and the Dorians, and the rise of Rome, are alike instances of this; and the conflicting legends which are left to us, only preserve in a prose form the songs of the rhapsodists, who celebrated the descendants of the victorious families. All history, like the consciousness of each individual, emerges from darkness and Lethe, and the obscurity and uncertainty still continue to accompany it, till they

"Die away
And fade into the common light of day."

Still, underneath the romantic legends of the *Shahnameh* lie indistinct recollections of the real events to which they refer; and we are convinced that a more careful investigation of the

poem will discover many such, which have hitherto escaped observation. They linger in bye-paths and lone places, where perhaps we might least expect to trace them, like the lingering snows of a past winter; and often they lie quite concealed beneath the green boughs and blossoms which romance, like a fresh spring, has called forth from the old stems of the past. This is not a mere metaphor, but a positive fact. The century and a half which lay between Solon and Themistocles, and which bore as its fruits all that was grand and glorious in Grecian history, presents quite a different aspect as we view it from a Greek or a Persian point of view. In the one country, it was succeeded by a golden age in the national literature, and instead of being only commemorated by the bards, it was described with all the truthfulness of the historian, and yet with all the imagination of a poet, by Herodotus, whose work marvellously connects, and almost *fuses* into one, the free epic spirit of Homer and the grave thoughtful self-consciousness of Thucydides. Herodotus has daguerreotyped for us the whole history of that period, which has consequently become hallowed ground for the civilised world; and Athens and Sparta are household words in every European nation. On the other hand, in Persia, it was only a wild awaking of the nation's soul from torpor; and, however great the men whom it called forth, and the actions in which they proved their genius, still it was but the nation's "heroic time," and heroic times never produce the historian. It is reserved for a later age, when life has lost the old epic feeling of wonder, and men have begun to act from motives of caution and suspicion, to strip facts of the exaggerations of poetry, and present them in an every-day apparel. Thus, before the time of the Persian war, or even in the days of Solon, Greece had lost much of its old heroic spirit; and we find that, with the exception of Sparta, nearly every other Grecian state, whether Ionian, Dorian, or Æolian, had lost its original freedom, and fallen under the power of tyrants; all the islands and cities of Asia Minor, Athens, Corinth, Sicyon, Phocis, Thessaly, and the colonies in Sicily and Italy, had alike thus lost their independence, and Sparta was mainly occupied in freeing them, from B.C. 584, when she overthrew the Cypselidæ of Corinth, until B.C. 510, when she expelled the Pisistratidæ from Athens. This oligarchical tendency had been produced by a corrupted civilisation, which had subverted the Doric sturdiness of character, and diluted it with the Ionian love of elegance and refinement. Such, however, was not the case in Persia; the luxury of the Medes had fallen under the strong hand of Cyrus, and the new blood of the Persians had been infused into the degenerate race. The Persians at that time possessed all the elements of an heroic people; the three

divisions of their education from childhood were to manage the horse and the bow, and to speak the truth (Herod. i.); and their barren country was a fitting nurse. Cyrus well knew this, when he told Artembares that the effeminate clime produces effeminate inhabitants, and the same soil cannot bear excellent fruits and men valiant in war. (Herod. ix.)

These were, therefore, Persia's heroic days,—fertile in heroes and in bards to celebrate their achievements. The precise circumstances of their conquests were lost under the poet's exaggerations; but the facts themselves remained, till, in the lapse of time, even their strong outlines faded, and an air of fiction spread itself over the whole. Still, however, the memory of the times remained; and it lingered through all Persia's subsequent history. The days of Cyrus and Darius were always the bright land of poetry, to which the bards turned for the scene of their songs, amidst the present's darkness and sorrow; and when Persia, in the third century of our era, seemed to rise in fresh vigour from her lethargy, and in the fourth, at the voice of the great Sapor (or Shapor), shook the Roman empire at Singara, the memory of past glories probably revived in yet more vivid colours, while the triumphs of the present seemed to give them such reality. Persia at this time appears to have possessed many men of genius, beside her bards; for we find that Plotinus joined the expedition of Gordian A.D. 243, for the express object of forming an acquaintance with her sages. But thought only flourishes where there is freedom; and, under the despotism of the succeeding monarchs, the voice of philosophy was silenced, and men again turned to the ideal lands of the past for grounds of solace and hope. At length, in A.D. 641, the Arabs overthrew Yezdjird, the Augustulus of Persia; and the land of Cyrus became only a tributary appendage of the empire of the caliphs. There is a story current in the east, that an Arabian merchant, called Nasar ben Harith, returned to his native country after a long residence in Persia. There he had learned many of the ancient ballads, and he is said to have brought with him a copy of that which celebrated the battles of Rustem and Isfendiya. These he recited to his countrymen, and so delighted them with his legendary lore, that Mahomet, apprehensive for his Koran, expressly forbade them. His injunctions were not forgotten by the caliphs, and every remnant of the prohibited literature was soon destroyed. At length, on the decline of the power of the caliphs, Yacub Ebn Laïs asserted his independence, and established a separate kingdom at Shiraz. Persia passed through many vicissitudes, after his successor's overthrow; until at last, Mahmoud of Ghazni subdued that part of the Bouyah family which reigned in Eastern Persia. This conqueror, like Augustus, and many other politic tyrants, was a

patron of the arts; and men of genius, and poets among the rest, flocked to receive a welcome at his court. Among the rest came Firdusi, who was employed to versify an ancient chronicle, which was the sole surviving wreck of Persia's ante-Mohammedan literature. This Bastan-nameh, or *old book*, appears to have preserved the ancient ballads in prose; and Firdusi has remodelled them into their present form, as they stand in his Shahnameh.

The poem has indeed no pretensions to be an orderly history, any more than the original ballads, of which it is the resuscitation. It abounds with anachronisms of all kinds; and this arises, very naturally, from the circumstance that the ancient ballads referred everything to the same heroic era, however widely time might have separated the different actions and heroes. Geography and chronology, which have been called the *co-ordinates* of history, are continually disregarded; and this often throws an appearance of fiction over a narrative which yet contains far more truth than we are willing to admit. The whole fabric is, in truth, only a *dream*; yet dreams have often a close relation to the real events of the preceding day; and this is just the relation which exists between Persia's ancient history as it actually was, and the memory which it has left in the national heart. In vain, in the storied page of Herodotus, or the fragments of Ctesias, or the incidental allusions of other Greek writers, do we look for the names of Rustem or Zal, or the other knights of Persia's "round table," in the reigns of Cyrus and Darius, as they are represented in the Shahnameh. Even the Behistun inscriptions are at fault here; and while they seem to identify Gobryas, Marodonius, and other names, which are preserved in Greek authors, they are utterly silent respecting these national heroes. Whether they were originally known by other names than those which they at present bear (as it is not uncommon in the East for a chief to bear different names in different periods of his life), we cannot determine, although it is a fair hypothesis; but certain it is, that, with the exception of Girgin (who is, perhaps, mentioned in Herodotus as Γεργης), and Godurz (Gobryas?), the names which occur most frequently in Persian traditions are unknown elsewhere. We cannot, indeed, account for all the changes of euphony which so frequently disguise foreign words when naturalized in another language,—more particularly as the Greek alphabet was destitute of several Oriental sounds; and perhaps these may have hitherto concealed the names for which we have searched in vain. In this way Rustem may yet linger under the disguise of Artabanus or Arsames, with a similar change at the commencement of the word, by which the paladin Roland became Orlando;*

* Thus the Greek Σαγάρω corresponds to the Asgarta of the inscriptions;

but this is only barren conjecture, without the possibility of proof.

Moreover, an epic element is evident throughout all the stories of the *Shahnameh*, very similar to that which distorts the earliest history of Greece. The mist of time magnifies everything.

— *Noctisque metus niger auget utrinque
Campus et occurrens umbris majoribus arbor,*

and human foes and their stratagems and prowess swell at last into demons and enchantment. The Argonautic expedition was probably but a piratic incursion (such as Thucydides describes in his introduction to his history), and only attended by the ordinary incidents of such warfare; but, in after times, it grew into a myth with more marvels than all the rest of Greek mythology. Nor is this only true of barbarous times: if we read Herodotus' account of the Persian invasion under Xerxes, when he himself was a child, we can distinctly trace the same principle at work, throwing a hue of wonder over the whole, as if superhuman agencies had been visibly active amongst men. To this we would ascribe the story (book viii. 65), where Dicaeus, the Athenian exile in the Persian camp, hears in the noonday stillness, the distant sound of the mystic Eleusinian shout borne from the deserted village over the ravaged plains of Attica, and sees the cloud of dust, raised by the feet of no mortal army, borne aloft towards the Greek fleet off Salamis; the account of the repulse of the Persians at Delphi, and the marvel of the unburned olive in the Acropolis. When we thus find the presence of this element of wonder even in contemporary events, like those described by Herodotus, we need not be surprised to find it in the narratives of more distant ages, pervading with its influence the entire history of a people.

We can thus easily account for the confusion which is the prevailing characteristic of these Persian legends. It is useless to attempt to reduce them into an orderly chronological series; they slip from our grasp at every turn; and, while we are following through the maze an apparently evident trace of one ancient monarch, we all at once find ourselves, by a sudden turn, in a totally different reign,—the scent is quite lost, and no pains can recover it. Astyages, Cambyses, and Darius, are nowhere to be fully recognised, although their *actions* meet us in all kinds of disguises; now they belong to the one, and now to the other; and no criticism is equal to the task of separating them. It is

and the *b* in Artabanus might have usurped the place of *m*, just as the Greeks said *Aγβαραρα* for the original *Hagmatana*. One argument might be urged for Artabanus from his having been left as regent, when Xerxes invaded Greece; and Rustem, in the *Shahnameh*, always holds the same office.

this which causes the wide diversity in the systems of identifying, which modern scholars have suggested; one unakes Ky Kaoos to be Cambyzes, another throws him back into Astyages; at one time Darius Hystaspes is fancied to be found under Gushtasp, at another the two are proved unlike in every particular but the name; and thus Persian history, like another Proteus, baffles all our efforts to seize it.

Cyrus appears to us almost the only monarch of whom we can obtain any certain testimony. It has long been a subject of controversy whether he is really the Kykhosru of Persian tradition, and various arguments have been produced both for and against the hypothesis; but we think Major Rawlinson has at length settled the question. Cyrus is called Khurush in the cuneiform inscriptions, which at once identifies the Koresh of the Old Testament; and "the corrupted form of Chosroes, where the medial sibilant was developed by the aspiration of the *r* opening on the vowel *u*, and was afterwards transposed by a metathesis, first occurs, I believe, under the lower Arsacide dynasty; subsequently it appears as *Huḡrava* in Zend; *Husrub* in Pazend, and *Khosru* in Persian." (Major Rawlinson, p. 91.)

Cyrus' history is preserved with tolerable exactness in the Shahnameh, though numerous anachronisms and mistakes disfigure the accounts. Kykaoos, who is represented as his grandfather, certainly is not the Astyages of Grecian writers, but seems a confusion of Cambyzes the husband of Mandane, and Cambyzes the son of Cyrus; the name itself is identified by the Cabujiya of the inscriptions; and many of the actions recorded in the Shahnameh precisely agree with Herodotus' account of the son of Cyrus. Amongst these is the conquest of Egypt, but its monarch Amasis seems metamorphosed into the King of Hamawaran, whose daughter he marries, and the marriage brings on a war. (Comp. Herod. iii. 1). The birth and early adventures of Cyrus are almost precisely narrated, and the slight deviations are easily traced to the desire of palliating the royal guilt. Khosru does therefore dethrone his maternal grandfather; but that grandfather is not the monarch of Persia. Siawush, the son of Kykaoos, had been banished from his father's court, and had taken refuge in that of Afrasiab, King of Turan, whose daughter he marries, and Khosru is the offspring of the match. Khosru's subsequent adventures are exactly those of Cyrus in Herodotus, but the scene is thus changed from Media to Transoxiana, and Afrasiab plays the part of Astyages.

The whole history wears an epic appearance, and evidently comes down to us through a succession of bards, and not of historians. The wars of Cyrus against Croesus, Ionia and Babylon,

are confounded in one grand contest with Afrasiab, the tyrant of Turan or Scythia; but numerous glimpses of historic truth occur in the course of the narrative. The most remarkable, however, of these glimpses appears to us to be the account of Ky Khosru's death, which also at the same time singularly betrays its mythic origin. Herodotus relates that this great king was slain by Tomyris, Queen of the Scythians; while, according to Ctesias, he died of a wound which he had received in a battle with the Derbices, a people who dwelt near the Caspian Sea. According to the Persian tradition, after a long and glorious reign, he is warned by a dream of his approaching end; and after making all the proper arrangements for his successor, he sets off with his chieftains, and one night vanishes from among them, while his companions perish in a snow-storm! Herodotus relates (book vii. 166) a singular parallel to this in the Sicilian account of the death of Amilear, the Carthaginian general, when he fought against Gelon. "I have heard," he tells us, "that this Amilear, being a Carthaginian by his father's side, but a Syracusan by his mother's, and having obtained the sovereignty of the Carthaginians from his valour, when the armies were engaged, and he was worsted in the conflict, suddenly disappeared, nor was he ever more seen on this earth, either alive or dead, although Gelon went everywhere seeking him."

National vanity prompted the Persian bards thus to disguise the sudden fate of their favourite hero; he was known to have disappeared in Scythia, and the story easily grew into its present mythic shape. Herodotus himself mentions that there were many conflicting accounts of Cyrus' death, and it is not improbable that the bards had already disguised it in various ways in their heroic ballads; and succeeding monarchs would be only too anxious to veil the fate of their founder under a superhuman mystery. In a similar way, we find the old Roman ballads disguised the murder of Romulus; and our own Arthur's end is only another parallel.*

As a specimen of the present form in which these ballads appear, under Firdusi's resuscitating hand, we present a literal prose version of this legend, and we assure our readers that an interesting volume might be made of precisely similar extracts. If Chœrilus' poem on the Persian invasion had been preserved to us, we should have had many parallel passages respecting the Greek heroes; and we should have been able to trace the gradual growth of the mythic element, as it more and more overspreads

* Compare, too, the popular legend of the death of Œdipus, as it is preserved to us in Sophocles. *Œd. Col.*

the authentic narrative, until at last (as in Persia), it hides it under its own luxuriance, like the grass which Cicero found over Archimedes' tombstone!

I.

“Ky Khosru called Lohorasp before him,
And he said, ‘My days have all passed away!
Go thou, and in right possess the throne,
Nor sow the seed of injustice in the world.
And whosoever thou art free from sorrow,
Glory not in thy crown nor in thy stores;
Know thou that thy days are only darkness,
And thy path of life leads only to God.
Seek ever justice, and let that be thy work;
Let the prince be free from the world and its power.’
Lohorasp forthwith dismounted from his steed,
And he kissed the ground, and raised a cry.
Once more spake Khosru, ‘I bid thee farewell,
Let thy thoughts be just, both in their warp and woof.’
With him went forth the hosts of Iran,
The watchful chieftains, and mighty warriors,
Dustan and Rustem, and Godurz and Gu,
Bezhun the fearless, and brave Gustaham;
Seventh went Fariburz, Ky Kaoos’ son,
And the eighth was Tus, of heroic fame.
There too went the army, troop behind troop,
And they marched from the plain to the top of a mountain.
They marched for a week, and halted for rest,
And refreshed with water their thirsty lips;
They raised cries and tumult for the deed of their king,
But none knew the way for the sorrow’s cure,
And every mobad exclaimed in secret,
‘Never hath man spoken a speech like this.’
When the sun lifted his head from the mountain,
On every side came hastening crowds,
A hundred thousand men and women of Iran,
And the rocks shook beneath their tread.
Each one exclaimed, ‘O king! what is this,
That thy bright soul is now darkened with sorrow?
If thou hast received wrong from the army,
And esteemest thy crown as humbled,
Oh, declare it at once, and go not from Iran,
And make not a new king to the aged world.
We are the dust of thy horse’s hoofs,
And we worship thee as the sacred fire.’
But the monarch stood still in his gloomy firmness,
And he summoned the counsellors of his army,

And he said to them, 'All things here are ordered well,
 And for that which is well, then waste no tears;
 Worship the Almighty with one accord,
 Rejoice in your souls and give honour to Him.'
 Then he said to the chiefs, 'Depart from this mountain,
 And return to your homes without your king;
 For the journey is long, and the road hath no water,
 No grass on the surface, no leaves on the trees.
 Oh, hasten at once and begin your journey,
 And turn your hearts to a brighter prospect.'
 Three mighty chieftains, of glorious fame,
 Listened to his words and returned back,*
 Rustem, and Dustan, and hoary Godurz;
 But the other brave chieftains returned not.
 Onwards they roamed for a day and a night,
 And their souls were wearied with the desert and drought;
 Suddenly a fountain appeared in their way;
 And thither did Ky Khosru bend his steps.
 Together they wandered down to the sparkling water,
 And they drank in joy, and stood silently round.
 And thus spoke the king to the nobles of his land,
 'To-night we will not remove from this place.
 We will talk together of days long gone by,
 For after this ye will see me no more.
 When to-morrow's sun lifts its blazing banner,
 And the sea is gold and the land is purple,
 This world and I shall be parted for ever;
 Perhaps I shall rest with that angel in peace.
 If my heart turned back from the path before me,
 I would tear the recreant from out my breast.'
 When one watch of the night had passed away
 Ky Khosru bowed himself before his God;
 In the bright water he washed his head and his limbs;
 And he spoke to himself the Zend-Avesta's prayers,
 And he turned to the friends of his life, and exclaimed,
 'Fare ye well, fare ye well, for evermore!
 When the sun rises in to-morrow's sky,
 Ye will never see me again, save in memory's dreams.
 Heaven grant that to-morrow ye be not still in this desert,
 If it comes on to rain from a great black cloud.
 A rough-blowing wind is coming from the mountain,
 And the boughs and the trees will be broken in its wrath;
 And snow will sweep down from the great black cloud,
 And ye will not find the road to Iran.'
 The hearts of the chiefs were heavy at his words,
 And they laid them down to sleep in sorrow.

* In Herod, Hystaspes and Cræsus similarly return home.

II.

When the sun uplifted his head from the mountain,
 The king had vanished from the eyes of his nobles.
 They roamed from that spot in search of their king,
 And they turned their faces to the sand and the desert;
 But they saw no sign of Khosru there,
 And back they returned in utter despair.
 Full of woe were their hearts, and oppressed with sorrow,
 For the land had been traversed, and their king was not found.
 Raising loud cries, they returned to that fountain,
 Back they returned with grief melting their hearts;
 And every one, as he came down to the stream,
 Bade a long farewell to the king of the world.
 Fariburz repeated all that Khosru had said,
 —May wisdom dwell with his pure soul;
 But the chieftains made ready answer to his warnings,
 And they fitted not their hearts to approve his words.
 ‘The ground is warm and soft, and the air is bright;
 Why should we journey with such weary limbs?
 When we have rested, and eaten awhile,
 We will sleep by the fountain, and after that we will go.’
 They then went down together to the fountain,
 And they told to each other old stories of Khosru.
 ‘Never hath any one seen such a marvel!
 No, though he live long in the world!
 When have we known such a death for a monarch?
 No, not even by hearsay among the warriors.
 Alas for his glorious fortune and wisdom,
 Alas for his might and his mien and stature!
 The wise man will laugh at the tale we shall tell,
 That a man could go *alive* into the presence of God.
 Who knows in the world what hath become of him?
 And how shall we speak that which ear cannot bear?’
 And thus out spake Gu to those gallant chiefs:—
 ‘Never shall the ear hear of a hero
 Like him in valour, and liberality, and justice,
 In stature and mien, and glory and power.
 Like an elephant, when with his troops in the battle,
 And like the moon, when with his crown in the banquet.’
 After this, they ate of the provisions which they had brought.
 And then they laid themselves down to sleep.
 And lo! there came a great wind and a cloud,
 And the air became like a lion’s skin;
 The snow drew a veil over the face of the earth,
 And not even a chieftain’s spear could be seen.
 One by one they were whelmed in the snow,
 I know not how they severally fared.

For a while they stumbled in the snow,
 In every place was spread a deep pit ;
 At last there remained no strength in their limbs,
 And sweet life finally closed to them all."

Such is a specimen of these remnants of Persia's early history; and numerous others of a similar interest can be found in the course of the *Shahnameh*. The writer in 'The Gentleman's Magazine,' for July, 1847, gave a singular confirmation of another such legend, from its having been accidentally preserved by Athenæus. It is related in the 13th book of the 'Deipnosophistæ,' that the Median Zariadres, the brother of Hystaspes (according to Chares of Mitylene) loved Odatis the daughter of Omartes, who, it is said, had first seen him in a dream; and one day, when her father had made a feast of his nobles, and ordered Odatis to choose her future husband from among the guests (in a manner somewhat similar to the *Swayamvara* of the Hindu poets—which, by-the-bye, was imitated by Clisthenes of Sicily, in Herod. vi. 126—130), by giving a cup to the object of her choice,—Zariadres, having heard beforehand of the banquet, hurried from Persia, and arrived at Omartes' palace just in time for the ceremony. "On his entering the hall, he beheld Odatis standing by the cupboard, and weeping bitterly as she slowly filled the cup; and standing close beside her, he said in a low voice, 'Oh, Odatis, I am come!—I, thy Zariadres.' And she, turning round and beholding the fair stranger, so like him whom she had seen in her dream, joyfully put the cup into his hand, and he, seizing her in his arms, bore her away to his chariot and fled." This legend is preserved in the *Shahnameh* in almost every particular; and the *dream* especially is alike in both, which would alone almost identify the two stories, and the brothers are called Gushtasp and Zarir, the only important difference being that the brothers are changed, and Gushtasp, not Zarir, is the hero of the story. This is easily accounted for by Gushtasp being one of the favourite Persian heroes; and the actions of several heroes seem merged into his. We cannot identify the Hystaspes and Zariadres of the Grecian story elsewhere, but it is not improbable that the former may have been the son of Darius, who is mentioned by Herodotus, vii. 64, as governing the Bactrians and Sacæ.

If time had preserved to us all the Greek writers on Persia, such as Ctesias, Chares and others, we might perhaps have found similar corroborations of nearly all the legends in the *Shahnameh*. It is acknowledged on all hands that Firdusi only added the minor details, and the vivid colouring of the poetry; the stories themselves were left as he found them, just as Persian bards had

repeated them in the old centuries before Yezdjird's fall. Moreover, the latter half of his poem is even strictly *historical*, and from Sapor to Yezdjird, his narration remarkably coincides with those of Western writers. There is no truth in Gibbon's celebrated assertion that "the modern Persian knows nothing of the victories of Sapor, the most glorious event in his country's history;" Shapor, or Sapor, the son of Hormuzd, occupies a distinguished place in the national epic, and his victories over the "Kaiser of Rûm," are all duly commemorated. The babe is crowned immediately on its birth, and the young prince's first exploit is the overthrow of the Arabian Tair, who had plundered his capital. The wars with the Romans follow, and their several defeats; and even Julian and his successor Jovian seem mentioned under the names of Yânis and Bizanush, the latter of whom is elected kaiser by the soldiery, and makes an humiliating treaty with the Persians. Thus, too, the story of Hormuz, the son of Nushirvan, and the revolt of his general Bahram Chubin (which Gibbon narrates at length, in his 46th chapter), form a considerable episode in the *Shahnameh*; and indeed Major Turner Macan, in his preface to his edition, even specifies it as the most beautiful of all Firdusi's stories.

When we thus look at the *Shahnameh* as a *whole*, we at once see that its author did not intend it to be the mere tissue of idle fables which many critics have called it. Mahmoud had resolved that his reign should be commemorated by a national epic, which should contain, as in a national gallery, the portraits of all the ancient heroes of the land. These were not to be merely ideal pictures, such as an ardent imagination might invent; but their proper features were to be restored as far as tradition could remember them. It is evident, if we read the poem attentively, that no pains were spared to make it as complete as possible; and all the information which could be obtained was carefully incorporated in the work. The *Bastan Nameh*, which we have previously alluded to, was certainly not the only source which contributed the historical lore. In that part of the poem which describes Rustem's death, Firdusi distinctly mentions that he obtained the particulars from an old Persian named Azad Sarw; and, in many other passages, he commences a fresh story by saying that he had heard it from the mouths of old peasants, among whom such legendary lore, doubtless, long lingered, like the ballads of Kurroglou's history, which Chodzko collected among the wandering tribes of Northern Persia (published by the Oriental Translation Society), or, to quote a parallel nearer home, like the Border Minstrelsy collected by Scott. The tale of Sohrab, for instance, commences in this manner:—

“From the peasant’s lips I have caught my tale,
And from the words of ancient men;”

and so, also, does that of Isfendiyar’s journey. These ancient legends had lingered in the heart of many a simple and unlettered rustic, and perhaps Firdusi, who was once a poor gardener at Tus, had himself heard them sung by his old associates. In after years, when Mahmoud had appointed him to his task, all these relics would be carefully gathered up, and some part of the thirty years which were spent on the poem, was doubtless devoted to these researches.

We have given these few details, because we wished to show that Firdusi deserves to be received as a faithful repository of Persia’s recollections of her former glories. How far these recollections were correct, is another question; but such as they are, we maintain that they are accurately mirrored in the *Shahnemeh*. Firdusi himself says,—

“All those heroes of my country, and her mighty warriors,
Whose memory is preserved in this tale of mine,
They have all—all, perished in the length of years,
But their names now live again, through my voice.”

The boast would have had little meaning, if his poem had been only a romance of his own invention, and if the achievements which he celebrated, were but the wild fancies of an eastern story-teller. We are sure that he believed the basis of his work to be true,—as true in the reigns of Ky Khosru and Gushtasp, as in those of Shapor and Hormuz. There was no historical criticism in his day, and he implicitly received all the legends which he found. Herodotus gravely traces the origin of the hostility of the Persians and the Greeks to the days of Io and Medea; and doubtless he was right in doing so, for he but stated the universal opinion of the learned men of his day. Firdusi, in the same way, immortalises in his poem the legends of his native land; he comes before us like one of her ancient bards, and catches up the burden of their song, at the very time when their memory seemed forgotten, and the last echoes of their voices had well nigh died away.

C.

ART. III.—*The Liberty of Rome: a History.* By Samuel Eliot.
In two volumes. London: Bentley, 1849.

FEW authors have proposed to themselves a higher aim than that of the above work,—an inquiry into the nature and extent of public liberty, as it existed among the nations of antiquity, and more especially among the people of Rome. The views with which the work has been undertaken are thus explained in the Preface:—

“There are many considerations to render it desirable that certain chapters in history, and especially in ancient history, should be re-written. Of these the principal, perhaps, is suggested by the promises and perils of the years in which we live.”

“Seeing that the history of the world is one of God’s great poems, how can any man aspire to recite more than a few brief passages from it?’ One would not dare, it seems to me, to recite a single passage, except that he might offer his word of interpretation upon some portion, remote or recent, of the Great Poem we are still hearing, or witnessing, or acting through our lives.”

“The universality of Divine government, the spring of all human responsibilities, is the groundwork of every history that deserves the name. It is this, I trust, which, recognised in the midst of heathen times, may reassure the readers of these volumes concerning the course prepared for their race, towards a liberty, not of Rome, nor of America, but that into which Christianity shall so profoundly penetrate, as to be one with it in the sight of Heaven.”

The object is an important one. Whether the work is calculated to realize the expectations which these passages will naturally incite in the mind of the reader, is the question upon which we have to offer an opinion.

Mr. Eliot lays no claim to discoveries. We need not laboriously collate his text with the authorities scrupulously named in the margin: we may take for granted the correctness of the quotations; his judgment also, where authorities differ, seems to be generally impartial. Nor does the present occasion require a strict inquiry into the choice of authorities, since, at the most, any faults we might expose would not materially affect the purpose of the book. Still less is it necessary to dwell upon the order or wording of the theme, though the one be somewhat confused, and the other neither so clear nor so dignified as might befit the grandeur of antique story. As a history the narrative is not so continuously distinct as to be sufficient of itself. It needs (in so far like Carlyle’s ‘French Revolution,’ though in no measure comparable with that for power of thought or diction, or for graphic vividness) that the reader shall come prepared by previous acquaintance with the course of events, in order that he

may connect the scenes described, and fully understand the inferences and comments that follow. It is not, therefore, complete as a story; nor, indeed, written with that design: which last might be reason enough for restricting our notice to the special intention recorded in our quotations from the preface. But it will be necessary, for judgment of the extent to which that intention has been fulfilled, to adduce the method and spirit of the whole work; and this we shall forthwith endeavour, in, as nearly as possible, the author's own words,—giving, the less to interrupt him, such passing comment as may seem requisite, in the form of notes,—and thereafter meeting him on his own premises we shall proceed to inquire whether or not, or how far, he has performed his self-appointed task.

The main body of the two volumes is occupied by the history of Roman life, and the struggles for liberty between the rulers of Rome and those of the ruled who were citizens and freemen, and again between the free and the bond. But little account is given of wars and conquests, except in so much as they exemplify or effect the course of internal liberty. The Roman struggle is introduced by sketches, rather slight than brief, of the liberty and bondage of India, Egypt, Persia, Phenicia, Greece, and Judea: this introduction, designed to show forth “the character and doom of ancient liberty,” that doom the whelming of the nations under Rome, in order that heathenism might be destroyed, the world humbled by proof of the inefficiency of human instruments and human toils, and by such trials the way prepared for the mercies of Christianity. The after glory and subsequent prostration of Rome itself fill up the measure of the proof.

Some few statements of principles, not very exact, lead us from “the traditionary age, when a few human beings lived at peace with themselves and in the worship of their Divine Creator,” when “the new-formed world was blessed with liberty and religion,” through the early labours of man in his changed estate,*—the mere toil for existence, the aggregation of men into tribes, their separation and strife, inequality, victory and despotism, social order, civilisation, intellectual advance, wealth and luxury, beauty and expansion. “But with all these changes, the fierceness of despotism, war, and superstition, continued to waste the earth ‘as an open sepulchre,’ beyond which no purity, no peace, no liberation had anew been revealed.”

* “A change, sudden and obscure, came over humanity, and the principles by which it was at first sustained; and when we look once more towards times too dim, indeed, to be clearly known, neither liberty nor religion is to be found.”—(*Introductory Statements*).

"The terror arising from a want of knowledge, and increased by a want of vigour, amongst mankind, was the foundation of the hierocracy in India," where, "as in many other places," the characteristics of nature affected the development of man. The land was shaped out for impressions of wonder, magnitude, and repose; a bright and ardent climate, enervating the hardier qualities, excited the imagination towards infinity, and filled the mind with yearnings to know the powers by which the world was created, and the wills by which it was ruled. These longings after a different manner of life were far from being universal. The few only were touched; they became the priests.* In that luxuriant country no graver cares for sustenance and shelter hindered their reveries. During the progress, however, from sensibility to contemplation and abstraction, the changes in the history of India may be said to have all occurred. Under the first impulses the priests led the rest to conquests; under the last their meditations and visions became the histories, the legal codes, and the books of faith. After desperate strife they "destroyed the strength of the race they had determined to rule." So came the establishment of castes. "The doctrine upon which policy, as well as philosophy and religion rested, was the utter inequality of mankind." "Uncontrolled by truth or sympathy, to which they had scarcely aspired in all their toils," the priests exalted themselves, whether they knew or knew not better, at the expense of their fellow-beings. Others were content to obey them with reverence for the authority and the knowledge so superior to their own, though the abuses in religion and government were

* The theorist here loses sight of the transition-state between "the chaotic barbarism" of hunters and herdsmen, and any religious systematising of the longings excited by the spirit of nature; omitting the first rude formations of society, the continual strife until some order was established by the despotism of the stronger, and submission and consequent tranquillity, however brief, afforded time for reverie and intellectual action. The conqueror, and despot, was certainly earlier than the priest. Under mere force mankind was first divided into the free and the enslaved; it was at a later period that priestcraft lent its aid to confirm, with, perhaps, further subdivision, the system of castes. Our author's hypothesis would imply a natural tendency in man to deceive his fellows, even without motive, and an original vice in the beginnings of all religions, as if they had been invented for the enslaving of Humanity: an unwarranted opinion, when we consider what ages of intellectual exercise must have passed before the continual aspirations could be framed in a religious creed, and the knowledge, whether of nature or morality, greater or less, always therein enshrined, could lift its possessors altogether out of the common herd, by deserved pre-eminence first, and afterwards by the selfish calculation to turn their power to their own account, confining it to themselves, like a plant in a seed-bed, which, once gaining upon the rest, thenceforward draws their share of nourishment, leaving them to dwindle, while he arises to his utmost growth. Priestcraft has perverted all religions, but never founded one.

seen, in time, to lead either to reform or degradation. The reform came first. To traditions of wars succeeded by the castes, follow "a few indistinct outlines of a great history." This was the reform of Buddha, according to whose principles the whole caste-system was to be overthrown, and "some glimpses, at least, of general freedom were to be revealed." This reform "was distinguished, if we trust tradition, for the purer and juster precepts set forth concerning the nature of man, and the service of his divinities. The Brahmins confounded the Supreme Being, of whom they had some indistinct imaginations, with the animate and inanimate objects of creation; while the Buddhists, as if to secure the purity and superiority of the Deity, believed in the other extreme of an abstract nature and a passive existence. Neither, therefore, were likely to obtain much comfort from their creed." "The Brahmins, who triumphed by means easily conjectured, would naturally seek to obliterate all traces of the conflict in which their divine rights had been assailed. The voices against them must have had a noble tone; but they ceased, and their echoes were transported into other lands, where they were changed and deadened. Only the superstition, dim and fearful, remained, that the world had at one time become so excellent, and the Brahmins so little distinguished by their virtues, that the god Vishnu was fain to assume the shape and name of Buddha, in order to pervert the minds of the inferior castes by evil teachings which should bring them back to sin and shame." "The reform, of which we know scarcely more than the name, having been attempted in vain, there was no other sign of hope or progress in the people of India. 'Immemorial custom became transcendent law;' and the one great power of the Brahmins overshadowed religion, and government, and common life. Even their own liberty dwindled." "Neither climate nor constitution will account for the universal barrenness of action and meditation. The preponderance of one class, and of that class only, is alone a sufficient reason for its own inactivity, and for the degradation of a whole people." "Some few words would persuade us to believe that the spiritual life of the more thoughtful was not bereft of holy visions and of upward hopes. Again we trace the influences of the outward world." "Perhaps the real explanation of the brighter gleams in all the ancient systems is, that they are the twilight of the evening to some day that was passed, or of the morning to another day that was yet to come. Be this as it may, the Brahmin, who alone was able to remember, was utterly unable to hope."*

* Mr. Eliot neither deals fairly with the religion of the Brahmins, nor is he correct in his statement of the meagreness of the accounts of Buddhism. Regarding the former, which seems to him a mass of horrible superstition, or

Egyptian civilisation was supposed to have come from the south, with stranger priests, the founders of religion and law;

wilful imposture, had he looked further into Schlegel, whom he sometimes quotes, he might have noted the following:—

“Notwithstanding the rude errors and arbitrary fictions with which this philosophy is everywhere overlaid,—a fearful and horrible superstition having crept into the entire system, profaning and polluting everything it touched,—still it cannot be denied that the early Indians possessed a knowledge of the true God: all their writings are replete with sentiments and expressions, noble, clear, and severely grand, as deeply conceived and reverentially expressed as in any human language in which men have spoken of their God.

“Our astonishment is, perhaps, still more excited by discovering that a belief in the immortality of the soul is bound up with the idea of divinity in this most ancient system of superstition, than at the noble purity and simplicity of their conception of God. Immortality was not with them a mere probability, deduced gradually, the result of long study and reflection, not some vague imagining of an undefined and shadowy world; but a conviction so certain and decided that the idea of a future life became the ruling motive and impulse of all actions in this, the grand aim and object of all laws and arrangements, carried out even in the most trifling details.”—*F. Von Schlegel*
“On the Language and Philosophy of the Indians.”

It is not enough to “explain” this as, “perhaps, the twilight of the evening to some day that was passed, or of the morning to another day that was yet to come.”

The accounts of Buddha and Buddhism are by no means so “meagre” and “unsatisfactory” as Mr. Eliot would let us imagine, though little was known until the appearance, in 1844, of the first volume of “*L’Introduction à l’Histoire du Bouddhisme Indien*,” by M. E. Burnouf, Professor of Sanscrit in the College de France. This work exhibits to us the sacred and authentic monuments of a religion professed by more than two hundred millions of disciples. The discovery of the Buddhist works is due to Mr. B. H. Hodgson, British resident at Nepal, the cradle of Buddhism. That country is still inhabited almost solely by Buddhists, in whose numerous monasteries are piously preserved the orthodox and canonical books. The founder of this religion was a young prince of Kapilavastu, named Siddhārtha, belonging to the Sakyas, a family of the Khattryas, or warrior-caste. He was brought up by the Brahmins, but, repudiating their creed, he renounced the world, and, adopting a solitary life, took the name of Sakya Muni, the hermit. He was afterwards called Buddha, the wise, the enlightened. He wrote nothing, but preached; and the canonical scriptures are the echoes of his doctrine. But this preaching was in itself an unheard-of thing in the Indian world, where the sacerdotal caste maintained a monopoly of knowledge, forbidding to their inferiors the reading of the sacred books or the discussion of religious dogmas. Buddha, however, addressed himself to all, opening to every class the way of salvation. Every Buddhist was vowed to poverty. But the devout soon formed monasteries; and these communities, devoted in the beginning to mendicancy, became afterwards rich and powerful, as was the case with the monastic establishments of Europe in the middle ages. During the first centuries celibacy was indispensable; but afterwards, in a time of degeneracy, they married. The Buddhist hierarchy was founded solely on merit, without respect to birth. Its moral precepts were few and simple. Its metaphysical doctrine was as follows. It was the Indian belief that man is doomed to be born and reborn throughout an endless series of successive existences. The supreme effort of religion in the Hindu world was to find the means of delivering man

the warriors being their instruments of conquest, the servants, in fact, of the civilisation to which the priests alone were thoroughly admitted in the beginning. The earliest kings were taken from the priests. "In time, the royal power became hereditary and independent; but it never rose superior to the power that preceded it,—not, at least, until the peculiar institutions of Egypt were changed by strangers and conquerors." "Neither the original civilisation, nor the succeeding monarchy, was established without cruel and repeated contests." "The most striking features in the Egyptian institutions belong to the new empire; and as we have already investigated the character of a hierocracy in India, we can turn at once from the early ages of hierocracy in Egypt to the later period, when human government assumed new principles and new forms." The new form was the division of Egypt into districts, or governments; the new prin-

from this fatal law. Faith and religious practice were the first solution; but even the Vedas did not affirm that the fruits of works were eternal, either for reward or punishment. Time exhausted the effects of sin and the merits of virtue. Besides, as Brahma was confounded, in the later Hindu superstitions, with the material universe, it was in vain that man united himself with God, not therefore freed from the law of change to which God himself was subject. Hence arose the necessity of Buddhism, which taught, as the sole refuge from metempsychosis, annihilation, to be obtained through knowledge and virtue. (T. W. Thornton, No. 123 of *'The Reasoner,'* Watson, London, 1848.) "If," says Professor Quinet (in his *'Génie des Religions,'* Paris, 1842) "we inquire into the social consequences of the new dogma, we find, first of all, that Buddhism is in some respects the contrary of pantheism, since its God, far from being mixed with the universe, is, as it were, absent from all that is created. In the Brahminic Trinity the three persons form a sort of polytheism—three gods, or rather, three religions, of different origin, and enemies of one another, perpetuating the idea of the essential difference of the castes in the state. On the contrary, in the new religion, the first member of the Triad of Buddha alone has a real value, which destroys the very root of polytheism; and this unity of God, thus proclaimed in the dogma, has for immediate consequence the idea of the unity of mankind, which involves the abolition of caste. This consequence has, in truth, been deduced by Buddhism with a logical intrepidity which seems to belong only to the West. Christianity itself has not more irrevocably declared the equality of man." The character of Buddha, as depicted in the Sutras, can only be compared, for purity and mildness, with that of Christ. His fundamental doctrine of annihilation has been for centuries buried under a load of superstition; and Buddha, who, according to the first Sutras, never gave himself out for more than man, was afterwards worshipped as a god. The Chinese place his birth in the year 1027, and his death in 950, before the Christian era. The Cingalese reckon them about 400 years later. The first Buddhist missionary entered China 217 years before Christ. Buddhism is, indeed, the New Testament of India. As the Brahmin held the doctrine of emanation—that man's spirit came out from God, and passed through a variety of forms, not necessarily to be re-incorporated into its divine original (*Schlegel on 'Indian Philosophy'*), so Buddhism taught the return, the rest from wandering, the re-absorption into the divine nature, and the blessed annihilation of self.

ciple, the elevation of the warrior-class to the side of the priestly, as rulers of the people. "It is through the rise of" the warrior-class "to a level with, not to a superiority over the Egyptian priesthood, that we can ascribe a larger freedom to Egypt than elsewhere prevailed at the same time."* It is impossible, however, to mark any further progress. The other Egyptian castes were so completely subordinate, that it is difficult to procure any clear account of them. Brutality and misery among the lower classes; indolence, debauchery, and extravagance, among the higher; discontent below, and jealous fear above; till the Persians, five centuries and a quarter before the end of heathenism, conquer a people who are become too wasted to defend themselves. "Yet, it is in the religious knowledge of the Egyptians that the plainest signs of imperfection and incapacity are to be perceived. With some pretension to remembrance of the truths, once, undoubtedly, in the possession of their progenitors, concerning the creation and government of the world; the worship they rendered was more local than that of almost any other nation, at the same time that its objects and its doctrines testified to the deeper degradation of their souls. They knelt before the brutes they were meant to command; they would have preserved the bodies they tenanted, as if their only immortality were that of the silent tomb, which might, perhaps, become the cradle of a second life, fleeting and hopeless as that from which they were set free. The marks of the worst bondage that man can be forced to bear, are almost as deplorable in Egypt as in India."†

* Here again is the error to which we before adverted. It was not that liberty, "in India monopolized by the priests, was through the activity and changes of Egypt extended to the warriors;" but that the religion of Egypt had not there become so completely a political system, the priest had not yet placed his foot upon the throne, nor bowed down the armed heads to the divinity he represented.

† "The institutions of India," says our author, "in the immovable and unmixed character of the hierarchy they established, have deserved the precedence in our inquiry; but Egypt, whose people were regarded of old as the most ancient of the universe, will always be considered as the peculiar land of antiquity." We may add that, the very religion of Egypt is evidence of that greater antiquity. Egypt did not borrow from India, but India from Egypt; unless, indeed, as may be probable, the similarity of religious ideas betokens not so much one single original in some eldest of the nations, as a similarity, and almost identity, in the thoughts and aspirations of the various races of humanity. According, however, to Dupnis and Volney, the idolatrous superstition of India is of a period of religious decadence, long subsequent to the Egyptian astronomical system, that old religion of the stars—together ignored by Mr. Eliot—the first system of worship (for the primeval dread and propitiation of the elements and physical powers and phenomena of nature

The Persians were born to arms. Unsatisfied with the narrow limits of their mountain-land, they extended their empire "from India even to Ethiopia, over a hundred and seven-and-twenty provinces." "These extraordinary conquests must be our key to the civilisation and the liberty of Persia." "The character of the higher Persians was greatly affected by the Medes, whose civilisation was much the most ancient, and whose power at one time prevailed over the people of Iran. But Media was in the keeping of a priesthood; while Persia continued to be governed by its warriors, the chief of whom was the prince, or hero." A hierocracy, as we have already seen, has its origin in the fear of gods, whom an ignorant, particularly if it be also a fanciful, people may be taught, or forced, to worship with trembling desperation. Its authority is absolute, and its character nearly unalterable, after it has been once founded. But a despotism, warlike or royal, originates in the fear which the mass, if uneducated and unhelpful, will always feel for the few who are stronger, braver, wiser, or in any way more powerful than themselves. It exacts implicit obedience; but neither necessarily militates against the improvement of its subjects, nor condemns them to forced and terrifying services of religion. "Above all, it never necessarily corrupts the hearts of its subjects, however much it is obliged to depend upon their want of knowledge, or of energy.* These are general positions to mark the progress we may rightly hope to find in Persia six centuries and less before the Christian era. We are yet groping after freedom;

can scarcely be called a system), whose principles can be traced back for seventeen thousand years, whose origin tradition, astronomical monuments, and reason (finding in that region a concurrence of all the physical circumstances, atmospherical and other, most likely to produce it), alike attribute to the Ethiopian inhabitants of Egypt.

* Our author has already told us that "the preponderance of a class" (and despotism necessitates a preponderant class, though it be only of guards and tools) "is alone sufficient reason for the degradation of a whole people." But despotism does necessarily corrupt the hearts of its subjects. "Cette ruse des tyrans, d'abestir leurs sujets," says Etienne de la Boétie, the friend of Montaigne (in his noble treatise '*De la Servitude Volontaire*'), speaking of the conduct of Cyrus toward the Lydians. "He established there stews, taverns, and public games, and caused this ordinance to be published, that the inhabitants should have recourse to them. He found so much good in this garrison, that thenceforth he had never occasion to strike one sword-blow against the Lydians." "All tyrants," continues La Boétie, "have not thus so expressly declared, that they would effeminate their men; but, in truth, that which this one ordered formally and in effect, they for the most part have underhandedly pursued." The long descent of Roman Emperors may avouch the truth of this; and in our own day, under Louis Philippe of France, has not been wanting proof of the infamous extent to which this trick of tyranny may be carried out.

but the worst bondage is broken for mankind.”* The Persian nobles, or warriors, were the freemen of the nation. Below them were the several classes of husbandmen, artisans, and slaves. The first two were the retainers of the nobility at home, and their followers in war; and, though by no means free, they were, in comparison with the subject nations of the empire, a favoured race. Every conquered nation became a province, governed by a satrap, and ruled as if the people had been a potter’s vessel, to be emptied, and crushed, and repaired at the satrap’s will. Their debasement reacted in two ways upon the empire. It weakened attachment and submission on one side; and on the other, so swelled the power of the governors, that the king would fear the power of the satrap as a servant over whom he had no possible control. “In a review of the liberty consistent with the Persian institutions, it can only be said, that the despotism of the satraps was far worse than the despotism of the kings. And as the strength of the monarchy began to decline, it was observable that the change came over its better features, in consequence of the very conquests which had once appeared to constitute its majesty and its dominion.” Zoroaster came to recall the Persians to their pride of conquest, and to the simple doctrines of their primitive faith, the belief in the two principles of good and evil. He conceived with striking truth, and still more amazing boldness, the duties of the king toward the Persians. The lowest classes of the Persians were uplifted from their degradation; husbandmen were openly portrayed as “sources of blessings,” and the relief of the indigent was exalted to the highest service which Ormuzd could receive. But it was more in the reform of lives, in the inculcation of the same virtues to every class, that Zoroaster elevated the condition of his inferior countrymen. Every Persian was bound to purity, and to union with his race. The chief of the family, or the class, was to be chosen for his superior qualities; while the noble was, at least, nominally accountable for the exercise of his authority. But the distinguishing feature of his reform was the fashioning every condition of the Persians according to the superior conditions. The husbandman was bound, not only to sow the grain “in purity,” but to imitate the courage and follow the battles of the

* Not so. Our author will in after passages confute himself, showing us the continuance, under later heathenism, of this worst bondage of “force combined with despotism.” Again we notice that treated as growth and progress which was only the lingering grace of youth not all perverted. The Persians were a younger and ruder people than the Medes, “whose civilisation was much the most ancient;” and had not reached the time when fraud succeeds to force, and the Magi in their turn usurp dominion.

noble; the noble, in his turn, was encouraged to aspire after the virtue and the pre-eminence of the king. "These were the elements of universal progress." But it was not for the Persian nation to maintain their dominion. Zoroaster's visions of patriarchal benevolence in the monarchy, on whose fate the nation and the empire both depended, were dissipated; "and the separation at which he connived, in religion and in government, of the Persians from their subjects, was as ruinous to them as to those they oppressed and scorned." "The empire of Persia was a trial of wider principles of government, and of broader bands of union among men, than had before been brought into action. Had it been more successful, the utmost liberty consistent with its character would have been greatly imperfect; but, as it happened, the freedom confined to the conquerors alone, was lost by them under a ruthless despotism." "The columns of the heathen temple were weakened for their approaching downfall."

The progress represented by the name of Phenicia is not in government, laws, or faith, so much as in occupation. The first adventurers who crossed the seas came back to become the dignitaries among their countrymen; and, until commerce had become an ordinary employment, the successful navigator was sure to become the eminent citizen at home, or the powerful colonist upon stranger shores. And even when to rise was more difficult, the seafarer was still sure of profitable employment: excepting, however, the lower classes, whose services were probably exacted without consideration or requital. "It was a middle class, to use a modern phrase, not altogether applicable to an ancient people, that grew up in Phenicia beneath the expanding influences of activity and civilisation; it was the same class that obtained the authority which we find established at a later period of their history." But there are two sides to Phenician, as to every history. On one we find the people growing in energy and liberty, as they caught more of the spirit that walks upon the waters; the other relieves us from any wonder that their discoveries and energies should have wrought no greater changes in the world. The great deity whom the Phenicians never ceased to fear, and whom they appeased with horrid rites, was Melkarth, the god of craft and ferocity—the type of the national character. "Of those races in ancient days, 'which remained among the graves,' the Phenicians were one; and the voice of the Prophet is heard once more:—"Thou hast defiled thy sanctuaries by the multitude of thy iniquities, by the iniquity of thy traffic." "The character of a commercial was just as different as that of any other sort of nation, in ancient times, from the Christian conceptions we have been taught to form of what it is, or might be,

now. The conquest of the Persians and the adventures of the Greeks put an end to the prosperity of Phenicia, from which its colonies were already severed, or ready to be severed, by any fate befalling the mother-land. Yet, though the civilisation of the ancient world was less indebted to the Phenicians than is often imagined, and though they had been unable to free themselves from a corrupt and barbarous faith, they were nevertheless the first people, as such, apparent in antiquity."

In Greece, the world of human beings expands into a society of living, acting, and hoping men, amongst whom "government sinks to a secondary place in history, and even laws become unimportant except in their immediate connection with the minds and the deeds of those by whom, or, as we can say at last, for whom they were framed." The lower orders become of consequence to the higher. Henceforth the fitness of man for freedom is determined. "The course of ancient history brightens with increasing liberty; yet liberty, through the inspiration of progress, was, as we may see hereafter, the forerunner of that humiliation in which heathenism departed and Christianity appeared."—Grecian history is divided into three periods: that of heroes and kings, that of laws, and that of illumination and decline. In the first the nobles alone were the progressive class; the government was one of arms. "The best principles of liberty under these heroic governments consisted in the truths concerning earth and heaven which were partially disclosed." The Spartan democracy was established by Lycurgus. The assembly and the senate—open to all citizens of certain ages, and the royalty—incapable of tyranny but hedged on all sides against degradation, were together confirmed as the constitution of a rigid and disciplined people. Division of lands and compulsory education provided for the equality of the citizens. Below them were the conquered, and the helots,—the last slaves both of their master and of the State, subject to every degree of ignominy. But the Spartan was held to even greater submission than the alien or the slave before the laws; and from birth to death was as much accustomed to obey his elders as to rule over his inferiors. The errors of Lycurgus are plain. He would have made his people free, yet he increased the authority of the few, and allowed to all no other powers than muscular strength and outward fortitude. Their vigour was turned to conquest. "The development of the state and of the people was almost purely material." In Athens, under the kings and archons, the higher order held rule. The lower classes do not appear in the histories, until the mention of embarrassments among the nobles conjures up, as it were, the image of a people insisting upon some rights, at least, that should protect them against the capriciousness of their superiors.

Throughout the states of antiquity, especially those nearest to our own era, the power which the high-born, next after the strong, possessed, passed, at a certain period, into the hands of the wealthy, as if according to common principles of succession. The poor, behindhand, were bound to the heaviest afflictions. In the breach between revenge and oppression stood Solon. He remodelled the whole system of ranks, upon which the Athenian aristocracy had hitherto rested, by introducing a new scale, adapted neither to descent nor to occupation, but to a census of the taxes paid by each man into the public treasury. He intended to make every class a class of citizens, but at the same time to confine the exercise of the higher political rights to the higher classes. One of his laws condemned to infamy and exile the citizen who, in case of sedition, should attempt to be neutral. "The boy was educated to become a good citizen: if that, he was considered infallibly a good man." Every Athenian, arrived at the age of eighteen, swore in the temple to make Athens greater and more glorious; and the highest panegyric of Isocrates, the orator, was that the vow had been fulfilled. No limits were set to the services the state required. But the slave and the alien had no part in the rights or duties of citizenship. The Athenian republic became the republic of a few Athenians alone.—We need not track the Grecian glory through the wars for freedom against Persia. Thereafter commences the period of the decline of liberty, endangered by the recurrence of intestine strifes to which the Greeks appear to have been doomed. Pericles stands in history laurelled for the work of other men, by which he had the sagacity and the power to profit; but the inheritance he left, in the place of that he had received, was of a people who would never be free again as they had been, though they might be a refined, a sensible, and, compared with almost any other ancient standard than their own, an admirable nation. His immediate legacy to his countrymen was the Peloponnesian War, from which the freedom of Greece must be said to date its ruin. Effeminacy, dissension, and the defeat at Chœronea was the end. "The career to which Alexander was called could not have been intended to bring the East and the West together, or it would not so soon have been succeeded by the conflicts and the despoliations of his inheritors. But it may have been ordered that the eastern world should be assailed in such a way as to spare the strength of Rome, upon whose conquests was to devolve the general humiliation of antiquity."

"It is necessary, in the outset, to deny that the Jewish people was the only one in antiquity whom God visited, or that its temperament, its composition, and its destiny, were so utterly distinct from those of universal humanity, as to make it, on its

own account, the holy nation concerning which Moses was informed at Sinai." "The two great principles upon which all liberty as well as all religion relies, are the common origin of man and the common government of God." The first was repeatedly, and vainly, imparted to the Jews; and as to the second, could they have had their will, it would have been confined for ever to themselves, within the limits of their own Judea. "Neither, therefore, of the principles defined as the foundation both of liberty and of religion was developed to its full proportions amongst the Jews." "The liberty of the Jews must be measured by a separate standard from that of other people. They claimed no rights of election and sought no offices of government, content in the belief that the authority they obeyed was divine, and that the priest or prophet was the chosen servant of God."* "Both the religion and liberty of the Jews seem to have followed the same general course of culmination and decline that we have observed amongst other ancient nations." "The isolation of heart which became a duty with the Jews, clenching against the stranger and the bondman the hand that was opened wide to the brother, would impair at last the only superstructure possible to the laws of fear and justice." "War began to be sought for love of land or blood; and the wildest fanaticism displaced the calmer, or, at least, the more dogged faith in which their fathers, if they wavered, had died. The glimpse of Boaz and his reapers is a solitary picture of the labour and the simplicity that might yet survive in the midst of warfare. A truer representative, however, of the rude and dissolute habits of the generations following Joshua would be found in the hero Samson, whose exploits seem to have been unusual, only because of the gigantic strength by which they were achieved. He was one of the deliverers or judges appointed, from time to time, to lead the nation or the tribe in battle, rather than to exercise the civil authority consistent with the second name they bore. Unless the judge, indeed, were also a priest, he had no power to interpret the law; and there are long intervals during which none appears at all, until some alarm of sedition or

* Here again is the old inequality of a class set apart, the separate priesthood of the "Levites, the tribe which had taken Moses' side against the others." The following note, quoted by Mr. Eliot from Milman's 'History of the Jews,' will help us to estimate the power of this superior caste. "Besides the officiating priesthood, the Levitical class furnished the greater number of the judges, the scribes, the genealogists and registrars of the tribes, the keepers of the records, the geometers, the superintendents of weights and measures; and, Michaelis thinks, the physicians." Mr. Eliot adds—"Michaelis further thinks the Levites resemble the mandarins." (*Laws of Moses*, vol. i. art. 42; *Smith's translation*.) The existence of slavery remains to be added, to complete the parallel with other ancient nations.

invasion required the appointment of a champion to do the work of deliverance." Under David "the territories of the nation were extended; the old institutions of the desert were partially remodelled, to bear the wider interests dependent on them." "The evil day succeeded." "Despotism, disunion, and impiety." "Bound in, at last, among the wide-spread dominions of Rome." "The redemption of humanity could be prepared only through humbleness for what had passed on earth, and hope for what was to come from Heaven. Neither feeling could be aroused amongst the Jews as a nation."

So, nearly in the author's own words, we have given the pith and most important features of his introductory history. Briefly he sums up the "character and doom" of the liberty he has described. The sermon is loose; but the following are the most striking passages.

"It is plain there was no religion to operate upon any people save one of those we have here revisited." "The inward law of progress was sealed to men who knew nothing of their creation, their existence, or their immortality. The outward law, as we have styled liberty, was better known and much more effectually practised. Indeed, the work that it enabled mankind to accomplish in ancient days was the very highest improvement of which our race was susceptible before its redemption." "If it be true, as once before surmised, that the Almighty ordained the improvement of His creatures in this world to be begun by their own hands, it must be equally believed that they were to labour alone no longer than was necessary to prove the inefficacy of their instruments and the vanity of their toils. The great good to be hoped for, though men knew it not, was that they should be humbled."

We have so fully exposed the method and views of our author, that we need not devote to the main history, that of Rome, more space than we have given to any of the introductory stories. There is, indeed, no reason for the special amplification of the Roman chapter in this history of ancient liberties, unless it be simply on account of its being the concluding portion. We shall not, therefore, examine into the beginnings of the liberty of Rome, advancing from Romulus, past Numa—"the lawgiver and purifier of a heterogeneous religion," and Tarquin—"the author of the Roman civilisation," to the days of Servius Tullius—the enfranchiser of the Plebeians, "the great king of the line which governed Rome,"—to notice in detail the progression "from a people of ruffians to one of improving men;" nor shall we care to track step after step of Roman life, from "the well-spiced legend of the later Tarquin" and the revolution by which the tyrant was expelled—"whose only object was to transfer the authority of the monarch to the Patricians," to the secession of the trampled

and abused Plebeians to the Mons Sacer, and thence through increasing tumults within and without the walls,—the Carthaginian contest—the patriotic endeavours of the Gracchi—the Italian war for citizenship—the murderous strife of Marius and Sylla—the conspiracy of Cataline,—to the despotisms of Cæsar and Augustus: from the first starting-point, when Roman liberty “was in the leash of the Patricians,” though all its manifold struggles and sufferings, to its final extinction beneath the imperial throne. The details of these great outlines we need not here fill up. As in the other nations of antiquity, here too was a division into classes: the Patrician and the Plebeian, the rich and the poor, the free and the bond, the citizen and the unprivileged subject, the conquering and the conquered. Here, too, was a religious system, managed by a corporation, tyrannous, compromising, and despised. Here, also, were deeds of most devoted patriotism, public and private virtues and generousities; acts, too, of barbarity and hate. It was no new tale, that of discipline, conquest, corruption, and decline. We turn at once to the few passages which seem further requisite to exemplify the liberty of Rome; and thence we may proceed to judge how nearly our author has reached his aim.

“Conquests, we may be sure” (in the first days of Rome), “were not so easy, nor were defeats so rare, as the old historians, to whom the history they wrote was all a blaze of glory, most piously believed. The longer, too, the wars continued, the heavier were the taxes on the tribes, while most men were daily in greater need of means to keep themselves and their families alive. For a little time the poor could borrow from the rich; but the rich, likewise, were soon reduced, and when they sought for payment of their loans, they could only lay hold on the bodies which had been pledged to them by their debtors.” “There is no necessity of looking into the prison or the workhouse, to understand the terrible nature of the slavery to which the debtor was dragged, when he could not pay for his freedom.”

“The family was concentrated in its father—the single name of the husband, the parent, the guardian, the master; he alone lived ‘in his own right,’ his dependents being ‘in another’s right’ according to the phrases of the law. He was the freeman, the citizen, and, in consequence, the father; they were the wife, the children, the wards, the slaves, over each and all of whom his authority was indisputably supreme.”

“The chief obstacle to the elevation of the lower classes consisted in the concealment, not only of religious doctrines, but likewise of the commonest observances, such as the business and the holidays of the year, from their knowledge.”

“The virtue, the confidence, and the energy, of early Rome all flowed in one channel of patriotism. Neither father nor mother was so venerable a parent to the Roman as his country, to which his

affections, in manhood at least, were given out from an ardent heart. The highest duty was that which the Commonwealth required; the highest knowledge was that which rendered the duty acceptable and useful."

"When Curius Dentatus, in his second consulship, was holding a levy, preparatory to meeting Pyrrhus in the field, and a momentary hesitation about enlistment was manifest among the people, he ordered the name of a tribe to be taken by lot, and then the name of one of its members, also drawn by lot, to be called. The man thus summoned not appearing, Curius directed his property to be seized and publicly sold; and on the delinquent's hastening forward to appeal to the Tribunes against the Consul, the latter commanded him too to be sold; declaring that the Commonwealth had no need of a citizen who would not submit to its demands."

"As soon as we engage in the dismal period through which the line, at least, of the Roman conquests is to be followed, we seem to see more clearly the purpose for which the people has been strengthened by a development of liberty greater in many respects than was allowed to any other ancient nation. It was the freedom amongst themselves that preceded the victory over the rest of the world."

"In every country, and amongst every nation, of the heathen world a marvellous progress from barbarism to comparative civilisation, or from servitude to comparative freedom, had been allowed to precede the decline to each appointed in its turn. The extent of this advancement was generally commensurate with the degree of liberty existing among the various races engaged in its production; and the greatest development of knowledge and cultivation occurred in Greece, together with the greatest development of liberty. A different phase appears to be observable in Rome, under whose laws liberty attained to a greater stature than in any other heathen state, without producing a corresponding increase in the sciences, the arts, or the comforts of mankind. The same religion, that interposed itself like a cloud between the freedom of other nations and the light from Heaven, hung thinnest above the seven hills; and yet nowhere was the liberty it always obscured so fatal to human works and to human hopes." "Here lies the moral of our history." "Liberty is virtually servitude unless it be so connected with human powers as to minister to them, and be ministered unto by them in return. The institutions of ancient Rome secured to all the citizens whom they acknowledged, the amplest freedom in that age possible; yet freedom failed amongst them, for want of higher powers in its possessors than those of conquerors and rulers; while the institutions by which this liberty had been provided were bowed and broken by its courses of blood and despotism. The few, like the Gracchi and Cicero, whom it educated to greater aspirations, were not allowed to spread the learning they acquired amongst men, much less to exercise the benevolence they had received from their Creator. The wants of the Romans are as evident as their errors. They not only lacked the powers, but the first necessities of humanity. To be free, they needed to be conscious of their weak-

ness." "Even had they been sooner humbled, a law of right and wrong would still have failed them"—"this law was never theirs." "So far as humility amongst men was necessary for the preparation of a truer freedom than could ever be known under heathenism, the part of Rome, however dreadful, was yet sublime. It was not to unite, to discipline, or to fortify humanity, but to enervate, to loosen, to scatter its forces, that the people whose history we have read, were allowed to conquer the earth, and were then themselves reduced to deep submission." "Alike in the virtues and in the vices of antiquity, we may read the progress towards its humiliation." "At length, when it had been proved that no lasting joy and no abiding truth could be procured through the power, the freedom, or the faith of mankind, the angels sang their song in which the glory of God and the goodwill of men were together blended. The universe was wrapped in momentary tranquillity, and 'peaceful was the night' above the manger at Bethlehem. We may believe that when the morning came, the ignorance, the confusion, and the servitude, of humanity had left their darkest forms among the midnight clouds."

And by way of note:—

"The whole Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity is the best conclusion I can suggest to this history."

With these, and such like, windy generalities, rather wearisome than profitable, our author sums up the whole matter. But in all his solemn-toned "conclusion" is no fulfilment of the promised task—the "interpretation" of some portion of the olden poem. Lengthened comment is not required to prove the insufficient cogitation which evoked from an ancient tomb so thin a ghost as this:—"It was not the will of Almighty God that, at a time so near the revelation of life and immortality, a man like Cæsar should even seem to have obtained, through devotion to himself, a lasting triumph upon the earth. On the other hand, it is as mercifully apparent, that the fall of heathen Rome, over which Cæsar had risen, was not to be reversed or delayed."* In such truismal parodies lies not the moral of the history. For it is not by complacently enthroning ourselves in the judgment-seat of the sectarian, thanking God, with Hebrew exclusiveness, that we are not as other men were—nor by exaggeration of evils not peculiar to age or race—nor by illiberal qualification of noblest deeds, as well enough for such a time†—

* Also, it was the will of Almighty God that, at a time still nearer to the revelation, Augustus, a man worse than Cæsar, did not only seem, but did actually obtain this lasting triumph; a triumph, like all other chronicle occurrences, "as mercifully apparent" to the least diligent of readers.

† In numerous passages like the following:—

"Lucretia—the first, too many have repeated, as if her deed were praiseworthy, to strike a blow for the liberty of Rome."

"Caius Gracchus was a good man in every sense of the word, so far as it is

nor by denial of the truth and conscience of antique life—that we can in any measure inform ourselves of the true meaning of God's earlier utterance in our world. Least of all is the significance of a dogmatical repetition, however musical its cadence, that all these things were but preparatory to the greater mercies. And idly do we, even in Miltonic strains, hymn forth the downfall of the heathen gods, if,

“ Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes,”

we are not ready to deduce in what respects those heathen times were different from our own. For when we needlessly degrade the character of the ancient religions, it is as if we doubt Christianity to be strong enough to stand upon its own merits, and therefore try to prop its weakness by unwarranted piling up of the opposing errors. That, in its earlier days, Egyptian worship was not brutish, but sought, like the Persian, to track the Eternal through the deep blue of heaven, by the shining course of suns and stars, nay, even by the course of rarer comets, less easily discerned; that Indian philosophy, however wild its after errors, however deep its modern degradation, was not, at one time, ignorant of man's creation, his existence, or his immortality, but taught in sublimest words the emanation from Deity, the needs of purity and holiness, and the possible return to the bosom of the Father—a return in later times (yet far antecedent to the light that hung over Bethlehem) plainly announced by Buddha; that, albeit Judaism was hopelessly intolerant, and though the offerings—not to be called worship—of Phenician traders were foul and fierce, the faith of Greece could lead men to the porch at least of the Diviner Beauty of the World, and train up a Phidias, a Sophocles, and a Plato, to penetrate toward the inner sanctuary; that even the hidden mysteries of Greece and less refined Rome were not mere orgies of an atheistic licentiousness, as our author would infer, judging all by one frightful exception;* that in all, aye, even in the worst religions, were some

to be used at all in the second century before Christianity.” Elsewhere “the truest man who had yet appeared among the conquerors of the earth.”

And in many such expressions as this :—

“ ——— if he had not been a heathen and a Roman.”

* Mr. Eliot refers to the exposure, 186 B.C., of the horrible vices practised under the name of Bacchanalia, as generally characteristic of the heathen “mysteries.” Dr. Leonhard Schmitz remarks, that, even if Livy's account be not exaggerated, yet, “considering the difference of character between the Greeks and Romans, it cannot be surprising that a festival like the Dionysia, when once introduced among the Romans, should have degenerated into the grossest and coarsest excesses. Similar consequences were seen immediately after the time when the Romans were made acquainted with the elegance and

words of God, more or less faintly enunciated as they might be in the craftily obscured language of a priestly paraphrase; and that the best were radiant with holy characters, which we, even in the purer and more perfect light of this our day, may find not altogether dim or cloudy;—so much, surely, may be acknowledged without fear, since the most of truth is but comparative, and the diviner less divine than the divinest, yet unrevealed, slumbering in the deeper heart of God. Rather than accuse the immaturities of the growing youth of Time, it would behove us to inquire wherein our manlier energies have earned renown; rather than upbraid the twilight of the earth, we should expose our own deeds to the searching light of this advancing day. The virtues that change not with the alternations of the world's seasons, nor with the progression of its years, were not wanting before the Morning Star kissed reverently the forehead of the Poor, the Houseless and the Weak. The Socratic life has not yet been surpassed, even among the sects who can spare their pity for "the heathen." Aristides is still pre-eminently the Just. Yet stand as monumental examples to all time the constancy of the elder Brutus, the generous spirit of the Fabii,* the noble motherhood of Cornelia, the devotion of her hero sons. And be such heights uncommon in the little span of Greece or Rome, do we out-count them with the later braveries of the length of

the luxuries of Greek life; for, like barbarians, they knew not where to stop, and became brutal." "That the extravagant merriment and the unrestrained conduct with which all festivals of this class were celebrated, did, in the course of time, lead to the grossest excesses, cannot be denied; but we must at the same time acknowledge that such excesses did not occur until a comparatively late period."—*Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities*, Article *Dionysia*.

* The Fabii belonged to the liberal party of the patricians. Unable to stem the tide of patrician oppression, or to persuade the senate to consent to the long-deferred division of the public lands amongst the plebeians, whose blood and sweat had gained them, Cæso Fabius, in his third consulship, on his return from a victorious campaign, "came," says Mr. Eliot, "into the senate-house, followed by every member of his family. The patricians, who had thwarted his best designs, might have feared he came to do them violence; but the words he is reported to have uttered were neither those of anger nor revenge. 'Send us out,' he said, 'against the people of Veii, and take ye care of other wars yourselves. We promise to protect the majesty of the Roman name.' On the following day, the whole family, with one exception, appeared in arms, with households and clients, all headed by the consul in his military robes; and proceeding through the streets to the gates by which they were to pass out but through which they never would return, they bade their friends farewell, and responded to the acclamations of the people, as if their march had been to keep a festival. Within two years not one of three hundred and six who had gone forth remained to keep the enemy away, or to show the plebeians that there were some amongst the patricians to count them as fellow-citizens."

eighteen hundred years? Our own enlightened English life but once has glowed with faith like that which warmed the patriot of old Rome, or that which taught the Jew to hold his life even as the sword of God—a zeal now to be sought among the Islamites, rather than in the irreligious camps of Christendom. At what age, emulating the Athenian youth, or upon what altar, do we swear, though it be in the silence of the heart, to labour to make our Britain greater and more glorious? Truly, some mouldy scarce-read chapters of that old heroic story might seem to offer proof that the world sinks into shameful decrepitude, rather than advances through completer knowledge to maturity, were it not for the sustained cry of Poland, and the appealing voices from Hungarian wilds, from Venice' streets, and from the yet unconquered heart of the Eternal City. Nor, unable to claim pre-eminence in actual virtue, are the unheathened times entitled to a negative praise for avoidance of vice. A Cæsar Borgia may pride himself beyond a Cataline; the excesses of a Sylla may be exceeded by a Christian. In the depths of the most civilised cities are mysteries as foul as any heathen Bacchanalia; and in our penal colonies, in dark loathsome passages of mines, aye! even closer upon the threshold of the well-regulated home of modern Trade, may be tracked—and with not more of difficulty than might besee an inquiring Christian—the heavy footprints of a worse than Phenician Melkarth. Yet not therefore would we underrate the vantage of Christianity; we, too, believing that a new era commenced with the advent of Him of Nazareth.

As to the reiterated assertion (our author not adducing argument in its support) of the utter ruin of superstition, and the prevalence of a necessary preparative humility at the birth of Christ, we shall not care to summon for its confuting the Asiatic world unvisited by Roman victory, nor the present majority of heathenism, nor the almost universal infidelity of a race, that, even to-day, with all the hardness, and pertinacity, and vain-gloriousness of the men of old, boast of their endeavours to live without the aid of God. The historic voices will not re-affirm our author's judgment. That the despotism of superstition fell not so suddenly, nor near unto that time, but for many ages after strode over the world, eclipsing the light of heaven, we may read, were it only by the glare of Loyola's fires, if our opinionative dulness can have missed hearing those echoes of the olden craft thundering from the Pontifical hills, with imitative roar elsewhere, yet scarcely silenced; and surely our author mistakes the servility of bondmen for the true modesty of a teachable spirit, when he can find "alike in the virtues and in the vices of antiquity its progress towards humiliation," and con-

tent his predetermined requirement with so unchristian a substitute. The prostration of heathen civilisation prepared not the way of the higher culture; for it fell not until a later day, trampled under the feet of the northern hordes, or devoured by the flames of a zeal, rather fanatic than religious, which despised alike the wisdom of the philosophic Greek and the material advantages of Rome. Peaceful was the night above the manger at Bethlehem; but the "momentary tranquillity" which then "wrapped the universe," was but the heavy breathing-time between the agony of the past strife and the yet direr contests scarcely waiting the awakening; and though the morning came, it was to struggle through the gloom of "human ignorance, confusion, and servitude, whose darkest forms had" not "been left among the midnight clouds." The worst age of heathenism was that of Imperial Rome; less faithful even to its own light, more fiercely persecuting toward its opponents, more abominable in its unredeemed course, than the most benighted period of the past. Not yet had the world learned "humility through consciousness of its weakness." And for the special "part of Rome," let the civilisation of Christendom be empowered to speak. Nor alone the civilisation: since not only were order, union, and discipline, borne throughout the lands on the conquering eagle's wings; but we may believe, without derogation from other teaching, that not in vain did Roman virtues flourish, and Grecian worth abound. From such hearts as those of Leonidas and Brutus, of Solon and Caius Gracchus, arose that glorious strain of patriotism, then else unknown to the world, whose solemn and sublimest tones (a repetition needing no apology) are to-day renewed in the chorus of the Polish Martyrs, and in the song of Mazzini's Rome.

Whether we regard the caste-systems of Egypt and India, the martial despotism of Persia, the rule of wealth and craft in Phœnicia, or the class-divisions of Greece and Rome and Judea, one obvious characteristic will be found pervading the ancient nations (nay, is found by our author, his own finger pointing to the deduction which yet he cannot follow): that everywhere the social fabric was built upon the assumption of the natural inequality of man, the necessary, because divinely appointed, inferiority of certain races. And this, not only within the pale of the nation, but universally without. The Spartan helotry, the very *crypteia*,* the Jewish slaughter of the Amalekites, variously

* Of which Plutarch gives this description:—"The Ephors, at intervals, selected from among the young Spartans those who appeared to be best qualified for the task, and sent them in various directions all over the country,

exemplify the universal idea, not always, doubtless, so exaggerated in its expression,—the dogma of a peculiar people, and within that a peculiar race, each more or less assured of its divine establishment. Not in the superstitious tenets and observances of heathen theology, nor in the absence of a law of right and wrong, nor in any want of the higher powers of humanity, nor in the fatal unconsciousness of their own weakness, nor in any difficulties—from which we now have exemption—thrown in the way of a wider benevolence, nor in the lack of such advantages as we are licensed to reap from the discovery of printing, nor in the utter inefficacy of all human toils,—but in *this universal religious dogma of human inequality*, we find the sufficing reason of the imperfect freedom and certain decline of the freest and greatest empires of antiquity. Here is not the place to consider the doctrine of the Resurrection, our present argument not being of things beyond this mundane life, but of those pertaining to the course and earthly destinies of Humanity itself. Nor need we here compare the moral teaching of Christianity with that of the famous lawgivers of an earlier time, to seek the difference which justifies the count of human years from the coming of Christ. One single dogma of the Christian faith stands forth pre-eminent: **THE DIVINE EQUALITY OF MAN.** Men's rights, ignorantly asserted, contended for upon no ground except that common both to right and wrong, the ground of expediency, convenience, or present strength,—these, in such manner, had been urged even from the beginning; but now the ground of right was taught as a religious faith,—and in the face of a privileged priesthood, in the face of the divine establishment of caste, was proclaimed the sacred and indissoluble brotherhood of man, through one equal Father—God. Henceforth, Liberty had a place whereupon to stand; Archimedes could plant his lever.

Centuries before the Christian era Buddha had preached the same truth; but either the concurrent doctrine of poverty and renunciation, better suited to Asiatic indolence, neutralised its

provided with daggers and their necessary food. During the day-time, these young men concealed themselves; but at night they broke forth into the high roads, and massacred those of the helots whom they met, or whom they thought proper. Sometimes, also, they ranged over the fields (in the day-time) and despatched the strongest and best of the helots." "This account agrees with that of Heraclides of Pontus, who speaks of the practice as one that was still carried on in his own time, though he describes its introduction by Lycurgus only as a report." "That on certain occasions when the state had reason to fear the overwhelming number of slaves, thousands were massacred with the sanction of the public authorities, is a well-known fact.—*Thucyd.* iv. 80.

"Plato proposed for his Cretan colony a similar institution."—*Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities*, Article Κρηται.

effects, or else, perhaps, the doctors of Buddhism were more successful than the doctors of Christianity in persuading their disciples of the utter worthlessness of the present life, so rendering them content with a spiritual equality before God, careless to remedy the inequality between man and man. The enterprising nature of the West possessed a hardier logic. Notwithstanding the passive character of the Founder of Christianity, despite the apostolic avoidance of any interference with political systems or between the classes of society (wherefrom Christianity has been erroneously deemed by some even to countenance the iniquity of slavery), despite the reiterated exhortation to submit "to every ordinance of man,"—the dogma of equality remained at the base of the new faith, to be pursued through all its bearings, to its proper end. When it was perceived that all men—the slave as well as the free, the poor as well as the wealthy, the plebeian as well as the patrician—were "of one blood," the children of one common Father, whose regard saw only *the soul of man*, whether under imperial purple or the filth of trampled rags, then the bond of authority, the idolatry of caste, was broken. If the outcast was as the Emperor before God, why should not the poor despised be the Emperor's equal upon earth? Rome, choosing her priests from the plough, asserted the equality of mankind, vindicated the right of genius; and the base-born and the beggar clomb to a level with the kings of earth,—a lesson not to be forgotten, even when the teachers of freedom turned to tyranny, faithless to the spirit of their own power.* Huss came next, bearing the cup to the people: what difference between the layman and the priest? are not all men equal? Luther combats for the right of conscience and free expression;† Voltaire and the Encyclopedists are but echoers of the same claim, yet not pushing the consequences to their full extent. The dogma yet advances; the trampled poor have turned, and, treading upon the necks of kings, proclaim again that "all men are free and equal." Thence to the social; "laissez-faire!" free-trade springs from the same seed, and, the

* "Hardly constituted, Catholicism founds its empire upon a radical distinction between the spirit and the flesh. And immediately two societies are formed: the first spiritual, affecting celibacy, representing the idea of caste, calling itself the depositary of the powers of Heaven; the second material and civil, perpetuating itself by marriage, representing the idea of family, and confined to pre-occupations concerning the things of earth. Behold the church on one side, on the other the world." "And now the meaning of heresies is explained, their end defined. The great inequality to be destroyed was that which cut humanity in two, and had the whole universe for a theatre."—*Louis Blanc on 'The Origin and Causes of the Revolution.'* '*Histoire de la Revolution Française*,' tome premier: Paris, 1847.

† Luther "would have the Christian free, but the man a slave; he urges to revolts of conscience, and condemns those of misery."—*Louis Blanc*.

re-action against the hierarchal complete, the opposite pole of communism is reached. Yet the external world is as of old;* hardly in one little corner of Europe (and America has but imitated the Spartan castes) is the Christian equality formalised, or openly acknowledged; society, as in heathenest days, maintains its old fatal divisions of freemen and governed, or rich and poor—a still less tolerable establishment. In one or other of the decayed nations may be found the types of our “improved” institutions. But who sees not that the days are numbered? The world leaps not from change to change, but slowly and cautiously steps through long ages of transition, wherein the many-featured experiment of the new is tried. So the wisdom of the past accumulates, and the world has never to re-learn its lesson. So, bit by bit, the lesson of equality has been spelled, till it is well-nigh learned. Many a word may be misunderstood until the whole sentence shall be mastered; but at length, tried in every way, equality is recognised as true—not, indeed, as an end, but as a means, the base of the world’s building, the reason for the universal freedom, and, liberty henceforth acknowledged the inalienable birthright of mankind, the political lesson of Christianity is accomplished; the evening and the morning complete another day; and again a new era dawns upon the unsatisfied hopes, the toils, the progression of Humanity.

For, seeing that equality is not the end, and (despite the ill-arranged, because inconsequent, formula of “Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,” †) not even a possible result of liberty (as the experience of antiquity has informed us), but indeed its beginning and foundation divinely laid, the very soil of liberal culture,—seeing necessarily also that liberty is not an end but a means, its true significance being none other than *unchecked opportunity of growth*,—it follows, that mankind, though they establish their just freedom upon the only true and enduring basis, win therefrom no title to immediate rest, as though their triumph had snatched a millenium from eternity, or ransomed from tradi-

* “The ancient slavery, modified only in its forms, and modified to the disadvantage of the slave, yet actually subsists in the midst of modern societies, even those the most advanced: but it is there in contradiction to both the idea and the feeling of a right henceforth stedfastly homed in the reason of the public, in the universal conscience.

“This contradiction between the fact and the right,—the principle ever tending to transform the fact into harmony with it, and the fact resisting such transformation,—this is the real cause of the uneasiness, the trouble, the secret inquietude, the intestine war, which at this moment rends the world.”—*Lamennais’ ‘Modern Slavery.’*

† Not merely ill-arranged, but also imperfect; since Fraternity involves no idea of organisation.

tionary tombs the pleasant garden of content. God's angels, Memory and Hope, for ever bar the paradise of unplucked knowledge; and, endowing us with the wisdom of the past, and promises of glorious worth unknown as yet, with flaming swords, lighting the night of time, point to the Future as the only goal of man. As man lives not for himself alone, but also for his fellows, so generation after generation lives and acts for those that follow,—even as a father for his children. Not for present enjoyment, albeit cheerfulness is present joy, the passage of beauty a delight for ever, and the very pain of the martyr's wreath of thorn as nothing in comparison with his serenity of soul,—yet, not for enjoyment, but for works of future worth, man's life springs upward from the earth, like a blade of wheat-grass appointed toward the harvest. And here we tread upon the fore-thrown shadow of that new era of which we spoke—the era of *organisation for the sake of progress*, that the free growth of men may be ordered to a more abundant garnering. Christianity has no special instruction here: nor need any marvel thereat, calling to mind its aim, before considered,—not the inculcation of a political system (void of that as of lessons in mechanics or the economy of wealth), nor the establishment of order, but rather the breaking down of the inequality of caste, and of the abused authority of tyrannical, and, we might add, patriarchal ages, for the revenging of right, the right of the individual—redeeming the souls of men by the faith that they are amenable to none but God. All that fusion and blind obedience could accomplish, the empires had achieved. Of a horde of slaves, the Christian religion—the faith which places the lowest man in immediate relation to God—has made, or yet shall make, a race of men; the gospel of equal freedom becomes manifest to all, slavery is thenceforth impossible, and the religion of two thousand years completes its cycle. Nevertheless, the past contained within it the germ of the future, as some grain of patriarchal wheat the germ of many harvests. From man's divine origin in God proceeds, logically, his equal destiny towards God; the unity of God is the unity of Humanity. Again, as in the era of redemption, the religious dogma is needed. Again we look to the Divine unity, that the powers of freemen may not be scattered; but that their lives may know their common purpose. A Goethe may evidence the height of individual achievement, yet at the same time warn us, like some sea-girt beacon, from his solitary rock, from the barrenness of that intellectual grandeur whose alpha and omega was the littleness of self. Infamous in acquirement, and, though crowned with choicest blooms of egotism, not comparable in our esteem with some ignorant unnoticeable Curtius, flinging himself in

vainest sacrifice into the abyss. The spirit of Roman patriotism was true within its own limits; and the Grecian oath—"I will labour to make my country great and glorious"—worthy of undying echoes. Where Greek and Roman failed was in this:—they mistook the false greatness for the true: not seeing, because they had not knowledge of the law of human brotherhood, that their country was but a component part of the circled world, its glory relative to that, and that all the component parts of their country must be also great and glorious. Not that noble individuals could not be formed in Greece and Rome; but that there was no care that all should be noble, because there was no recognition of equality and its sublime consequence—that the world's crown is not complete till every human being contributes thereto by fulfilment of the equal duty of nobility and worth. For every thing has its place. Not more surely is this our globe needed to complete the harmony of the solar chorus, than every man is necessary to the perfect song of an ordered Humanity; and as each world has its appointed orbit, so have races of men, and men within their races, each among his kind, their special spheres wherein to work, their native walks of duty, traced by God, however a reactionary cosmopolitanism, falsely judging a true patriotism and national organisation from inference of the untaught narrownesses of mere patriotic antagonisms, may dispute our reasoning. To apprehend this veritable consequence of the divine equality of man, to build up our whole being through the most perfect growth of liberty, with understanding of this duty of patriotism, from perception of the need and value of such an union and natural organization for the better performance of our nation's mission in the world, studious that our well-cultured lives be wise and strong, both to comprehend in what consists the real greatness and glory of our race, and that they may be trained to such athletic mastery as may realise our vows,—this is a patriotism worthy to take up the challenge of the nobleness of old, exceeding it in holiness of origin, and further-reaching in its aim; this is the true learning of the moral of the Ancient Poem. The individual in the Nation, the Nation for Humanity, Humanity toward God. As hour follows hour in the restless march of Time, so the religious dogma of Humanity shall follow the established faith in the divine Equality of Man.

Who could contemplate the Spirit of old Rome without a thought of him under whom the modern Rome has become once more a City of Heroes? Who could preach, in his language never so inadequate, this sublimest doctrine of Humanity, without homage unto him whom future ages will reverence as the Apostle of the faith—the Patriot, the Exile, and yet the Victor—Joseph

Mazzini? It was the insurrectionary flag of "*La Giovine Italia*" that first bore the divine inscription "*Libertà, Eguaglianza, Umanità*;" and over the Eternal City, first among the capitals of the world, that the banner of the Future waved. Rome, twice ruler, strives again to be first among us, leader of our hopes. Who thinks that Rome is conquered? Who hears not the steady approach of the hastening hour of triumph?

"Victory! victory! feel'st thou not, O world,
The earthquake of his chariot thundering up
Olympus?"

Even now, but for the infamy of France, an Italian nation had realised the dream of Caius Gracchus; and religion (the law which links Humanity to God) blasphemed by tyrants in the East, and utterly denied by traders in the West, had found a temple and a priesthood in the Capitol. But a little while our hope can be deferred. Though the Cossacks, native and French-born, divide down-trampled Europe; though England—forgetful of the promise of her former deeds—look on indifferently, having no interest in the struggles of truth and justice, no sympathies with freedom, and no concern in the destinies of mankind,—yet the Right must progress to victory. The great European war has commenced—the long-threatened conflict between peoples and governments, the strife for nationality—for the natural organization of Humanity, instead of the arbitrary divisions of kings. Again and again the national spirit may seem crushed; a new Unholy Alliance may dictate new final arrangements; but again and again will the growth ordained by God burst through the conventional bounds, and Nature, stronger than protocols, assert the right of nations. Whether a Nicholas shall be Autocrat of "all the Russias," the House of Hapsburgh maintain a heterogeneous Austrian Empire, and western diplomatists play with the miseries of peoples,—or whether free men shall organise themselves in nations within the boundaries marked out by God,—this is the question to be solved; and who can doubt the result? A free and united Italy, even though Malta (from which Italian refugees are now expelled) be added to complete the nation—a regenerated Greece—a Slavonic confederation, with Hungary rid of the Austrian, and glorious Poland heading the democracy of the East—and one great German Republic,—Hope with serene eyes watches for these through the cannon smoke. Alas for those peoples who have no hope! Alas for them whose highest ambition is to be denationalised, to have no bond of union except the partnership in an ignoble profit, to-morrow, perhaps, a yet more ignominious bankruptcy! Alas for those whose only aim is the mere increase of traffic that lightens not the wretched-

ness of the many ; whose lives are weakly governed, not wisely ordered ; whose energies are wasted in petty private "interests," while the things they call their "rulers" play fast and loose with the hopes and happiness of the world. Alas for the dishonourable people whom the world already commences to despise !

"Where is this goodly tower of a Commonwealth, which the English boasted they would build to overshadow kings, and be another Rome in the West?"* Where is the Miltonic fervour that should carry a man into the market-place, to repeat the question that for nearly two hundred years has found no answer ? May not even some unpatriotic apology be due, to deprecate the astonished wrath of those with whom "duty" is the craft by which they have their wealth, whose "neighbour" is the commercial correspondent, whose "country" is the place of gain ? With such, who are without God in the world, though we undervalue not their material acquisitions, we waste not time or words. But where are the young men of England ? Where are the hearts that have not ceased to beat, the brows yet wreathed with the aspiring flush, at the song of the olden heroism ? Is the highest praise of Isocrates a charm to none ?—is the olive crown worthless in our western eyes ? Is the generosity of a classical education so set at nought, or sown in barrenness, that Greek and Roman lore produce no fruit in active years ? Or to what purpose do we study, if we must continue the painful iteration of the convicted errors of the past ?—suicidally dividing our country into the free and the bond, the governing and the governed ; widening the desperate distance between the wealthy and the poor, between the waster and the worker ; trampling colonies and conquered lands into impoverishment, and abasement, and discontent, deeper than any vassalage exacted by the haughtiness of Rome ; and isolating ourselves from the world, not as the Jew of old, in jealous care for God, but in dishonourable denial of duty, of any relationship to our brethren under God. Since our elders hide themselves in the deep and formal furrows of roads long travelled by disaster, and no longer see or care whither they are going, will not our young men try, at least, to discover our course ? Is it toward the doom of other years ? Have we, once foremost among the peoples, yet to learn the very beginning of liberty ? yet to ground ourselves in the rudiments of humane philosophy ? yet to stammer confusedly ere we can pronounce the Christian Equality ? Is it for the poor and the unlearned alone to struggle for the place of manhood, the right of citizenship, whereupon alone the duty of a citizen can be fulfilled, for the nation's and for the world's good ?—or is it not rather the duty of those whose

* Milton's *Essay and Ready Way to establish a Free Commonwealth.*

minds have been fed with the stores of the ages' wisdom, upon whose souls the words of ancient worth have fallen, like light from passing wings, wakening their thoughts with melody,—is it not their duty to lead the advance of the present towards those eminences prophesied by former endeavour? Are we in the decrepitude of England's life, doomed to suffer the ignominious death appointed to all peoples that build their well-being upon the unstable sand of unjust institutions?—or is there yet valour enough among us to regenerate the time, to lift again toward heaven the banner of a nation's hope? “Methinks I see a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle muing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam, purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance.”* For there is vigour yet in our old Saxon race, and power to raise once more the lingering sound of English worthiness,—if, loyal to the past, our youth will dare to worship Hope and Virtue, so building up their lives as beautiful columns for the temple of our England's glory, upon whose altar an honourable priesthood shall offer acceptable sacrifices, heroic offerings to the Future, to Humanity, to God—the Eternal.

W. J. L.

ART. IV.—1. *The Queen's Commission for the Exhibition of 1851. Great Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations.*

2. *Report.* Henry Cole and Thomas Fuller.

3. *Contracts for carrying out the Exhibition.* James and George Munday.

4. *Classified List of Objects for the Exhibition.*

5. *Report on the Eleventh French Exposition of Products of Industry.* By Matthew Digby Wyatt, Architect.

6. *Further Report.* November, 1849.

7. *The Journal of Design.* Chapman and Hall.†

IF we seek to find a reason why the Polar regions, the temperate zones and the torrid, the lofty hills and the deep valleys, should have been created; why all portions of the earth's surface should not have been alike; why the polar cold and equinoctial heat should not have been commingled to make one universal temperate Paradise, producing all things needful to man,—that

* Milton on the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing.

† A work which owes its origin to a chief promoter of the Exhibition, and perhaps the one who was earliest in the field of active exertion for the realization of the object—Felix Summerly—Henry Cole, Esq. This

reason may be found, apart from all the mechanical and chemical considerations governing the mundane economy, in the needful stimulus to the moral nature of man—the necessity of bringing the denizens of the whole earth's surface into personal communion, for the purpose of exchanging their various productions; and thence grew up commerce, *i. e.*, mutual buying and selling, with competition or mutual self-seeking following in its train, and much eschewed by surface-seeing Socialists, whose vision cannot penetrate to the "beyond," and who therefore entertain a decided conviction that buying and selling may be abolished over the whole world simultaneously, any fine morning at exactly a quarter-hour before six, and all go smoothly ever after with all mankind, as equal tenants in common of the universal earth.

That mankind are tenants of the earth, is a great truth looming through the Socialist crudities; but before they can become equal tenants of matter, they must attain an universal equal mind, or very common indeed will be that they can have to portion amongst them. Only when the results of commerce, in the shape of constantly accumulating wealth, shall have satisfied—satiated—the heart of ambition, when material food shall be as a drug, and the wealth of sympathizing hearts shall well over with the extirpation of selfishness—only then shall the mass of mankind be free from the cares of individual acquisition. Mr. Vernon, giving his pictures to the public during his life, is a type of what is to come hereafter. Fear of poverty and shame of poverty are at present two world-wide stimuli, engendering widespread selfishness. Would ye outroot selfishness, oh, ye Socialists, first outroot poverty!

Commerce and its appliances are the right arm of the true Lords of Progress, carrying forward humanity to its haven of rest. Deep is our respect for all belonging to it. Even when its instincts become morbid, and love of gain degenerates into love of plunder, still do we think how much more graceful is Hermes, the God of Thieves, than is Ares, the God of Slaughter. The adroit swindler is less abhorrent than the reiver baron—the levyer of "black-mail," the crusher of the weak, the brute spoiler of the industrious. And in the increasing light of knowledge, greater every day becomes the tendency to honesty; for in the

journal is in itself an exhibition, in respect to the practical application of the arts of design to numerous branches of manufacture. It adopts the novel and ingenious idea of giving, as pictorial illustrations of designs in figured cottons, silks, cloth, paper, &c., *real patterns* of the article described, cut to the size of the page in which reference is made to them; so that the reader has before him not only a new design, but the fabric to which it is applied, and can judge of its texture and durability, as well as of its beauty.

long run, roguery is rarely prosperous. The bucaniers of commerce somehow do not succeed. A general mark is gradually set on them, and the sphere of their transactions is narrowed. They must gradually disappear, as the wild red deer and the wilder Red Indian disappear before the footstep of the half-civilized white man.

As the wind carries winged seeds over the earth, so commerce carries arts, and civilization, and humanity as a consequence, and not with purpose aforethought. The merchant-prince who freights his ship from the docks of London, calculates only his pecuniary gain. He heeds not the printed knowledge, the labour-saving tools and machines, the works of art the good ship may bear in her entrails—all seeds of wide-spreading good, as by converse the horse of Sinon was pregnant with destruction, fire, famine, and slaughter to Troy. Nor does the world at large recognise the practical fact, how much work and labour is bestowed by England in clothing a large portion of the human race. It is selfish interest, say they, and we must prevent them by all means in our power—by custom-houses and tariffs; for while clothing us and providing us with tools and machines, they are robbing us. It may be selfish interest; but, fortunately for human progress, all selfish interest is ultimately based in universal interest. The earliest merchant travellers carrying goods with them for sale are the Phœnicians. They helped to civilise—more than the warriors—this our England. How and by what processes, by what gradual changes, these buyers of tin have given eventual birth to the thirty thousand commercial travellers who overrun the British Isles, were too large a task to set forth.

In the early times, ere newspapers existed, an important part was played by the packmen and bagmen, and “riders,” who carried with them samples of their employers’ wares. They were the gratuitous newsmen of the community—the lords of the hostelrys where they congregated. As a mass they do not seem to have been held in much respect. We recollect an old “Moral Tale,” commonly put into the hands of young people, called “The Newcastle Rider,” in which the hero was made to embody the principle of travelling selfishness, as a warning to others. And, probably, few things tend more to selfishness than incessant travelling in the pursuit of gain, when high qualities do not form the staple of the character. The term *Commis Voyageur*, in France, expresses the lowest class of travellers; and the commercial rooms in England too frequently exhibit samples of the old leaven, that disgust the higher and more refined persons whom modern cultivation has produced amongst the buyers and sellers of this great manufacturing world. And the processes by which

travellers are selected are faulty; the object sought is not so well attained. A business pursuit is ever better pursued by a cultivated than by an uncultivated man. The true gentleman, not the false, is he who influences the world—who induces people to have dealings with him. But usually the sharpest, not the wisest person in the shop or factory is selected as the one for promotion from the ranks, to the business of seeing the world—of commerce. He learns the tricks of the commercial rooms; how to exact his full pennyworth, where the best attendance is, and the best house for business. Man he regards as a creature created to buy and sell. His phrases are peculiar; he does not study a man's character, but "takes stock of him." "Good men" are those who can pay. "Sharp men" those who try to cheat him. "Prompt men" those who order freely and pay when called on. "A pleasant town" is that where business is done easily. Manchester is the paradise of young men fond of betting; and a good buyer ranks higher than a good seller, for if a thing be well bought any one can sell it.

Not thus are all travelling solicitors of custom. Men also are amongst them, and not mere fractions of men;—believers that commerce is a means and not an end;—who look in the face of humanity, and greet it with a kindly smile;—men, who care not for externals, but look for inner worth;—men, who can estimate and take measure of humanity, and look on all men as their brethren,—some as erring, and some too selfish, and some too wise to err. Amongst them, too, are heroes of the modern world, who inflict on their own persons privations innumerable, that father, and mother, and brother, and sister, may be the better cared for; who travel in third-class carriages, and eat homely fare, and set the world at defiance with the gentleman hidden beneath a coarse travelling garb—the gentleman.

"He's gentle and not fearful."

Resisters of oppression; battlers for the right; guardians of their souls' purity amid the haunts of vice; thoughtful in all things, yet not the less careful to ensure their full percentage on the transfer of their employers' wares. And many are married, loving their domestic hearths and the faces of their wives and children; going forth with grief, true and faithful in travel, and returning with a joy, known only to the unselish. Humanity is, after all, the chief ingredient in Bagmanity.

What a mass of power runs to waste in this numerous body. Thirty thousand human beings, grown up to man's estate, and penetrating by rapid journeys to every portion of the empire. What, if these men were all select, carefully chosen, highly

educated, of moral worth and enthusiastic temperament, duly admixed with habitual strong thought!—What might not such men achieve throughout the length and breadth of the land, in changing the habits of the community, in awakening tastes and pointing out elevated objects! They should have, wherever they go, a cheerful, elegant home—not a tavern lodging. In a better state of affairs, the town-hall will be the sojourning-place of the town guests; not the dingy abode now usually found, but an ample, spacious apartment, where strangers and townsmen may meet and hold converse. Were it the rule in all commercial towns that the travellers'-hall should be the universal trysting-place for men of all countries, with books, paintings, and sculptures surrounding them, great would be the advantage to humanity. Leading spirits would be known and recognised, and a loftier tone would be acquired. The present race of manufacturers and merchants might, perhaps, deem that all this would make their travellers less efficient men of business, but we incline to the contrary opinion. Bland manners and cultivated intellect are portions of that quality in business, which persuades people into dealings. Even the narrow-minded instinctively turn to the open-browed, with the belief that they will thus fare best in their traffic.

This age is pregnant with new occurrences, almost day by day. Things are regarded as in ordinary course, which, formerly, would have been deemed marvels. Great Britain Steamers and Britannia Tubular Bridges excite little wonder. They exist, and the imagination turns only to the future. But there is one thing yet to come, pregnant with greater results to the world than all that has gone before it. It is the practical Peace Congress, which, at the bidding of Prince Albert, is about to start into vigorous existence. The Great Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations. Magnificent was the conception of thus gathering together the commercial travellers of the universal world, side by side with their employers and customers, and with a show-room for their goods that ought to be such as the world has never before beheld. England has been rife in great deeds. Of old, when emerging from barbarism, she won great battles by land and by sea; and in the time of her civilised-barbarism, or barbarous-civilisation, she has thought deeds of strife worthy of emulation. Yet even in the commission of these deeds of strife, she has enlarged her perceptions. When the Chinese war was won—won mainly by the efforts of a civilian in the India House, who, before the war was contemplated, fought a two-years' paper war with the Admiralty—steam against wind—and finally succeeded in sending out the *Nemesis* to India—when that war was won, it was proclaimed that China must no longer be isolated from the rest of

the world—from the “outside barbarians.” But in that proclamation no selfishness was shown; not for England alone, but for Europe—for “natural enemies,” as well as ancient allies—for Frenchmen as well as Portuguese and Turks—was it proclaimed that China should thenceforward be a country of open ports. Then came, not free trade, but a trade partially free; for freedom we can scarcely call it, till we see written on the Custom-houses, “These buildings to let for warehouses;” and every Frenchman with his cock-boat may ascend the Thames from the opposite coast, and buy and sell at his pleasure, no man asking him questions of his right. Partial free trade came first, and then came free ships—the repeal of the navigation laws. Yet foreigners stood aghast. They deemed it some new manoeuvre on the part of England to maintain her superiority; and in truth so it was. She took the lead in peace as she did in war. She set the example of abolishing the impediments to the unrestricted intercourse of man with man.

And last came Prince Albert to proclaim that England should no longer be misunderstood; that from the ends of the earth foreigners should come to an universal jubilee of the arts of peace; that they should hear with their own ears, and see with their own eyes, the works of all mankind, wrought for the welfare of mankind, side by side with their makers; that unmistakeably should be exhibited the results of many varying races: the artistry of the Celts and dark skins, and the mechanism of the fair-haired Saxons. That men from many climes should look into each others’ faces, and simultaneously exclaim, “Lo, we are brethren! What thou hast made I lack; and, lo! thou, too, lackest that which I have made. Where was this knowledge hidden that we found it not before?”

Prince Albert!—royal artist,—prince amongst merchants,—universal patron of Europe’s future metropolis,—shunner of the “Fields of Cloth of Gold,”—scornor of Eglington tournaments; Haroun Alraschid of the universal bazaar; Il Bondocani of the revolutionary ruin, bidding beauty rise and chasing away gloom and despair; genius of the modern day; hero of the hundred embraces, and later “of the hundred fights;” from the hearts of all high-souled men will well up loyalty to this royal *progress*!

And, with loyalty, true Socialism—Socialism in the better sense of the word—will be developed in this Metropolitan Exhibition. Universal man—and woman—may share in it. Representatives of all classes, from the artisan to the duke, may there present the works they have made with their hands or directed with their brains.

But before this can be done, a great Storehouse or Repository has to be erected, and as this in itself will be a principal

feature of the Exhibition—one, moreover, which will most assuredly be criticised by foreigners as the latest evidence of the amount of skill we have acquired in the arts of construction, it should be a building worthy of the nation.

To this end it is not necessary that the structure should be one of massive material, elaborate decoration, and corresponding cost; on the contrary, any such misapplication of the means at our disposal would be a practical demonstration of spendthrift wastefulness and bad taste; and we should commit a similar folly, if, in preparing our plans of design, we began by imitating in the usual way the most approved and classical architectural models. The design of the building should be as original as its object. It should not be suggestive by association of the ideas of a pyramid, a temple, or a palace; for it will not be a tomb, a place of public worship, nor a mansion of royalty. The object should determine the design. That is to say, the design should be altogether subordinate to the uses of the building, and should be of the kind that would express them, or at least harmonize with them.

Let us consider what the object is. It is, first, the protection from injury by weather or other agency, and the safe custody of a vast and miscellaneous property, of great value. An area of ground will therefore have to be covered in, of probably twenty acres in extent, and it is intended the materials shall be fire-proof throughout, unless those portions of the building be excepted that will have to be appropriated to productions of the more combustible class, such as machinery. Second, the proper display of all the articles exhibited; for which purpose there must be an abundance of *light*.

These are the *primary* considerations; and there are others which relate to the ultimate destination of the building.

A rumour has reached us—but we are unwilling to believe that it is entitled to credit—that the Commissioners, while making preparations for an outlay exceeding £100,000, contemplate nothing beyond the immediate end for which it will be raised; and that they propose that the building which is to cost this large sum shall be pulled down at the close of the Exhibition, and the materials sold! To act upon such an intention, should it have been formed, will be to render England the laughing-stock of the world. Surely we can set a better example to other nations than that of doing and undoing; and we cannot be such bunglers in design, or blunderers in commercial matters, that we are at a loss how to contrive, at this expense, and without departing from the object, an edifice that shall not be worth *more standing*, than if razed to the ground! If otherwise, we certainly do not require an architectural committee, with Mr. Barry at their head, to prepare plans for such a mushroom enterprise. The frame-

work of a series of large barns, covered with tarpaulin, roof felting, or oiled sheeting, might suffice for the occupation of a few months; and if closed at dusk, a few watchmen, with fire engines, would, for so limited a term, sufficiently secure it from the risk of conflagration. To aim at architectural effects when the purpose to be answered is that of a temporary booth is worse than ridiculous. In that which is doomed to destruction there should be nothing to regret.

But to what purpose could the kind of building now required be devoted when the Exhibition shall have been closed? We have already churches, museums, literary institutions, and music-halls; and if we need to multiply their number it is to meet the wants of separate localities, not of those of the public or the metropolis at large; and we do not require either churches, museums, literary institutions, or music-halls, on the gigantic scale of the intended Exhibition.

There is one object to which the extensive area of the Exhibition might be devoted,—and that an object of such utility that it would be important to promote it even if the Exhibition were put aside altogether,—that of a *great metropolitan Conservatory, or winter garden.*

Our parks are pleasant, and available for exercise during six months in the year, but scarcely for a longer period. The Duke of Devonshire, and a few other noblemen, have magnificent conservatories, in which, during the severest weather, they can enjoy a healthful promenade, and breathe the balmy air of summer. The public have only the Conservatory at Kew, which is on too small a scale, and too far distant, for the multitudes who would visit it in the winter season, if in the immediate vicinity of London. Why should the inhabitants of the metropolis not be enabled to command, between the months of October and April of every year, the facilities a winter garden would afford for healthful enjoyment; and especially that large invalid class of our population whom the first breath of a north-easterly wind now consigns to the imprisonment of their own dwellings?

Something of the kind has recently been established at Paris as a private speculation, and has become one of the most popular places of resort in that city. Public dinners, balls and concerts, are continually held in the *Jardin d'Hiver* of the Champs Elysées, and with frost out of doors, and the snow covering the ground, visitors there find themselves in another and a more genial climate, surrounded by tropical trees, flowering shrubs and plants, interspersed with statues and fountains. Our municipal arrangements will remain imperfect until similar but still more extensive winter gardens, thrown open to the poorest, at a moderate rate of charge, are found in every large town of the United Kingdom;

and if the zeal of Prince Albert for the proposed Industrial Exhibition should result in the foundation of a winter garden for the inhabitants of the metropolis, commensurate with the wealth and population of the capital of nations, this alone will be something for him to be remembered by, and remembered with gratitude for many generations.

We would earnestly urge the Commissioners to give their attention to this subject. Considering the efforts that have been made in all quarters, and the high patronage of the Exhibition, their subscription list has made comparatively but slow way—and the reasons are obvious. Many feel that the object being more commercial than artistical, although in part both, the commercial classes should contribute in the greatest proportion towards the expenses,—they deriving an immediate and direct benefit from the Exhibition, in the advertisement it will afford them for their goods; and the sympathy of others is with difficulty excited by a proclamation to the effect of, “Give us £150,000 to spend in 1851, that we may throw away the money in 1852.” Franklin would have said, “You wish me to pay too dear for my whistle.”

A different policy should be pursued. We would allow the exhibitors, under certain needful reservations, to pay for any accommodation they might require beyond a given maximum, and thus in great part to supply, themselves, the needful funds. We would invite donations for the larger object, including both the Exhibition and a winter garden; and we would ask for the latter, if necessary, a small metropolitan rate to make up any deficiency. The money might be borrowed on the security of a small improvement rate, and repaid by instalments within ten years. And perhaps few persons are aware that a rate of a single halfpenny, (which would not be felt), on the police rental of the metropolis,* would produce nearly £20,000 per annum.

The architectural principles that would have to be followed in the construction of a grand metropolitan Conservatory, or winter garden, harmonize in every respect with those which would have to be carried out for the Exhibition, whatever design may be adopted. The materials of construction for the Conservatory would be chiefly iron and glass; materials incombustible, and by which a large space may be covered in almost as cheaply as by any other. Wrought iron would be used for the rafters, girders, and columns; cast iron for ornamental tracery, where strength is not needed; rough plate glass, hail-proof, would be employed in the roof, and common window glass in other cases, sometimes stained or painted to diminish the intensity of the light, and vary the effects. The architect, in preparing his

* About £9,000,000, including the City.

designs, would merely have to bear in mind that, although in ordinary circumstances it is comparatively immaterial on which side of a building he places the greatest number of windows, in the case of a Conservatory it is essential that the building should be open towards the south, that the plants may have the benefit of the direct rays of the sun; and further, that he has to arrange a system of flues for warming the building without open fire-places, and to contrive corresponding means of ventilation for preserving an equable temperature.

These points properly attended to, the building would become a model for the imitation of all people living in northern climes; a building, moreover, available not merely for an Exhibition in 1851, but for another in 1861, should it be determined to repeat the experiment.* In the case, however, of periodical Exhibitions, the better plan would be to follow the precedent of the meetings of the British Association, and hold them in different parts of the United Kingdom. The next Exhibition would be appropriately held in the centre of the manufacturing districts. Manchester might then seize the opportunity of providing itself with a winter garden similar to that of London; and afterwards other towns in succession.

A few observations are required upon the site chosen in the present instance,—that of the southern part of Hyde Park, called Rotten-row, opposite Kensington-terrace, and near the equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington,—a site sufficiently convenient for omnibus passengers coming from the Bank, and within an easy lounging distance of Belgrave-square and Buckingham-palace. But these are its only recommendations. Opposed to them is the enormous loss to which commercial men will be exposed by the expense of cartage, consequent upon the inaccessibility by rail of the intended Exhibition,—a loss which, it would be easy to demonstrate, will be equal to the purchase of the freehold of any twenty acres of ground not at present built upon within five miles of St. Paul's. The Commissioners appear wholly to have overlooked this most important consideration; and the mistake may prove fatal. The expense of transporting heavy machinery from the North of England to the Euston-square or Paddington stations will alone be sufficiently serious; but when to this is added the further expense of loading, unloading, conveyance and superintendence through the streets of London, twice there and back—that is, to and from the Exhibition—many persons, who would otherwise be exhibitors, will unquestionably be deterred

* An Industrial Exhibition would of course be held in the summer time, when tropical plants, orange trees, &c., could be safely removed out of doors; but some space would be lost by permanent plantations, which would have to be recovered by temporary extensions.

from becoming so by the sacrifices it would involve. Take an example, an extreme one perhaps, but the better for illustration. How would Mr. Brunel transport from Paddington station to Rotten-row, for the purpose of exhibition, a locomotive such as he employs on the Great Western? The weight of one of these mammoth machines,* engine and tender, exceeds forty tons. A load, on ordinary roads, for ten waggons and forty horses; and the roads on which this dead lumber is to be dragged are Park-lane and Piccadilly! The Paving Commissioners of St. George's parish should have a voice in the matter.

In France, the selection of the Champs Elysées for the exhibition of last year was excusable enough. France is not a country of railways. The French have hardly yet found out their use, and have not hitherto succeeded in forming a single through trunk line from Paris to any one of their ports on the Mediterranean. But in England railways and machinery are the elements of our strength. We are essentially workers in iron. The life-breath of our commercial prosperity is *steam*; and here is a Royal Commission apparently indifferent to the application of steam and iron as a means of transit, and practically discouraging mechanical invention by proposing to receive it under impossible conditions! As if the Exhibition were intended only as a kind of fancy bazaar, or for the display of those articles of *vertù* which could be conveniently brought in a lady's reticule, or conveyed away in her carriage!

The proper site for the Exhibition would be the fields adjoining the Birmingham Railway and the Regent's Canal, on the north side of Regent's-park; or almost anywhere on the line of the Kensington and West India Dock Extension Railways (by which the whole of the northern lines are now connected), rather than in a merely fashionable neighbourhood, so destitute of the means of transit, and remote from the active centres of industry as Rotten-row. Placed on the line of the northern railways, or on a short branch leading to them, a train of passengers from Aberdeen might be brought direct to the doors of the Exhibition, and

* Rail-crushing and coke-consuming contrivances, which will probably be discarded when the real secret of diminishing dividends shall be understood by shareholders. But the weight of even the *light* locomotives recently introduced is nine tons, and the transport of one of them to Hyde-park, with no facilities of rail, not therefore to be easily effected.

Every machine manufacturer would give evidence of the importance of having their establishments on a canal, a river, or a railway; and Mr. Robert Stephenson could show his brother Commissioners that the necessity, which was not at first understood, of avoiding cartage, between Camden Town and the Thames, has compelled the London and North Western Company to effect a communication with the Docks at a cost of £800,000. An expensive *after-thought*.

the heaviest machinery delivered without any trouble of transhipment, in the very hall destined for its reception. Moreover, when the Exhibition shall be closed—should the project of a winter garden be abandoned—the building in such a situation would have a commercial value, as a canal or railway depôt for merchandize, greatly exceeding that of the materials of its construction, however cheaply erected.

We trust the Commissioners will not pass these objections without further discussion. It is not too late to revise their decision; but better postpone the Exhibition to another year than risk its success. Facility of transit is not an immaterial question. It is a vital one; and if the Commissioners persist in the selection of a site remote alike from canal or railway, it will hereafter be a source to them of bitter self-reproach and unavailing regret.

The “Classified List of Objects” to be admitted is another proof that the ideas of the Commissioners of the working of the Exhibition are as yet somewhat of the crudest. The list seems to us rather droll. An exhibition must be essentially of material objects; and of course the list only contains material objects, but many of them are of such a class that the eye, alone, can neither detect nor recognise them. We refer to those which can only be judged of by manipulation. The chemical section is something like bringing a druggist’s shop on the stage. We almost think it would be worth while to introduce a section of the British Museum. A bottle of the blood of Saint Januarius; or the last sigh of Mary Queen of Scots corked up; or the electric fluid of the veritable St. Vitus; or the sun’s ray that photographed Beard’s first portrait, were nearly as tangible to the outward senses as many of the bottled chemicals named, carefully stoppered down.

The admission, however, of chemical substances of the rarer sort may be useful, if the opportunity is to be afforded of lecturing upon them, and making experiments with them. But will the Exhibition contain a lecture-room and a laboratory, for the purpose of scientific demonstration? The Commissioners are silent upon this head.

Again, we ask, with regard to the mixed chemical substances used in manufactures, or for domestic purposes, shall we be at liberty to purchase them in the Exhibition, so that we may take them home with us and test them? * As yet we have no answer.

* Since the above was written the Commissioners have announced their intention to discourage, if not wholly to prohibit, the sale of any articles connected with the Exhibition. Their notice states,—

“That some misunderstanding having arisen from the use of the words ‘counting-houses’ in the building prospectus issued by the Commissioners, it

The first article in this section of the list is soap, and we agree with the Commissioners that much may be said in its favour. We fear only that little is to be gained by looking at a sample of even the best kinds, neatly done up in packets. Will they allow us to wash our hands with it? "How are you off for soap?" is a phrase extensively used by the vulgar, and, like most vulgar phrases, it is pregnant with meaning when analysed. In a manufacturing country, a good rough test of civilisation would be the consumption of soap. The levied tax on it is an enormity that ought to be removed; not the amount of the tax, but the impediments to manufacture it offers, is the serious evil. Many persons can recollect when common salt was taxed, and sold at a guinea per bushel. Had Ulysses lived in those days he would not have gone to the expense of sowing salt in his furrows, to feign madness, and save personal service in the wars. Sowing salt would have been a costly madness indeed. When salt was a guinea per bushel, the natron of Egypt was brought to England for soda at a shilling per pound. The duty being removed from

is explained that they intend only to have such offices as will be required for taking money at the doors, distributing tickets, selling catalogues, and conducting the other business of the Exhibition, and not offices for the sale of articles exhibited. The object of the Exhibition is the display of the articles intended to be exhibited, and not the transaction of commercial business; and the Commissioners can therefore give no facilities for the sale of articles, or for the transaction of business connected therewith.

(Signed)

"J. SCOTT RUSSELL.

"March, 1850."

"STAFFORD H. NORTHCOTE."

It is quite clear, from this announcement, that the Commissioners are confounding in their minds the idea of a museum of curiosities with that of industrial enterprise. They forget that not a single article will be exhibited that has not been expressly invented or manufactured to be sold. They propose to give prizes in certain cases; and with extraordinary inconsistency shut their eyes to the fact, that the greatest of all prizes, the prize which puts all industry in motion, the prize for which the whole commercial world is contending, is that of a *profitable sale*. Why, even in the case of the Royal Academy—what is the object of the artists who send their paintings to its annual exhibition, but the sale of their paintings? And how long would it be before that exhibition would be shut up, if such sale were discountenanced as *infra dig*?

We can understand the propriety of a regulation, and it would of course be reasonable enough, that no article should be removed from the Industrial Exhibition of 1851, unless immediately replaced by another corresponding, or until the close of the Exhibition; when surely, as the Commissioners must perceive, the Exhibitors should be allowed the opportunity of disposing of productions brought together from all parts of the United Kingdom, and even from abroad, instead of being compelled to incur the subsequent expense of private warehouses or return carriage.

It is obvious that the plans of the Commissioners are at present altogether immature. The Exhibition must now be postponed another year, or the most abortive results may be anticipated.

salt, soda made from it is now one penny per pound, and people use it in many inconvenient forms to avoid the soap-tax.

Yet it is for the chemist we are waiting, who has to uncloud our vision, and show us the wonders of the earth—the true real.

The section entitled “Raw Materials and Produce” suggests the idea that the list would have been best shortened into the words “everything from everywhere.” We wonder why the list-preparers omitted “Specimens of agricultural soils of all countries.” They would be quite as pertinent as many of the articles inserted. Surely the custom-house tariff must have been the source drawn from.

Manufactures and machinery will of course be the great staples of the Exhibition—machinery to an extent and of a variety that would astonish the world, if a site be finally adopted suitable for its reception, and other needful arrangements made for showing its operation. Otherwise, most assuredly, we shall not cut a better figure in this respect than our neighbours; and to preserve our national character, this part of the Exhibition should be given up.

Let us remind the Commissioners that to exhibit the working of the machines or mechanical models that may be sent them, they must be put *in motion*, and that for this purpose one or more steam-engines must be erected on the premises, as at the Polytechnic Institution. Machines or models without motion are like bodies without souls. As well make a new cemetery as exhibit a collection of levers that never lift—wheels that will not turn. There is one such in the *Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers* at Paris—the most dead-alive exhibition in Europe. Motion is life. Put in action, the machinery and working models of the Exhibition would form its most attractive feature. Our “Prime Movers” would then exhibit in perfection the genuine phases of the Saxon mind, proclaiming the conquest of man over nature in the Promethean creation of the metallic drudges, the Fire Titans that will ultimately leave more time for thought. We will prophesy that in those things no Celt will bear away the bell;

“In the steam-ship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind.”

The second phasis of railways will perchance be there worked out, showing how we are to enter on the profit age thereof, after striking off the wasted capital.

It is to be regretted—but this is unavoidable—that one important branch of our industrial pursuits will find no adequate representative in the Exhibition. We allude to our iron steamers, the world’s future wonder—the work that will be almost exclusively our own when our present comparative toys of iron

mills shall have given birth to others fitted for manufactured materials worthy to wrestle with old ocean in his wildest mood—to saddle him and bridle him, and ride him down into tame-ness. For the “down to the sea in ships,” of the olden time, future times shall say, they “went over the sea in moving bridges, whereon men rested as on land.” To this and more shall we come; and the crude experiment of the Great Britain, and her four months’ thrashing on the rock bed of Dundrum-bay, is but a simple trial towards greater things, when men get over their lethargy, and, as giants refreshed, spring up again out of the painful struggles that have convulsed the world. We trust, however, that in such models of iron vessels, steam-propelled, as may be exhibited, not mere imitation models will be produced; but that the daring will be combined with the practical in one or more original models of what the year 1860 will probably produce for the future eight days’ transit between the Land’s End of England and the Isthmus of Panama.

The “Cannon, Small Arms, Pistols, and their Equipments,” will excite in us but little curiosity; they are things belonging to tax-collectors and not tax-payers, among whom we ourselves rank. We care not how many revolutions take place in “Colt’s revolvers,” even though they should be made in a hoop form to wear as a girdle for a “real wild-cat whipper,” to shoot all round him at once, when hemmed in by a circle of red skins, going off incessantly, like an everlasting cracker, primed and loaded for all eternity—the perpetual motion of projectiles.

In agricultural implements we trust to see great improvements, with models of new arrangements of farm buildings, that shall effectually arouse the agricultural mind from its apathy; show the practicability of uniting the farm with the factory, and of combining both with the town and the railway; and so force on the supine men who gather together to call on Hercules, the conviction that their welfare is in their own hands.

In the “Conditions and Limitations” it is provided that “all spirits, wines, and fermented liquors, unless derived from unusual sources, are inadmissible.” We presume that the genuine “malt and hop” being unusual, would therefore be admissible. Real Port wine also, and veritable Champagne—warranted not gooseberry. Oils and sprits, too, “must be shown in well-secured glass vessels.” Not much use in this, one would think. The coloured waters of the chemist could be made to pass muster for almost all fluids. Live stock are also excluded: in the words put by Peter Pindar in the mouth of the Third George—

“But for God’s sake, send nothing that can eat!”

The grand objects of the Exhibition, as we regard them, may thus be summed up :

1. To promote brotherhood amongst mankind.
2. To make all cognisant of what each can do for others.
3. To diminish human drudgery by mechanism.
4. To promote art of the higher kind.
5. To show how clothing may best be made by machines, without handicrafty.
6. New preparations of human food.

And among the latter, if there are to be prizes, let a prize be given to him who shall so improve upon the qualities of a vegetable diet, as to enable us to dispense with the use of animals as food ; a discovery which we believe to be quite within the reach of human faculties. To attain it, and give to vegetable food the same power of satisfying the appetite and pleasing the palate as animal food, we have but to study the art of concentrating nutritious substances into a form similar to that of muscular fibre ; the art of combining properties such as those of the olive and mushroom, and of producing other flavours than those which have hitherto been attempted even by M. Soyer. The subject is one which fairly comes within the scope of an Industrial Exhibition, to which the public are invited to send chemical contributions ; and whatever may be its novelty to some, its importance to the future interests, both moral and physical, of human society, cannot be doubted.

HELIX.

ART. V.—1. *Speech of Sir John Romilly, in the House of Commons, on Law Reform in the Court of Chancery in Ireland.* February, 1850.

2. *On Probate Courts.* By Thomas Falconer, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. London : Reynell and Weight. 1850.
3. *Law Reforming Difficulties, with an Analysis of a Bill for the Improvement of Law relating to the Administration of Deceased Persons' Estates.* By Thomas Turner à Beckett. London : Henry Butterworth. 1849.
4. *A Short Proposal for diminishing the Costs, &c., of Suits in Equity.* By Thomas Hare, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London : Maxwell. 1850.

CONSIDERING the many efforts, which have hitherto been abortive, to amend the system of law in the Court of Chancery, it is really a delightful fact that the discovery has been at last made that the difficulties opposed to it are so far from being

insuperable as to be, in many most important particulars, easily removed. The many thousands who have solicited the assistance of the court—the still greater number who have suffered injustice in being prevented in even asking its assistance—who have been ruined by going into court—and who have been ruined without going into court—have the consolation of knowing that their cries have at last reached the House of Commons. The authority of Chancellors is overruled by the force of public opinion. It is no longer thought that legal reform in Chancery proceedings is impossible, that the system is as perfect as it can be made; or that the abolition of sinecure places, or the diminution of needless fees, are measures calculated either to silence or to satisfy those who lose their property while lawyers dispute respecting their title to it.

In condemning the system under which the law is administered, we would by no means wish it to be supposed that we condemn the law itself. The principles of equity law are sound, wise, and just. If they had not been so, they never could have survived the evils and the enormous extent of ruin which the Court of Chancery had occasioned. The law must have had a protective influence, of acknowledged utility, to have counterbalanced its admitted destructive powers. It is exposed to censure on account of defects in its administration, and it is entitled to applause as a system. Its authority in protecting the property of minors; in securing a provision for married women out of personal estates claimed in their behalf; its jurisdiction in matters of frauds and in the execution of trusts; its powers in issuing injunctions to prevent injury or injustice being done, are so important, and the rules which govern their application have been expounded and settled with so much ability and so much wisdom, that none but those who are ignorant of what has been said and done in the Court of Chancery, can hesitate to speak in terms of the highest admiration of the law, and of the learning, ability, and righteousness of those who in modern times have been its expositors. There is no country in the world which can present a series of judgments, made in any of its courts, more free from the influence of the errors of fleeting opinions, more consecutively consistent, more exempt from political influences, more dignified in their tone and temper, or more calculated permanently to sustain the morality of a people, than those which have been made in the much, and we admit—directing our censure at the right place—deservedly abused Court of Chancery,—notwithstanding that the chief judge of the court is always nominated in the heat of political contests, and may be removed in consequence of a passionate vote given in the House

of Commons on some affair which has happened in Greece, America, Canada, or Australia.

The defects of the system are :—

1. That questions of fraud, trusts, or account, cannot be brought before the Court of Chancery when the amount of property is under £500 or £1,000, without infinite loss to the parties.

2. That suits which involve a mere matter of account, as between partners, or persons claiming under a will, or letters of administration, are made to embrace a multitude of matters on which there is no dispute.

3. That the pleadings require all persons interested in the property or accounts in question, to be brought *as parties* before the court, and to deliver in long and expensive answers—though they do not dispute any of the facts of the case, and have only an interest in the result of certain accounts.

4. That the offices of the Masters of the Court of Chancery, where inquiries are carried on in the progress of a suit, and where accounts are taken, are a clumsy and inefficient institution, occasioning great expense and the cause of very great delay—delay itself being also a cause of expense.

The first of these defects is only capable of being remedied by the institution of courts of inferior jurisdiction, which may be accessible to parties without the necessity of employing agents in the country and agents in London; or without, indeed, the absolute necessity of employing any agents at all. Supposing, for instance, a transaction of this character. Two persons agree to build, on a joint account, on the land belonging to one; and that the houses and land are only of the value of say £300. After the buildings are completed, they dispute respecting the title, and the effect of their agreements in the course of the building. It is clear that they cannot resort to Chancery, or that it would be most imprudent in them to do so, for the costs would destroy the property; but if they could have access to a court of inferior jurisdiction, the mere statement of the case and the examination of the parties would, in a very few hours, conclude the dispute. Transactions of this nature are exceedingly frequent. The facts, for the purpose of illustration, may be changed so as to include cases which may be numbered by thousands of defective titles to small portions of land and to houses; to cases of fraud and breach of trust; or to every kind of dispute cognisable by a court of equity, and which, on account of expense, the inaccessibility of justice, and the forms of equity pleadings, are settled by proceedings which, in a civilised society, are infinitely more discreditable to its character, and to its legislature, whose neglect

occasions them, than the wild excesses of extemporised tribunals in the far west of America, among half-savage herds of men. An immense amount of property is unprotected by the law, and there lies below the more wealthy classes an accumulation of discontent, embittered by a sense of injustice, and the unpardonable neglect of just claims to the protection and the defence of legal institutions.

Secondly. There are classes of causes brought before the Court of Chancery involving mere accounts, such as those relating to partnership, and those arising out of the distribution of the estates of deceased persons. The bill filed by a plaintiff in such cases contains a most elaborate and full recital of all facts connected either with the partnership or the estate to be administered, or with the will, the terms of which may be doubtful, and which the ingenuity of an equity draftsman can possibly introduce into it. "Tell everything you possibly can tell without injury to your client," is the general principle governing the manufacture of the bill. After the story is fully told in the statement of the bill, many particulars are again repeated, or certain matters of defence are anticipated in the "charging" part of it, and the whole, both of the statement and charges, is repeated again in every devisable shape in the interrogating part of the bill. The material facts upon which there can be any dispute are overlaid with a multitude of other facts which the pleader cannot safely omit, though they are not essential facts of the case in respect of which judicial interference is sought.

In cases of partnership, the bill states the circumstances of the partnership, the special facts of difference, and seeks for an account. Until the answer comes in, the pleader frequently is unable to ascertain what the defence may be, and therefore the future amendment of his bill becomes inevitable. The proceedings would be shortened if there were an official accountant connected with the court, to whom the accounts should be referred. All that would then be necessary would be, that the plaintiff should insert in his bill, or by petition state such facts as show the existence of the partnership and his claim to an account. Having established his right to an account, any question relating to particular transactions, instead of being raised by "exceptions" to a document of infinite length, and containing a mass of verbiage called a "Master's Report," would take the simple form of a case on the special facts of the transaction which may create a difference of opinion.

The forms of an administration suit are endless. There is one now before the writer, by creditors against an executor. A merchant died, making his will, directing his debts to be duly

paid, and appointing executors. For special reasons, but not on account of the insolvency of the estate, the executors renounced the probate. The creditors then assembled, and agreed that four of their number should take out administration. They then executed a deed poll, under the advice of a solicitor, relating to the estate, which was signed by the creditors. The matter then rested for some time. One of the administrators died, and the others being desirous to transfer their trust, appointed, with the creditors, two other trustees by a new indenture. One of these two refused to act, and another indenture was made, appointing one trustee alone, who collected large sums of money. He became infirm, gave no account of his receipts, and shortly before he died signed a deed, with the assent of the creditors, appointing a trustee in his place. The affairs of two estates got mixed together, and a Chancery suit was unavoidable.

If the administrators had been at once responsible to a court for the instant performance of their duties, and, as a matter of course, to report to the court the execution of them within a stated time, no deeds would have been needed, no meeting of creditors at a solicitor's office to appoint trustees, and no delay in the settlement of the accounts,—lasting so long that the chief trustee grew infirm, and finally died from his infirmity without settling with the creditors. The solicitor of the creditors had kept the affairs in suspense, for he had no interest that they should be settled.

In another case, a bill was filed in 1817, for an account of the estate of a testator who died in 1791 ; no account having been rendered by the executor, against whose representatives the bill became necessary. In a late case, heard in January, 1850, the original bill had been filed in 1815, by creditors, in respect of the estate of a deceased person, having reference to matters which had taken place in the year 1801. For thirty-five years the suit has been pending, and the last stage of the proceedings was simply to refer them for further inquiry to the Master's office.

And, lastly, when these matters reach the Master's office, they may remain unnoticed for a considerable length of time, or warrants for an attendance for an hour each time, may be taken out to proceed in the inquiry. This hour is now better spent than formerly. Some of the old Masters, no longer in office, were accustomed to spend part of the hour in an agreeable chit-chat with the counsel. The newspaper generally lay on the desk, and an old gentleman sat near a dull fire, before a badly constructed grate, and as combustion was not very favourably carried on, the poker was used with some activity, and probably afforded useful exercise in a sedentary occupation. The counsel who first

came was admitted alone ; his solicitor not coming into the room until opposing counsel arrived. The last dinner party was discussed with some animation, and some comments made on the debates in the House of Commons. If it chanced to be the first appearance of a counsel, he would be paternally asked how long he had been at the bar, whom he had studied under, and what part of the country he had formerly lived in ? If his teacher were distinguished, and his country connexions satisfactory, the blandest and most conciliatory tone would encourage him. Presently, the door would be opened, and in would rush the whole herd of waiting solicitors, with the expected counsel at their head. Salutations were renewed, and bits of news told. Twenty minutes after the commencement of the appointed hour business might begin ; fourteen more might be needed to explain the facts, and then some course of proceeding would be suggested. The old Master had then something to say ; and woe to the junior if he suggested differently : the Master might tell him how many years he himself had been an equity draftsman ; how long he had been sitting in that room ; and, in the midst of his personal adventures, the recital of the honors and difficulties of his career—of the great case reported in Vesey junior, in which he had been counsel—the hour would be up, the door open, and counsel and solicitors rush away with as much haste and noise as they had rushed in.

And how the system acts, let "A Suitor," who, in a London morning paper, has described his case, explain, in his own words, on hearing of the reform proposed by Sir J. Romilly in the Irish Court of Chancery.

"That part of the Solicitor-General's able speech which relates to simple administration suits, I can verify by my own case, the costs of which are now being taxed in the Masters' offices. There are four *Cestuis que Trust* interested in the residuary fund out of which the costs are to be paid. There are nine parties interested, under the will creating the trust, besides the trustees. The testator directs his landed property to be sold on the happening of a particular event ; before the happening of this event, all parties interested but one being satisfied with the trustees, this one party files a bill for the administration of the estate, under the direction of the court. Now mark the practical working of the bill-and-answer system. The bill is drawn containing most of the will copied, with the statement of a few facts ; but has to be paid for simply by its length, in a fee to counsel. Ten answers have to be put in, each case admitting these facts. *Eleven solicitors and barristers* are, by this ingenious contrivance, paid fees for drawing bills and answers ; and additional fees have to be paid when the case comes on for hearing in court, and then nothing more takes place than the announcement in court, that it is a simple administration suit and decree in usual form. Yet we are told that this

cumbrous machinery is absolutely necessary, in order to introduce the suit to the still worse system of torture and delay that exists in the Masters' offices. Here, then, we have nine months (I write from facts in my own case) spent before the case can come before the Master. About 200*l.* are spent in pleading and counsels' fees; and the same object might have been attained by petition and affidavit in a summary way, and at comparatively little cost. The result then is this: where there is no complaint against the trustees' previous administration, no adverse interests, no dispute of facts, but only one *Cestui que Trust* rash enough to prefer the court administering the assets to the trustee, the other *Cestuis que Trust* are to wait three years, which are thus spent—nine months in bill and answers, and getting case on for first hearing; two months in supplemental bill and answer; two years in the Master's office passing accounts and ascertaining a few facts, which (no party disputing) any man of business would settle in a day—costs to the four *Cestuis que Trust* nearly 1,500*l.* One *Cestui que Trust*, I admit, is not to be pitied; for if any man is bold enough willingly to go into Chancery under the present system, he must expect to pay for the excitement; but that a sum of nearly 1,200*l.* should be extorted from three *Cestuis que Trust*, by the faulty machinery of a system, is an abuse which ought not to exist in a country like this. In asking then for Chancery reform as an injured suitor, I conceive no wish can be considered more conservative; for it is impossible that a *Cestui que Trust* can preserve his interests if the present system of alienating his property by bill and answer and Masters' offices be continued. Mine is no singular case—one of common occurrence: 50,000,000*l.* is now under the direction of the Court; *i. e.*, 50,000,000*l.* remains, notwithstanding the melting process that has been applied to it. Who can venture to guess the thousands that have been and are now annually extorted from suitors by the faulty machinery of the system?"

A similar representation of the course of proceedings in administration suits, was given by Sir John Romilly.

"It was notorious at the present time, that the proceedings in the Court of Chancery in four classes of cases, were accompanied with great procrastination and expense. Take, for instance, as coming under one of those classes, the case of a bill filed, setting forth a will, and praying for nothing but a mere account; thereupon, after the lapse of three months, an answer was put in; thereupon, six weeks after that, an amended bill was entered; thereupon a second answer was put in; thereupon there was a replication, and thereupon the preparation of briefs, and the feeing of five or six counsel; and, after all, when the case came into court, the plaintiff's counsel would say, 'This is a mere administration suit, and we ask for the usual decree,' and there was an end of the matter."

It is said, that a Vice-Chancellor on one occasion added—"Let the usual decree go for destroying the estate in due course of law."

Mr. Senior, one of the Masters in the Court of Chancery, writing respecting the accounts of the estates of deceased persons taken in his office, gives the following very instructive information.

"Taking such accounts forms only a portion of our business; it has little resemblance to the remainder; we have no assistance like that afforded by official assignees; we have no means of compelling punctual attendance. A tribunal with those aids, and employed solely on this and similar matters, would do its work more quickly and satisfactorily."—"The delay frequently arises from the expense. The client is unwilling or unable to provide the funds. The solicitor is unwilling to advance them, and the cause stands still for the want of some one to defray its movement. And painful experience forces me to believe that this very expense and delay are often motives to suits, especially administration suits. Most of such suits originate with a residuary legatee, who wishes for delay, or with a solicitor, the next friend of an infant, or the cousin of an executor who wishes for costs. Many creditors' suits have also the same origin, the plaintiff being, in fact, the nominee of some solicitor, who sees in the estate a fertile source of professional profit."—*Mr. à Beckett's Pamphlet*, p. 19.

Mr. à Beckett illustrates such proceedings by the case of a tailor, who died in 1845. A statement of his affairs was submitted to his creditors, and there appeared to be about nineteen shillings in the pound, exclusive of furniture, trade, fixtures, and good-will. One creditor, by the advice of a solicitor, threw the estate into Chancery; and, though 3,000*l.* had been realised, only 1,300*l.* had found its way into court, and no dividend had been paid as late as the year 1849.

Nor are these instances to be regarded as exceptional. They illustrate the common and ordinary consequences of investigating accounts before a Master in Chancery; and Mr. Senior very fairly represents the evils he refers to, as the results of a system which does not give the assistance essentially needed in such investigations.

The cost of these proceedings may to some extent be calculated by the amount of the fees paid in the Master's offices, and in the offices of the Taxing Masters. Between November, 1848, and November, 1849, it amounted to £72,335,—the Master's offices charging £40,605, and the Taxing Master's £31,730. This sum excludes all expenses connected with instructions received from clients, preliminary examinations, searches, instructions to counsel, briefs, bills, answers, engrossments, fair copies, fees to counsel for chamber business, court business, or proceedings before the Master, or any of the multitudinous occasions in the progress of a suit, requiring the expenditure of money.

Fortunately, there is, at the present time, a stronger desire in

the legal profession to reform the Court of Chancery than has hitherto prevailed. The steps already taken in respect of the Court of Chancery in Ireland, by Sir John Romilly, and the speech delivered by him in the House of Commons, have advanced the subject more within a few weeks, than all the petty changes of new orders, office regulations, and revision of fees, which have from time to time been made in the course of this century. Laymen could not interfere, for the moment they did so, their blunders were so apparent that their authority, however great it might be in other matters, was at an end in such discussions. It is among lawyers that law reformers must be found ; and there is evidence in the titles of the works at the head of this article, and more especially in the proceedings of Lord Brougham, and of the Society for the Improvement of the Law,—and, above all, in the wise and just views expressed by Sir John Romilly—that among lawyers there are law reformers.

Mr. Hare, the able and learned editor of the reports of cases decided in the Court of Vice-Chancellor Wigram, proposes that all proceedings in Chancery shall commence in the Masters' office, and he would make the judges of the New County Courts Masters in Chancery in the country. The objection to this is, that such judges have already work enough, and that the inconveniences would be very serious, if the questions arising out of the proposed jurisdiction should be decided and investigated in the midst of a journey from one country town to another. He proposes, however, some useful forms in order to shorten the statements required by the present and usual form in which bills in Chancery are drawn. The scheme, however, acknowledges that there are very numerous cases wherein all proceedings and accounts could be carried on and decided in the country.

The scheme proposed by Mr. Falconer is much larger, and unites the reform of the Ecclesiastical Courts with the reform of proceedings in the Court of Chancery relating to the administration of the estates of deceased persons. At present the income of the Ecclesiastical Courts, which is almost entirely derived from matters of probate, amounts to upwards of £86,000 a year ; and the business of such Courts is badly performed, the registries are without well kept or consolidated calendars, the fees demanded are generally not sanctioned by law, and the wills and records are placed in buildings exposed to danger, or otherwise unfit for the proper preservation of the very important papers they contain. Mr. Falconer proposes :

“ 1. That in each county there shall be a Court of Probate—a Civil, and no longer an Ecclesiastical Court—presided over by an educated lawyer.

"2. That every County Court of Probate may issue probates of wills and letters of administration, without any reference to the value of the personal estate of the deceased; such probates and letters of administration to be issued in the county where the deceased person was domiciled, and to be valid and operative throughout England and Wales.

"3. Executors and administrators should be required within a certain time to collect the estate, to discharge debts, to pay legacies, to distribute the residue, and to file an account or report with the Court.

"4. As executors and administrators cannot be pressed to conclude the execution of their duties without an expensive process; as they are also frequently unable to obtain the necessary assistance, and as those who advise them are always interested in delay, an Official Administrator should be attached to each court, who should act in such cases as the Court of Probate should regard necessary, and always on the application of executors and administrators, of creditors, and of those interested in the bulk of the property. The duties of the official administrators would not materially differ from those of the official assignee in the Court of Bankruptcy.

"5. Whatever may be the state of the claims on the estate at the death of the deceased, so they should remain, as they affect the estate to be administered, to the moment of their settlement.

"6. The entire funds and property of the deceased should be under the control of the Court of Probate. No proceedings at law or in Chancery should be permitted without an order of this Court. On the application of creditors, of legatees, or next of kin, money and property should be secured if there is any hazard of loss; the investment of trust monies directed, the Court of Probate having power to construe the terms of a will, and the investment of money ordered even in cases where the executors or administrators may be called on to replace it, if the deceased has committed a breach of trust. The Courts of Probate would thus become County Courts of equity, and inquiries would be conducted as inquiries are now conducted in the Court of Bankruptcy. When necessary, a case should be stated for the formal decision of the Court, and it should have power to order a trial of issues.

"7. An appeal from the Courts of Probate should, in all cases, be allowed to the Court of Chancery."

By these changes it is proposed to abolish all the idle distinctions relating to *bona notabilia*, and the conflict of jurisdiction which they occasion; and that each Court of Probate should enforce the fulfilment of the duties undertaken by executors or administrators.

"By these arrangements," says Mr. Falconer, "all objections to the abolition of existing local jurisdictions, so far as such objections do not proceed from personal interest, would be obviated; for the courts which are so much commended when their abolition is proposed, better

regulated and more efficient courts would be substituted ; no needless delay in the settlement of the accounts of the estates of deceased persons could occur ; no estates could be made 'office' property by legal practitioners ; debts would be paid as soon as possible ; the interference of the official administrators would check very numerous family disputes ; and every arrangement connected with the estate to be administered would be perfected with little hesitation, under the guarantee of the good faith, the advice, the honour, and the position of the judges and officers of the probate courts. In the existing courts, the judges have neither the power, the qualifications, nor the opportunity enabling them to afford assistance in any case. The House of Lords proposed to make the jurisdiction local in cases where the property should be less than the value of 300*l*. Under the proposed system no exception is contemplated. By bringing all estates, whatever may be their amount, before a probate court, the efficiency of its officers will be secured by the constant control and vigilance which will always prevail over its proceedings. Should it not always happen that the place of the domicile of a deceased person is within the limits of a probate court where the estate can be most advantageously administered, the court of appeal should be enabled to order a transfer of the proceedings to some other probate court."

It appears that in the United States a system not dissimilar, in many particulars, to this proposed one, exists. In every county, in every State, there is a Probate Court. In Massachusetts, the probate judges are generally distinguished lawyers, retired from practice, who have an easy fortune, and are desirous to obtain the employment and local importance of the office. The salary in no case exceeds 1,000 dollars. In all proceedings in such courts, no charge is made either for blank forms, or for filing papers. The parties commonly attend without counsel, and any necessary advice is given to them by the judge or registrar, so that the only necessary legal expenses in administering an estate, except some trifling costs in giving notice of the appointment of an executor or administrator, are the sums paid as a compensation to an executor or administrator for his labour and necessary expenses, regulated by a certain scale of charges sanctioned by the court.

In order to compare the practice of such courts with our proceedings in Chancery, the case is given by Mr. Falconer, of the estate of a deceased person being found to be insolvent. The executor applies for the form following, and after filling up the blanks, files it with the registrar of the court.

" To the Judge of Probate for the County of Suffolk : Respect-
fully represents,
of late of Boston, in said County,
deceased, that, as appears from the inventory of the estate of said

deceased, and from the account settled, and list of claims exhibited by your petitioner, said estate will probably be insufficient for the payment of the just debts of said deceased; he therefore prays that commissioners may be appointed to receive and examine all claims of creditors against said estate, according to law.

“*Boston,* 1850.”

Upon this petition the judge of a Probate Court in Massachusetts makes an order appointing two persons, as commissioners, to examine the accounts, and to report on the amount of the estate available for distribution. When their report is made, the judge declares the proportion payable from the funds among the creditors mentioned in the list returned by the commissioners.

In such a case, in England, a bill would be filed in Chancery. After the lapse of some weeks there would be answer, then the bill would be amended, and all the harassing and expensive proceedings related in the above letter of “A Suitor,” would necessarily follow.

No person who is not conversant with the practices of the present system, and the absolute denial of justice connected with it, can conceive the extent of wretchedness and ruin which it causes.* Much is to be ascribed to the Court of Chancery, and much to the Ecclesiastical Courts. Both require great and extensive reforms; and so soon as the knowledge becomes general that such reforms can be accomplished, it will not be permitted to any ministry to delay them. The prejudices of old judges must be offended and their power of obstruction disregarded. If judges will not suggest changes, other persons must make them. And as respects the Ecclesiastical Courts, their connexion with the Church and with the bishops, in the appointment of judges, in the probate of wills, and in the administration of the personal estates of deceased persons, must terminate. Whoever is in office must prepare a measure for this purpose. It will not be tolerated, that year after year the Home Secretary shall state to the House of Commons, “that the government contemplate some measure,” or, “that the business of the government precludes the consideration of the subject.” A measure must be

* There is now before the writer the bills of a proctor and attorney for obtaining letters of administration of the estate of a person whose property was sworn under £200, though it was, in fact, only a small sum above £100. The total amount of the bills is £19 12s. The proctor's bill was £11 9s. 8d. The stamp on the letters of administration was £3, and there was a stamped bond charged £1 1s. The expenses of obtaining the authority to administer was about eighteen per cent. on the personal estate. The expenses, exclusive of stamps, under a better system, ought not, in such a case, to amount to £2, including the cost of a journey to the next adjoining Probate Court. In the above-mentioned case, the intestate was the father of the administrator, and the business was in “common form,” that is, not contentious.

prepared, and the subject must be considered. It is a scandal that one man should be ruined when the legislature can prevent it; and still greater is the scandal when the property of thousands is wasted by idle legal proceedings, and the expectations of numerous families hopelessly and irretrievably ruined. T.

* * THE chief practical difficulty in the way of effecting reforms of the Court of Chancery, in the Ecclesiastical Court business, and in the law generally, arises, we apprehend, out of the fact that there is no department of state answerable for the efficiency, and bound to remedy the defects of the judicial establishments of the country—i.e. no Minister of Justice. Those who have laboured long in the field of law reform—we do not mean literary or black-letter speculators, sitting in their *à priori* arm-chairs, and pronouncing *ex cathedra* upon questions of inductive science, but those who, conscious of great defects, have studied them anatomically in the biography of actual suits, and have agitated for their remedy by petition and pen, and never-ceasing arguments and solicitations—know full well that till there is a Minister of Justice—a bntt in the House of Commons for their artillery practice—there is no hope for a really efficient reform of any department of the law. The science of judicial procedure, as an admitted science, has yet to be created. Throughout the whole circle of our courts the most antagonistic principles prevail, and almost every lawyer differs from almost every other in the remedies he would apply. To go no further than the four procedurists named at the head of this article—Mr. Hare is for a transfer of equity jurisdiction, in administration business, to the new County Courts; Mr. à Beckett for transferring the same in part to the Commissioners of Bankruptcy, and their official assignees; Mr. Falconer (in his admirable pamphlet) is for transferring it to local masters and official administrators; while the Solicitor-General has adopted the plan of the thousand solicitors who compose the Metropolitan and Provincial Law Society in its integrity, and indeed their very bills, and only proposes to make the Masters in Chancery *ex-officio* judges of the matters which they now virtually decide upon as clerks to the Chancery judges, and to let them have power to do that of themselves which they now do through the medium of the judge, by the clumsy scheme of reporting to the judge what he should do. These are only four of many schemes at present afloat on the same subject matter. The Law Amendment Society have their schemes. Mr. Temple, Q.C., and Mr. Purton Cooper, Q.C., have each just issued pamphlets. Mr. Turner, Q.C., M.P., burns with indignation at the Solicitor-General's plans, and promises his pamphlet in the shape of a Bill in Parliament after Easter. The bar cry out (untruly perhaps) that the Lord Chancellor does not like the Solicitor-General's bill, and will not let it be extended to England. Mr. Henley, M.P., says he shall move to extend it to England. Lord Brougham has already a Bill in the

House of Lords ; the Lord Chancellor promises a batch of rules and orders ; every one of these different schemes differs more or less in the scientific basis and principle on which it is constructed ; and confusion worse confounded is the prospect of equity reforms. Heretofore no one would move at all. Now, all at once, we have some twenty projects before us.

How should all their plans be tested ? By the two tests of time and money. Plan A takes so long, costs so much, and is as accurate in its results as human affairs commonly are. Plan B takes four times as long, costs six times as much, but is a little more accurate in the result. Plan C promises results as accurate as is possible to mortals, but an almost infinite expenditure of time and money. Which will you have ? If the question were even brought to this shape, it would be well, though even then we could hardly do without our Minister of Justice—for scarcely one of the schemes has ever had such a test applied to it ; and we want the Justice-minister to apply it for us.

One great proposition of the Solicitor-General's bill is to allow parties to substitute petitions for bills in Chancery when they please so to do. Greatly has the ire of honourable and learned gentlemen been provoked at this unholy scheme. A petition, they say, is but an informal, clumsy, rambling bill, with no neatness, no clearness, and no counsel's name at foot. "Where," scornfully asked a very great man the other day, "does a petition differ from a bill?" "In being heard by the judge next Saturday, instead of next Saturday two years," was the answer, "and at a cost of 20*l.* instead of 200*l.*" To your polished legal mind this answer has no value. But give us a Minister of Justice, and we will make him answer for his extra Saturdays and pounds sterling in a place where such an argument is well understood.

In the year 1840 a petition was presented to the House of Commons, signed by a number of solicitors, so large and important as to represent, we believe, somewhere towards half of the suitors in the Court of Chancery. Although the present pen had a share in framing it, we will venture to say that some extracts from it cannot well be placed too frequently before the public. The petitioners stated as follows :—

"That the delay and expense at present attendant on proceedings in the Chancery Court are so great, as effectually to close its doors against all except the richer classes of the community.

"That the expense (which arises principally from the delay) is so serious as to render it imperative on the profession to prevent, as far as possible, the institution of suits for amounts much under 1,000*l.*

"That, therefore, while at common law rights of small amount can, without impropriety, be submitted to legal decision, a very large and important section of the community (*viz.* persons interested in trust property of amounts under 1,000*l.*) are left without the protection of the law; and for them there is absolutely no equity court in operation.

"That, owing to this defect of our judicial institutions, not only is individual wrong inflicted without redress on this class of society, but frauds as to trust property, offences against the most confidential relations, are actually encouraged by law, because permitted to pass with entire impunity.

"That the Court of Chancery presents the single instance in the history of the country, of a great national establishment altogether stationary as to the number of those coming within its operation, the suitors of the court having been as numerous a hundred years ago as they are now; and that the defects of the court have, as your petitioners believe, become fixed, from the entire insufficiency of the institution to meet the wants of the people.

"That your petitioners are convinced that no effective improvements can be introduced into the equity courts unless the duty be assigned to the judges of superintending, controlling, and regulating the functions of the court, and of its offices; and that to impose such duties with effect, it is essential that there should be given to the judges powers commensurate with them.

"That your petitioners, therefore, appreciate as of the highest value the provision introduced into the bill now before your honourable house, giving powers for these purposes to the judges of the court.

"That as regulations of this kind require to be made with great deliberation, and, of necessity, must be from time to time amended, your petitioners would humbly submit whether these powers should not be permanent, instead of being granted only for a short period of years.

"That your petitioners humbly hope that, in the representations which they have made of the importance of rendering the proceedings in equity more expeditious and cheap, it will be felt by your honourable house that they are advocating improvements of the greatest importance to the interests of the suitors and of the community; while at the same time, your petitioners freely admit that they believe these improvements will also, in the end, be advantageous to their own body, from the conviction that the interest of the solicitor is, in all these questions, identified with that of his client."

The bill referred to in that petition was passed into an act. That law (3 & 4 Viet. c. 94) recited the need of a searching reform of the Chancery Court; that it could only be effected by the agency of the judges of that court; that doubts existed as to their power; and it enacted, "*that it should be lawful for the Lord Chancellor, AND HE WAS THEREBY REQUIRED, WITHIN FIVE YEARS FROM THE PASSING THEREOF,*" to make regulations to improve the court, and remove its abominations. Five years elapsed; the act was renewed for five years more; the second lustrum expires next August. Is the court better by any rules made under these acts? We don't ask if the disease has been probed to the bottom; but are the pleadings shorter?—expenses less?—delays diminished?—the offices better regulated?—anything but a mere fringe of the subject touched?

Two years ago the Metropolitan and Provincial Law Society (a Society consisting of about 1,000 solicitors, and having for a leading object "the promotion of the interests of the suitors, and the better and more economical administration of justice," presented a memorial to the Lord Chancellor, setting out the petition of 1840, and that by the five years' acts the legislature had thrown upon him the responsibility of setting the court straight, and complaining that nothing had been done under the acts, and proposing a series of deeply considered and most radical reforms with reference to the practice of the court—the dispatch of business at offices, and the mode of transacting the official business and the banking department of the court; and as to the scandalous system in which evidence is taken in the court; and

they prayed that the Chancellor would himself investigate and carry out the objects of the memorial, or appoint a commission to do so. It is understood that the Chancellor saw the memorialists—expressed his interest in the matter; and that the solicitors, at his suggestion, prepared bills for England, which the Solicitor-general has lately adopted and brought in for Ireland. Whether this be true or not, it is a matter of history that the Chancellor has done nothing, and of chronology that the end of the second lustrum is not far off. Worked to death as he is, how could the Chancellor attend to Chancery reform? The judge dictatorship scheme therefore has failed. Is not a MINISTER OF JUSTICE required?

E.

ART. VI.—*More Verse and Prose, by the Corn Law Rhymers.* In two volumes. Vol. I. Charles Fox, 67, Paternoster Row.

ALMOST coeval with the intelligence that Ebenezer Elliott had passed from among us, appeared the first of two volumes of Verse and Prose by that poet. A true welcome was given it; deepened, if saddened, by the knowledge that now all of us could define the limit of the communications we should henceforth receive from him. Strange it seemed, to turn our eye from the place made vacant among the chosen by his leaving, and see thoughts, *living* in their beauty and tenderness, flash from the page before us. Impassioned words uttered in reference to what happened yesterday, spoken, as it were, in our ear; and the echoes seemed not yet to have died away. That the contents of this volume characterise the genius of the Corn Law Rhymers, will be seen from the quotations we shall make from it, by way of illustration; and, without further preface, we will commence this paper with an extract from the part entitled "Lyrics for my Daughters," of a song arranged to the tune of "God save the Queen."

1.

"For Spring, and flowers of Spring,
 Blossoms, and what they bring,
 Be our thanks given;
 Thanks for the maiden's bloom;
 For the sad prison's gloom;
 And for the sadder tomb;
 E'en as for Heav'n!

2.

Great God, thy will is done,
 When the soul's rivers run
 Down the worn cheeks;
 Done when the righteous bleed;
 When the wrong'd vainly plead;
 Done in th' unended deed,
 When the heart breaks.

3.

Lo, how the dutiful
 Snows, clothe in beautiful
 Life, the dead earth!
 Lo, how the clouds distil
 Riches o'er vale and hill,
 While the storm's evil will
 Dies in its birth!

4.

Bless'd is th' unpeopled down;
 Bless'd is the crowded town,
 Where the tir'd groan;
 Pain but appears to be;
 What are Man's fears to thee,
 God! if all tears shall be
 Gems on thy throne?"

Deeper than Elliott's indignation at wilful perseverance in injustice—deeper than his burning sympathies with the sufferer from that injustice—lay his belief in God's justice. The basis of his soul was trust. Wrong-doing, and its consequent misery, could pass beneath his eye, and the passion of sympathy would raise a fearful storm; lightnings would flash from sullen skies, the hurricane run its course unchecked, and rivers of tears descend; but below—far below—was the rock of adamant, and, the passion spent, one of God's most humble and trustful sons would be heard to say, "Thy will be done." In the poet's love of nature is seen, in simple verity, his love of God; there is a pathos in it which touches the soul deeply, and in awhile we find that beauty's vesture has faded from our view, and the spirit only is left.

Our next extract will be from a portion of the work called "Small Poems," and the first poem.

STEAM IN THE DESERT.

1.

"God made all nations of one blood,
 And bade the nation-wedding flood
 Bear good for good to men:

Lo, interchange is happiness !
The mindless are the riverless !
The shipless have no pen !

2.

What deed sublime by them is wrought ?
What type have they of speech or thought ?
What soul-ennobled page ?
No record tells their tale of pain !
Th' Unwritten History of Cain
Is theirs, from age to age.

3.

Steam !—if the nations grow not old
That see broad ocean's ' back of gold,'
Or hear him in the wind —
Why dost not thou thy banner shake
O'er sealess, streamless lands, and make
One nation of mankind ?

4.

If rivers are but seeking rest,
Ev'n when they climb from ocean's breast
To plant on earth the rose ;
If good for good is doubly bless'd ;
Oh, let the sever'd east and west
In action find repose !

5.

Yes, let the wilderness rejoice,
The voiceless champion hear the voice
Of millions long estranged ;
That waste, and want, and war may cease !
And all men know, That Love and Peace
Are—Good for Good Exchang'd !"

Commerce must be ; the material riches of differing climes must be exchanged, that *sympathy*, like God's air, may circulate through every clime. The poet sees that the self-seeker in commerce, as elsewhere, must give place to the Son of God, doing his Father's will, and not his own ; and that the certain result of the development of the powers implanted in man by God is joy and peace on earth. The misery caused by manias, by over-speculations, in short, by selfish ignorance in its Proteus forms, does not prevent the poet from discovering the grain of truth that shall yet leaven the mass. In an ill-directed faculty he can read future good, because, to the poet, all in itself is good.

In a piece, the title of which is " Not for Nought," the prin-

ciple that those who will work and wait, shall find at last all things right, is most happily rendered.

1.

"Do and suffer nought in vain:
Let no trifle triling be:
If the salt of life is pain,
Let ev'n wrongs bring good to thee;
Good to others, few or many;
Good to all, or good to any.

2.

If men curse thee, plant their lies
Where, for truth, they best may grow;
Let the railers make thee wise,
Preaching peace, where'er thou go:
God no useless plant hath planted,
Evil (wisely us'd) is wanted.

3.

If the nation-feeding corn
Thriveth under icéd snow;
If the small bird, on the thorn,
Useth well its guarded sloe;
Bid thy cares thy comforts double;
Gather fruit from thorns of trouble.

4.

See the Rivers! how they run,
Strong in gloom, and strong in light!
Like the never-wearied sun,
Through the day, and through the night,
Each along his path of duty,
Turning coldness into beauty!"

Many individuals who possess active benevolence, and who consequently feel intense pain at the sight of human misery, but who have not yet trained themselves to engage in the efforts that release men from misery, would find their pain lessened, as well as the amount of pain generally, if they would heed these words of the poet, "work and wait." Poverty and sin are not, as these would persuade themselves, increasing, but decreasing; and this change has been effected,—first, because God said, "Let it be;" and, secondly, because there were a chosen few among his children to carry out his decree. In perfect trust in Him they are working; they give little time to decrying the evil that exists, for their task is to nurse the good, to bring about an atmosphere in which good can live and thrive. They know that evil, "wisely used, is wanted," or it would not be. When the conscience, and work well done, take the feeling of benevolence by the hand, however strong it may be, there shall

be found more cause for joy than tears; and while the pity of the soul shall oft be roused at the contemplation of sorrow, *fear* can never be, for hope to such is too surely based on right—so surely as to become assured matter of faith.

The poem entitled “Farewell to Rivilin,” was written previous to Elliott’s leaving the neighbourhood of Sheffield, for that of Barnesly. Through a valley, over a rocky bed, the river runs, with the moors rising from each bank; moors that the purple heather clothes, and strewn with old grey rocks lichen-covered, with the bilberry growing between, and the slender birches rising first, and then bending o’er those ancient storm-tried creatures of the waste. And very fantastic in form are those grey rocks—here as a castle wall, there as castle towers, whose foundations should be the centre of the earth; for, playing a match with old Time these nameless centuries, we find them still the winners, and likely to remain so to the end. And not as part of *them* look the delicate blossoming tendrils that with tiny gentle grasp embrace those hoary foreheads, but rather as garlands hung about some august temple on festival days: but let the poet himself speak to us of this.

1.

“Beautiful River! goldenly shining
Where with thee cistus and woodbines are twining;
(Birklands around thee, mountains above thee,)
Rivilin wildest! do I not love thee?”

2.

Why do I love thee, Heart-breaking River?
Love thee, and leave thee? Leave thee for ever?
Never to see thee, where the storms greet thee!
Never to hear thee, rushing to meet me!

3.

Never to hail thee, joyfully chiming
Beauty is music, Sister of Wiming!
Playfully mingling laughter and sadness,
Ribbledin’s Sister, sad in thy gladness.

4.

Why must I leave thee, mournfully sighing
Man is a shadow? River undying!
Dream-like he passeth, cloud-like he wasteth,
E’en as a shadow over thee hasteth.

5.

Oh, when thy poet, weary, reposes,
Coffin’d in slander, far from thy roses,
Tell all thy pilgrims, Heart-breaking River!
Tell them I lov’d thee—love thee for ever!

6.

Yes, for the spirit blooms ever vernal;
 River of Beauty! love is eternal:
 While the rock reeleth, storm-struck and riven,
 Safe is the fountain flowing from heav'n.

7.

There wilt thou hail me, joyfully chiming
 Beauty is music, Sister of Wiming!
 Homed with the angels, hasten to greet me,
 Glad as the heathflower, glowing to meet thee."

It will be interesting to many readers to know Ebenezer Elliott's creed on the subject of woman,—in what way, he deemed, she is appointed to work, in order to make visible on earth the love and wisdom of God. The sublimest soul can have no *higher* aim than this, though his power shall be sufficient to revolutionize the thoughts and ways of men; nor can the single-hearted hand-maiden have any lower aim, though her desire and ability be limited to keep free from stain the steps that lead towards the altar. The Woman's Mission may be partly gathered from the following lines.

1.

"What highest prize hath woman won
 In science, or in art?
 What mightiest work, by woman done,
 Boasts city, field, or mart?
 'She hath no Raphael!' Painting saith;
 'No Newton!' Learning cries;
 'Show us her Steam-ship! her Macbeth!
 Her thought-won victories!"

2.

Wait, boastful Man! Though worthy are
 Thy deeds, when thou art true,
 Things worthier still, and holier far,
 Our sister yet will do;
 For this the worth of woman shows,
 On every peopled shore,
 That still as man in wisdom grows,
 He honours her the more.

3.

Oh, not for wealth, or fame, or power,
 Hath man's meek angel striven,
 But, silent as the growing flower,
 To make of earth a heav'n!
 And in her garden of the sun
 Heaven's brightest rose shall bloom;
 For woman's best is unbegun!
 Her advent yet to come!"

It is only in the beginning of a world's history, that what appeals to the mind through the eye and ear is thought to be the only mode for the embodiment of deep inspired thought; and he must possess very coarse perceptions who shall now cling to such a faith. Years that flow along, stimulating to high aims an ever widening circle, in which evil dies and beauty lives—that bring home to our inmost souls, as though God touched them, that for those who are fitted for the change, death itself is truest life—who will say of such existence, that it is an *unwritten* epic? who will feel that the world is the poorer because for it no pen, pencil, or chisel, found its way to the hand?

The verses entitled “Lent and Lost” shadow forth the spirit of hopelessness, passionless agony, and entire desolation, in a way so terribly real, that should a kindred spirit ever set them to music, we would not be by to hear. Yet withal, there will be found a great fascination in this dirge. It will bring up from the past many an ancient sorrow, recalling the environment of darkness that was once around it, though it may be perchance illuminated now by clear and sunny light.

1.

“Of Mary, by heav’n lent,
Heav’n has bereft us;
And from her home all comfort went,
When Mary left us.

2.

We fear no ills, no foes,
Though they surround us;
Pass on, thou cloud of many woes!
The worst has found us.

3.

If lowest cannot fall,
Need we be wary?
We lost fear, joy, hope, danger all,
When we lost Mary.

4.

In vain, vex’d Sea of Change,
Thou thy rocks chafest!
Secure, thy dreaded verge we range;
Saddest is safest.”

In the poem called “The People’s Anthem,” we miss the spirit of calm, wise trust, characterizing the song that formed our first extract; the poet was inspired indeed by a different spirit; but it is what he meant it to be, a prophet-like lamentation over a sorrowing people, and a passionate appeal to God for redress.

1.

“When wilt thou save the people?
 Oh, God of Mercy! when?
 Not kings and lords, but nations!
 Not thrones and crowns, but men!
 Flowers of thy heart, oh, God, are they!
 Let them not pass, like weeds, away!
 Their heritage a sunless day!
 God, save the people!

2.

Shall crime bring crime for ever,
 Strength aiding still the strong?
 Is it thy will, oh, Father,
 That man shall toil for wrong?
 ‘No!’ say thy mountains; ‘No!’ thy skies:
 ‘Man’s clouded sun shall brightly rise,
 And songs be heard, instead of sighs.’
 God, save the people!

3.

When wilt thou save the people?
 Oh, God of Mercy! when?
 The people, Lord, the people!
 Not thrones and crowns, but men!
 God! save the people! thine they are,
 Thy children, as thy angels fair:
 Save them from bondage, and despair!
 God! save the people!”

It is not difficult to realize the mood that prompted this song; we see the giant sympathies of his soul being overwhelmed by the world’s sin and sorrow; the Titan-spirit is heaving, till at last the superincumbent mountains are riven, and the cry of despair and entreaty ascends.

In the poem “Love strong in Death,” the reader is allowed to be present while the solemn event of death is transpiring, but not as a mere spectator, for not one feeling is allowed existence in his mind that could by possibility pain or disturb the tearful mourner. He finds this no time for metaphysical analysis, though the materials around may be rich, but must give tear for tear; must read with the mothers and sisters in the sweet pathos of the dying boy’s words, that *he* is not becoming extinct, that annihilation has no part in him;—that the heavens call, and he passes from this first vestibule of his existence to “chambers prepared for him.” His simple strain flows on,—flows into the heart, subduing it, consoling it, till love truly becomes stronger than death, perchance though *one* with death.

" We watch'd him, while the moonlight,
 Beneath the shadow'd hill,
Seem'd dreaming of good angels,
 And all the woods were still.
The brother of two sisters
 Drew painfully his breath :
A strange fear had come o'er him,
 For love was strong in death.
The fire of fatal fever
 Burn'd darkly on his cheek,
And often to his mother
 He spoke, or tried to speak :

' I felt, as if from slumber
 I never could awake :
Oh, Mother, give me something
 To cherish for your sake !
A cold, dead weight is on me,
 A heavy weight, like lead :
My hands and feet seem sinking
 Quite through my little bed :
I am so tir'd, so weary—
 With weariness I ache :
Oh, Mother, give me something
 To cherish for your sake !
Some little token give me,
 Which I may kiss in sleep—
To make me feel I'm near you,
 And bless you, though I weep.
My sisters say I'm better—
 But, then, their heads they shake :
Oh, Mother, give me something
 To cherish for your sake !
Why can't I see the poplar,
 The moonlit stream and hill,
Where, Fanny says, good angels
 Dream, when the woods are still !
Why can't I see you, Mother ?
 I surely am awake :
Oh, haste ! and give me something
 To cherish for your sake !

His little bosom heaves not ;
 The fire hath left his cheek :
The fine chord—is it broken ?
 The strong chord—could it break ?
Ah, yes ! the loving spirit
 Hath wing'd his flight away :
A mother and two sisters
 Look down on lifeless clay."

The verses entitled "Good Men's Graves" must not be passed over, for the thoughts of truth and tenderness they contain.

"Lone, they rest. Nor Snap, nor Snivel,
 Robs, or pities virtue's dust!
 Marble insults, Cant and Drivel
 Build not o'er the just.
 Them, in thought, the honest only
 Visit, while they toil as slaves:
 Oh, 'tis true! the stars shine lonely
 Over good men's graves.
 All in silence, not in sorrow,
 Read they on the wordless sod,
 'These men's deeds will speak, to-morrow;
 They are words of God;
 Heard in heav'n, with tears of gladness;
 Mute on earth! yet working there;
 Bringing chains for rapine's madness,
 Wings for chain'd despair.'"

We must express one regret with regard to these lines: it is that "snap" and "snivel," "cant" and "drivel," should be found in such good company; and whilst reading the first verse, we involuntarily eject them therefrom. We are led by the spirit of this poem within the charmed circle of the true silent worshippers of truth and beauty; we are refreshed by the presence of these sons of God, and in our contemplation of their high heritage, the crown of thorns around their brow becomes transfigured into a halo. To give a thought in such presence to the pettiest of all petty evils, would be to be diverted by the humming of a gnat while the lightning is opening the heaven, and the thunder pealing through its chambers.

The volume contains many poems on political questions, and on those whose life is given to politics;—verses of hearty approval, and of as hearty denunciation. The words are not always well chosen, often are unequal to the thoughts they clothe, and sometimes the sympathies are little borne along by either. The book as a whole, indeed, might have been more perfect, if some of these political verses had not found their way into it at all. In the main, however, the volume before us will be found true to the spirit of the Corn Law Rhymer, and must win for him, from all parties, thorough respect and admiration. Nor will any refuse to concede to him the claim he makes in the preface to this volume. It is as follows:—

"I claim to have been a pioneer of the greatest, the most beneficial, the only crimeless Revolution, which man has yet seen. I also claim to be the Poet of that Revolution—the Bard of Free trade; and

through the prosperity, wisdom, and loving-kindness which Free-trade will ultimately bring, the Bard of Universal Peace. I know not that my claims will be conceded; the world will lose nothing, if they be not conceded; nor will I complain, but neither will I bate a jot of my right; for self-sacrifice in concession to wrong has ever been the root of worst humiliation—and tyrants come of slaves."

Not only in this later revolution, but in each the world has seen, has a prophet-poet been the corner-stone. In the mid of night, with no one to hold the torch to illumine his way, has he groped through many a labyrinth of evil, till earliest dawn has cast on his work a faint light, and thus summoned to his side men of less keen vision than himself, but of earnest mind. Such prophet-poet has Elliott been in reference to the repeal of the Corn-laws; and the men whose heroic after exertions found at last a haven on our shores for the Free-trade ship, will be grateful to acknowledge the debt.

Sonnets, some fifty in number, bearing the title of "The Year of Seeds," follow next in order. Though wanting occasionally in concentration of thought, many of them are very exquisite. The soul of the poet is often moved to passion, and some of his descriptions are so true a rendering of the spirit of beauty, as seen in nature, that they leave us nothing to desire. He is most happy in his thought and expression, and in the lines descriptive of some of the months, their spiritual presences seem to have been about him, so aptly has he pourtrayed their lineaments. Elliott's love of the beautiful in nature, as shown in his poems and his daily talk, was very strong. It was as intense as his love of justice, but was never the means of giving to us, as that love often was, words of antagonism. The songs he sung in leafy bowers, and by running streams, are types of beauty only, at least as far as they themselves are concerned; for, indeed, sometimes an outraged feeling, born in another and very different world, would link itself on, without being able to form, however, any real marriage. The moral beauty that appears in these sonnets is generally rich in wisdom and love, which flow out in all earnest simplicity. We will select a few.

13.

Hath April wept herself into a dream
Of wond'rous joy? or a reality
Fairer and brighter than all dreaming? Deem
Not lightly, Bard, of her regality
In goodness. Lo, the beautiful are strong!
Lo, gentlest love is power, whose noiseless stream
Keeps fresh the sea of life, which else would teem
Only with plagues! Oh, gold-bill'd Ouzle's song!

Hath Love's still might wak'd thee? Love's April! coldly
Primrosy airs breathe round thee. Clouds behold thee,
And mix thy music with their blushes. Morn,
Dew-glistening Morn, is silvering rock and tree,
While shadows shorten o'er the whitening thorn,
Perch'd on whose topmost-twigg the woodwale hymneth thee.

14.

Red Evening, in her green-and-silver robes,
Looks from the uplands on the lakes below,
O'er realms of hawthorn, white with little globes
In which is folded up May's fragrant snow.
With closing eyes, to sleep the daisies go;
Beneath the fre-flower'd broom awakes the hare;
And gentle winds are waiting, fain to blow
News of the open'd rose to sons of care.

23.

Oh, can July with woodbines ring her fingers,
And crown with roses her too regal head,
While, pale as snow, distracted Freedom lingers,
Gazing on cities where her best have bled?

28.

Is this, then, solitude? To feel our hearts
Lifted above the world, yet not above
The sympathies of brotherhood and love?
To grieve for him who from the right departs?
And strive, in spirit, with the martyr'd good?
"Is this to be alone?" Then, welcome solitude.

30.

Art thou a colourist? Mark, how yon red
Poppy, and that bright patch of yellow bloom,
Cliff-borne above green depths and purple gloom,
Like spark and blaze on smiling darkness shed,
Give and take beauty! Mark, too, overhead,
How the rich verdure of this ancient tree,
And the deep purple of the bank, agree
To thrive in partnership! And while the bed
Of the clear stream, through tints of every hue,
Lifts its bath'd pebbles, lo! to brighten all
The little harebell brings its bit of blue,
And is a gainer! happy to behold
Red blessing green, and purple gilding gold;
Of light and shade a marriage festival!

32.

Flower-weeping April starts to life again,
When arch October for November weaves
A wedding garment in a shroud of tears.
'Tis made of pearlets splintered from the rain;
Or dew-drops shaken from the nodding spears

That guard the cold roots of the bare blackthorn ;
 And flowers (like April's) hasten to adorn
 Its mix'd hues, won from sunset. Through fall'n leaves
 The primrose peeps ! hom'd where the wren abides ;
 The violet, too ! that would be lov'd, yet hides
 Her beauty, dark with passion ; and the whin,
 Pale want's rough friend, laughs out to all " Good Morrow,"
 And calls no child of woe a child of sin,
 But, April-blossom'd, hoards a smile for sorrow.

45.

If I strove

In kindness, I am safe. What is our own ?
 That only which we build for thee and thine.
 Who shall reap love, unless he sow in love ?
 If I have labour'd for myself alone,
 I need no lock'd strong coffer : Nought is mine !

The remaining portion of the volume is devoted to ballads, and to a tale called "Etheline." The poet meant this latter to be the first part of an epic poem, that he named "Ish-Kon-Tel." It was to contain three parts, each forming a complete story in itself, and each comprising four books.

Is. Is.

- ART. VII.—1. *Central America*, by John Baily, Esq., R.M., of Guatemala. London: Trelawney Saunders.
2. *Wild Life in Central America*. By George Byam. London: John W. Parker.
3. *Coup d'Oeil Rapide sur la République de Costa Rica*. Par F. M. Paris: Printed for Private Circulation.
4. *Review of the Plans for connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans*. By Joseph Glynn, M.I.C.E. London: Printed for Private Circulation.
5. *Map of Central America, showing the different Lines of Atlantic and Pacific Communication*. London: James Wyld.
6. *Terms of Contract between the State of Nicaragua and the Atlantic and Pacific Ship Canal Company*. New York.
7. *Prospectus of the Panama Railroad Company*. New York.

NUMBERLESS signs denote that Central America will be the theatre of some of the most remarkable changes likely to be wrought by advancing civilization. Three years back its capabilities and distinctive features were almost wholly unknown

to the general public; and such volumes as existed with regard to them, were read with no more active interest than would have been excited by travels in Persia or Dalmatia, or any other country, with which the chances of our establishing an immediate and vital intercourse might be most remote. Now, however, there is no quarter of the world to which attention is more actively directed than Central America. Statesmen, merchants, navigators, colonizers, and the students of natural science, are all alike awakened to the importance of its future prospects; and, as a consequence of the demand thus created, books and maps are supplied by our geographical publishers, involving an amount of minute detail, which enables us, we may believe, to form a far more accurate knowledge of each point of the territory than is possessed by one in a hundred of its present inhabitants.

Until now, notwithstanding the almost solemn charm that has invariably been felt in its contemplation, the idea of a communication between the Atlantic and Pacific has never been anything more than an interesting engineering problem. That it could be effected without any serious difficulty, has, however, in the face of appearances to the contrary, for many years been placed beyond all real doubt; and the actual point in which projectors have failed has been simply in convincing the capitalist that it would pay. Appealed to on the strength of sublime estimates of the influences of the enterprise on the destinies of the world, unaccompanied by any data on which reliance could be placed with regard to the per centage in the shape of future receipts, men of business could not be warmed into enthusiasm. In reply, therefore, they have always professed a fear of its impracticability; and, as this was stimulated by the circumstance of each projector abusing the routes proposed by his rivals, it at last became a received belief. They saw all the glory of the project; would be willing to run all necessary risk for its consummation; but the thing was impossible. With a demonstrable dividend before them, every shadow in the shape of a mechanical difficulty would have disappeared.

But the discovery of California has now settled the question of a profitable result; and, in a much shorter time than most persons in England are even yet prepared to expect, not merely a communication, but a choice of communications, is certain to be opened up. These will be respectively at Panama and Nicaragua: the former by railway and steam-boat in the first instance, and ultimately by railway entirely; the latter, chiefly by steam-boat in the first instance, and ultimately by a complete canal both for steam-boats and sailing-vessels.

The Panama line is promoted by Howland and Aspinwall, of New

York. It is to consist of a railway from Navy Bay on the Atlantic to Panama on the Pacific, at an estimated cost of \$5,000,000, or £1,000,000 sterling. At the commencement, however, a portion of the road, consisting of about twenty-two miles on the Pacific side (from Panama to Gorgona), will be constructed and put into operation, and the rest of the transit will be effected by steamers running forty-five miles on the Chagres river, which is navigable at all periods of the year for vessels of light draught. The work, it is estimated, may thus far be completed for £200,000, and the shareholders will be in the receipt of revenue while the remainder is being constructed. The full capital for this portion has been subscribed at New York; the entire line has been surveyed, and the grading of the distance from Panama to Gorgona already contracted for at the price of \$400,000, (£80,000); which is within the original estimate. The grant to the Company by the Republic of New Grenada gives them an exclusive privilege for forty-nine years, subject to a right of redemption by the Republic at the end of twenty years, on payment of \$5,000,000; at the end of thirty years, on payment of \$4,000,000; and at the end of forty years, on payment of \$2,000,000. This privilege is to date from the completion of the road, for which eight years are allowed; and it is accompanied by a concession of exclusive harbour rights at the ports on each side, and also of the necessary land throughout the line, besides 300,000 acres in perpetuity, for the purposes of colonization. The Company are likewise to be allowed to import iron, and whatever may be necessary for the construction of the road, free of duty, including all articles of provision and clothing for the workmen. They may also call upon the Government to furnish them the assistance of three companies of Sappers; and the only obligation imposed as to the character of the road, is that it shall be capable of transporting passengers and merchandise from one ocean to the other in the space of twelve hours.

The parties by whom the survey of the Panama route was effected, instead of encountering the formidable difficulties that had been anticipated, found that they could lay down a line which would not exceed forty-six miles in length, with a summit of less than 300 feet above the sea, and with curvatures, having nowhere a radius of less than 1,500 feet. Their explorations were extended over the whole of that part of the Isthmus, so as to insure the one true point, and there can be no doubt that this has now been selected. Another difficulty which has always been represented as no less formidable than the natural impediments of the route, namely, the procuring a proper supply of labourers able to stand the climate, has also been proved to be delusive. The parties who have contracted for the grading of the twenty-two miles on the Pacific side are, it seems, two

American engineers, who have been employed for the last five years ; in the State of New Granada, in forming a canal ninety miles long, to connect two branches of the Magdalena river, and which they have completed entirely with native labour. They can bring with them a large number of these workmen, whose training, although at first difficult, was ultimately quite successful ; and there is reason also to believe that arrangements for foreign labour might be made, since the experience of the corps employed in the survey of the railway, consisting of forty engineers and assistants, was not discouraging with respect to climate.

The explorations for this survey have led to the discovery of large groves of mahogany, and rich mineral deposits, "the knowledge of which," it is represented, "will be highly important to the company in locating lands under their grant;" and with regard to the proposed terminus of the railway on the Atlantic side, on the island of Manzanilla, in Navy Bay, we have the following characteristic speculations, which might, perhaps, be taken as nothing more than a rhapsody, were it not for our experience of the way in which these American visions are apt to produce their own realization.

"The harbour is accessible at all seasons, and with any wind perfectly secure, and capable of containing 300 sail. Of the island, Mr. Norris, the chief engineer of the Chagres division, says, 'in ten years I predict the whole will be covered with houses, and the inhabitants enjoying perfect health, with every luxury of a southern climate.' He adds, 'I do consider it the most eligible and perfect site for a city of any size I have ever seen.'"

The second line, which may now be considered definitively arranged, is that of a ship canal in connexion with the lakes of Nicaragua. This work promises an early commencement, and also a rapid progress. On the 27th August last a contract was made between the State of Nicaragua and the Atlantic and Pacific Ship Canal Company, of New York, by which all the exclusive privileges necessary for the undertaking were conferred. According to the contract, the canal is to be completed within twelve years, unless prevented by fortuitous occurrences ; and, upon failure of this stipulation, such part as may have been constructed is to be forfeited to the State. The Company agree to pay the State \$10,000 for the ratification of the contract ; \$10,000 more annually till the completion of the work ; and to make a donation of their stock to the amount of \$200,000. When finished, the State is to receive one-fifth of the net profits for twenty years, and afterwards one quarter. There is also a stipulation that it is to have 10 per cent. on the profits of any minor

line of communication between the two oceans which the Company may open up during the time they are engaged on the grand canal. On the other hand, the privileges bestowed are, not only the exclusive rights for constructing the canal, but also the exclusive right of inland steam navigation; grants likewise are to be made of eight sections of land on the banks of the canal, each section to be six miles square. The concession, as originally proposed, was for eighty-five years, but it has since been extended in perpetuity.

The first payment of \$10,000 has already been made by the Company to the Government of Nicaragua; and the general arrangement having been favourably viewed by the cabinet at Washington, there can be no question that the privileges which have been acquired under it may now be regarded as incapable of being upset. It is true that Mr. Barclay, the British consul at New York, has given notice to the Company that in extending the grant to the exclusive right of navigating the river San Juan, the State of Nicaragua has entered into an agreement in regard to places where it has no competence, since "the boundary line of the Mosquito kingdom touches the St. John's river at the Machuca rapid, about thirty miles below the Lake Nicaragua, from whence to the mouth of the St. John's the navigation belongs to Mosquito;" but this, supposing the English view to be admitted, can in no way affect the main privileges they have obtained. It would necessitate a negotiation on their behalf to obtain from the King of Mosquito, or, in other words, from the English Government, a guarantee of those rights on the San Juan which it is not in the power of Nicaragua to grant; and in this it is to be inferred there would be no obstacle, since it would be impossible to refuse the application, so long as the Company are ready to bind themselves that the route, when constructed, shall be open, on fair and equal terms, to the whole world, and that the power of holding its stock and of participating in its management shall likewise be free to all parties. Indeed, it is believed that the question has already been met, both by Lord Palmerston and Mr. Abbott Lawrence, in a spirit which will speedily lead to a joint guarantee on the part of England and the United States of the neutrality of the whole line. As to political difficulties, therefore, so far as the promoters of the canal are concerned, there are actually none. A short, although a vexatious delay—for even a few months' impediment to such an undertaking would be an evil full of reproach—is all that could arise out of the uncertainty at present existing on these points. Neither England nor the United States would like it to form part of their history, that the human race had been kept, for two or three or more years, from

witnessing the junction of the Atlantic and the Pacific, because their foreign ministers had been unable to adjust a wrangle as to whom belonged the right of conceding some seventy miles of the now desolate track through which the work would pass.

In the projects for the Nicaragua Canal hitherto put forward, the estimated cost has been £4,000,000, the actual outlay being reckoned at £3,600,000, and the remaining £400,000 being allowed for casual expenses. These calculations were professedly made on the high scale of the Calcedonian Canal, where the expenditure was notoriously reckless, and at a period when the mechanical facilities for such undertakings were very imperfect as compared with the present time. They were based, however, upon the surveys of Mr. Baily, which are regarded as having been made with a degree of conscientious care entitling them to the highest credit. Hence, in the calculations in question, there are no existing points of engineering difficulty which were not comprised; and it may accordingly be inferred that, if they were under the mark, the deficiency was simply caused by not allowing enough for labour, materials, and interest of money. The improvements in mechanical science, and the diminution in the cost of materials during the last ten or fifteen years, would, it may at least be assumed, make up as large an amount on the other side; and allowing, therefore, for the invariable experience which attends all estimates, there is now no reason to suppose that, under any circumstances, the cost could exceed the total that has been contemplated. This is somewhat less than half the amount that has been expended for the Dover Railway, and about two-thirds of the expenditure for the Brighton.

The revenue, which was calculated years ago when the original schemes were propounded, was taken upon 900,000 tons, and the contemplated toll per ton was 10s. for European, and 20s. for United States vessels; the whole producing about £600,000 a year, which, after leaving two per cent. for maintenance, and one per cent. for sinking fund, would yield a return of twelve per cent. on the capital.

An examination of these estimates, however, produces no conviction of their correctness. All the materials on which they were founded were extremely vague; too much reliance was placed on the change of route to India; and the proposed difference in toll to American vessels would, moreover, never be tolerated. This difference was suggested on the idea, that as the average saving of time to United States vessels would be two months, and to European vessels only one month, toll should be exacted in a proportionate ratio; but it would introduce an entirely new principle into the universal system of navigation

dues, and public charges of all kinds, and one that would be found as impracticable as it would be unjust and absurd.

But since these statements were made in 1835, the traffic with South America has greatly increased, and Australia and New Zealand have been growing in importance. Still, even with these changes, capitalists would possibly have regarded the experiment with hesitation. At all events, it would have been one of anxiety. It is, as we have already observed, the discovery of the gold mines in California that has alone altered the whole aspect of the affair, and rendered it such as will be pursued with eagerness.

While the Panama Railway will take the whole of the passengers for the western ports of South America, the Nicaragua route must command the entire traffic to California the moment it shall be rendered practicable, even by a mixture of water and land conveyance. On the completion of the canal, it will of course, in addition, monopolise all the shipping trade between the two oceans, but some of its most startling results will be witnessed long before that period. The distance saved by the Nicaragua route in the journey to California, as compared with the Panama, is sufficient to prevent the possibility of competition; and apart from this, the attractive features of the former are such as to give it an unquestionable superiority. Now, the emigration to California from the United States has recently been 6,000 or 7,000 persons each month, or at the rate of 80,000 per annum; and one peculiar feature of that emigration seems to consist in the fact that, at whatever rate it may continue, it will always be of a shifting kind,—that is to say, there will always be a tide of persons both going and returning. Gold digging can only be carried on for about five months out of the twelve, and during the idle season it would be far more economical to return to the States than to live at San Francisco. The operation itself is also one which men are only disposed to pursue temporarily, so that after a little while each miner is content to return and to leave his place to a new comer. This has been particularly exemplified during the past autumn,—both the influx and efflux of passengers having been enormous; and that the efflux was not caused by persons who were returning in disappointment, has been abundantly shown by the fact of their re-appearance in the United States not having led to the slightest diminution in the number of those who were still eager to emigrate. According to the last accounts, ships of a still larger and finer class than those hitherto employed were being placed upon the service, and every ticket in the three lines of steamers had been taken up to May or June. There is consequently ground to calculate on a constant stream both ways. The certainty of this is indeed demonstrable. At

present the average to each miner is at least five dollars per day; and supposing the supply of gold to continue at this rate, population must steadily flow in until the rate of wages for a similar day's labour, after making allowance for the expense of passage money, &c., shall have been equalized throughout the world. Each mail repeats the story that no one in the country doubts the supply to be comparatively inexhaustible. By the last advices, Colonel Fremont, moreover, had discovered, between San Francisco and Monterey, a vein in the mountains which yielded the extraordinary proportion of one ounce of gold to twenty-three pounds of rock. Quicksilver and silver mines were also waiting only for machinery and labour. Instead of a diminution of activity in this direction, everything therefore indicates an increase.

However much we may be disposed to distrust the twelve per cent. estimate of those who in former years proposed the execution of the work, we must under these circumstances admit that there can be little fear of its present results. We must look not only at the traffic which is even now before us, but we must take into account its natural increase from the greater cheapness and rapidity of the new route. We must also look at the growing importance of Oregon, and to the certainty of the crowd of small steamers that will rapidly accumulate on the Pacific, from the smoothness of its waters and the abundance of the easily worked coal of Vancouver's Island.

At the same time, although the view is thus bright, there is no great likelihood that it will attract any amount of English money. Faith, the great element of all enterprises, has been destroyed in this country for many years to come; and not only is there no disposition to enter upon the scheme among ourselves, but there is a strong tendency to suppose that others would be equally timid, and to doubt if the Americans would or even could carry it out without "the aid of British capital." Such has been our step from the sublime to the ridiculous, that we have come to look upon the expenditure during the next twelve years of a sum of £4,000,000 (which is a little more than half the amount of the railway calls for the month of January, 1847), upon the grandest public work that mankind has ever contemplated, as something that is really appalling from its temerity, and that is only to be carried out by a congress of capitalists from all the nations of the earth. In the United States, however, the feeling is very different; and every year vast works are quietly undertaken there, and carried to completion in a way which would surprise those numberless people who are too apt complacently to believe that all the world stands still except when funds are sent from London. They have enjoyed pros-

perity since 1839; and although, of course, after so long a period, their turn for a run of madness must be approaching, there are at present no signs of it, and no apprehensions of its arrival for two or three years. They are quite prepared, therefore, to look confidently at any rational project, however broad, and nothing could be presented to them which would more enlist their commercial aptitudes, their hard energy, and practical benevolence, or their patriotic pride. "I would not speak of it," said one of their writers, a few years back, "with sectional, or even national feeling; but if Europe is indifferent, it would be glory surpassing the conquest of kingdoms to make this greatest enterprise ever attempted by human force entirely our own."

We may rely, therefore, that the day is gone by when the undertaking could be neglected for want of funds. If carried out entirely by capitalists in the United States, it will probably be pushed forward with less rapidity than would otherwise be the case; but this will be far more than compensated by the exercise of greater economy and certainty. Meanwhile, steps have already been taken for ascertaining what will be necessary to render the route immediately available for passengers, and for placing steamers upon the river San Juan and the lakes. The Chairman of the Company—a Mr. Vanderbilt, who it is said has been more largely and profitably connected with steam navigation than any other citizen of New York—started some months back on a personal survey of the entire district; and, as he and his friends are understood to be prepared to subscribe for a very considerable proportion of the required capital, a report may be expected in which, contrary to English usages, the interests of the stockholder will be consulted before those of the engineer.

The precise course which will be taken by this canal, whenever it may be completed, is still in some parts uncertain; not from any question of great difficulty, but from the fact of three modes presenting themselves for the exit from the lake to the Pacific, from which a selection is to be made. From Greytown (or San Juan) on the Atlantic, the course for 104 miles is by the river San Juan; the Lake of Nicaragua is then entered, and it is the best route from this lake to the Pacific that remains to be determined. The line contemplated and surveyed by Mr. Baily was from the south-western point of the lake to the port of San Juan del Sur, the extent of which would be fifteen miles, with an elevation to be overcome, in one part, of 457 feet. Another route, which has been proposed but not surveyed, is from the same part of the lake to the port of Las Salinas, lying within the boundary claimed by Costa Rica, which would be about the same length, but which

would not, it is said, present a greater elevation than 270 feet; and a third proposal is, to proceed from the northern part of the lake by the river Tipitipa, twenty miles in length, to the smaller lake called Lake Leon, and thence by a canal of eleven miles through a district which is alleged to offer no greater rise than fifty-one feet, to the river Tosta, which communicates at eighteen miles distance with the well known port of Realejo. At present, opinion seems to tend towards the last named course, as the one that would be most advantageous; but it would be idle, with the limited materials now before us, to speculate upon the point, since we shall soon be furnished with detailed statements prepared by practical men, who have entered upon the task of selection with all their interests enlisted in the matter, and with a thorough perception of the way in which all views regarding it must henceforth be adapted to meet most favourably the altered circumstances of commerce that have arisen in connexion with California. The port either of San Juan del Sur, or of Las Salinas, would seem to be in some measure the most desirable, if the trade with South America, Australia, and New Zealand, were made the predominant consideration; but as respects Mexico, San Francisco, Oregon, Vancouver's Island, the Sandwich Islands, and the Indian Seas, which will be undoubtedly by far the most extensive region of traffic, Realejo is the best. Indeed, it is possible that with this view a yet more northerly terminus may be selected, and that, in preference to that port, the line may be made to run into the Gulf of Fonseca.

The certainty of these two routes of Panama and Nicaragua being speedily carried out, in a more or less perfect degree, places the rapid settlement of Central America beyond all doubt; and hence gives to all personal descriptions of the country, such as those which have been furnished by Mr. Baily and Mr. Byam, an interest that comes home to our daily business. Let the reader imagine what must be the effect even of an annual transit of 50,000 or 100,000 adventurous and well-informed people through a strip of country scarcely one hundred and fifty miles broad, yet commanding the ocean intercourse with Europe on one side and with Asia on the other, favourable to health, and abounding, at the same time, owing to the inequalities of its surface, with every natural product that can be found distributed elsewhere, between Scotland and the tropics, and an impressive idea of its coming destiny will be awakened; but let the glance be carried further, to the period of the completion of the canal, and then let it be remembered that within this strip of land lie two calm, yet deep and extensive lakes, that seem, as we look upon them in the map, like huge natural docks in the centre of

the world, intended to receive the riches of a universal commerce; and, in the contemplation of what is yet to be realized, the mind will almost beat with impatience against the slight barrier of time which yet remains between us and its accomplishment.

That Central America possesses inherently all the essentials to attract a dense and vigorous population, is a fact that has rarely been doubted by those Europeans or Americans who have visited the country, and all the publications before us tend to confirm it. The researches of Mr. Stephens showed that it had been largely peopled by an aboriginal race of a remarkable character, and the size of its towns and its architectural remains gives evidence of comparative prosperity under the old Spanish dominion. Leon, the principal city of Nicaragua, was formerly noted for its opulence, and once contained 50,000 inhabitants, who were among the most peaceful and industrious people in the country; while it has now, it is said by Mr. Baily, not more than one-third of that number, and half the place is in ruins. This is simply owing to the wretched revolutionary contests that have gone on without intermission since the declaration of independence, and which are invariably got up by a handful of military vagabonds, who would be swept away in the course of four-and-twenty hours, or who, rather, would never dare to show their faces if a hundred Englishmen or Americans were in the district to stimulate the well-disposed to confidence.

"The fact is," says Mr. Byam, "that every revolution effected in all the republics, from Chili to Mexico, is brought about by such a mere fraction of the population, that it seems a wonder to an Englishman that the great majority do not arise and speak out—'We wish to be quiet; we do not want revolution and murders; nor do we wish to be subjected to forced contributions of money, cattle, and personal service; and, above all, we are nine out of ten in number against your one; and the great majority will not consent to be plundered by the small minority, who are only dissolute ruffians.'"

If the reign of peace were established (and even now it may be considered that such is almost the case, for after the present year we shall hear no more of disturbances in Nicaragua), the progress of the country, apart from the effects of a large European immigration, would of itself be steady and considerable.

With regard to health, the varied productions of Central America give the best evidence that whenever the country shall be opened up by roads and steam-boats, and all the locomotive appliances of modern science, there will be no condition of person who may not, by ordinary attention to the natural laws, enjoy in this territory all the physical power of which his constitution may be capable.

Wherever it is possible to reach, by a few hours' journey, districts in which wheat, barley, and all the ordinary fruits and vegetables of Europe may be grown in perfection, there can be little fear that anything will be wanting in the way of climate to insure the preservation of bodily vigour. Even in its present state, Central America, on the whole, has no bad reputation regarding health, although the advantages offered by its configuration in enabling the inhabitants to vary their climate according to their requirements might as well not exist, since roads can scarcely be said to be known, the best rate of progress being about twenty miles a day, and mule paths through thick woods, without resting-places at night, being usually the only features of a traveller's track. Yet, on the banks of the San Juan, and in other parts of Nicaragua, there are elevations that would afford the most beneficial sites for farms and residences; while in Costa Rica, San Salvador, and indeed in all the states, table lands more or less abound, where any condition of climate may be obtained in a few hours. In Guatemala may be seen fields of wheat and peach-trees, and large districts "resembling the finest part of England on a magnificent scale." Valuable mineral and thermal springs are likewise distributed over the various localities, and there are other adjuncts of a curative kind, which may possibly be found to yield extensive results, and to present even a temptation to some classes of invalids. Amongst these is an animal called the manatec, between a quadruped and a fish, about ten feet long, weighing from 500 to 800lbs., affording excellent food, and possessing a medicinal quality apparently analogous to the cod-liver oil, it being alleged to be strikingly effectual as a speedy cure for scorbutic or scrofulous disorders. "The blood is said to become purified, and the virulence of the complaint, thrown to the surface of the body, quickly disappears."

"Although Central America," observes Mr. Baily, "occupies the middle space between the equator and the tropic of Cancer, consequently lying within the torrid zone, the temperature may be said to be relatively mild, and, taken altogether, it undoubtedly is salubrious;" and this it must be remembered is the testimony of an English officer, who has resided in the country from choice during the best part of his life. The places most prejudicial to health lie on the northern coast and the Mosquito shore, where endemic and intermittent fevers are not unfrequent. The Pacific coast is exposed to a temperature equally high, or nearly so; but is much more salubrious, and seldom visited by epidemic or contagious diseases.

In point of natural riches, Nicaragua and Costa Rica have usually been spoken of amongst the various States as possessing

the most abundant resources, but they all teem with rewards for industry, such as is almost unknown in any other part of the globe; and upon a review of the claims of each state in this respect, it is hard to decide which has the greatest capabilities. In the plain of Nicaragua the fields are covered with high grass, studded with noble trees and herds of cattle. Cocoa, indigo, rice, Indian corn, bananas, and cotton, are here produced, and mahogany, cedar, and pine abound in the forests. On the eastern side of the lake there are cattle farms on which are herds of from 10,000 to 40,000 oxen, bulls, and cows. Horses and mules are bred for riding and for burden. Sheep are reared on the upper plains, and swine are kept for flesh. A planter from one of the West India islands stated his conviction, in reference to the district round Lake Leon, that, provided he could get the same amount of labour, he could manufacture sugar at one-fourth its cost in the West Indies. At present it is sold in Nicaragua for three-halfpence per pound. Leaving the lakes, and descending the San Juan, each bank of the river is covered with valuable wood, of all sizes and descriptions, and the land is of prodigious fertility. With regard to the mining wealth of Nicaragua, Mr. Byam made some interesting observations, but the miserable state of the laws, and the spoliation of the government, prevented him from carrying on the enterprises in connexion with it, to which he might otherwise have been tempted. The copper ores he met with were almost all uncombined with sulphur or any other substance that requires calcining to be got rid of, and they were consequently such as might be smelted in a common blast furnace, with the aid of equal quantities of iron-stone, which lies in abundance on the surface of all the hilly country. He found also silver mines, consisting of fine broad, but rather irregular veins, the ore of which was combined with a great quantity of sulphur and a large proportion of lead. For the want of a silver assaying apparatus he could not get a good assay; but with the means in his power he could produce about fifteen marcs of silver the ton. "The mineral riches that are deposited in the bosom of these mountains," he adds, "are no doubt very great; but the working of the mines is so difficult, from the ignorance of the workmen, who have to be taught everything, their invincible idleness, and the vacillation of the government, that I believe it will be long before anybody will be found to advance capital for prosecuting such a forlorn undertaking." This, however, was written when there seemed no gleam of hope for the resuscitation of the country.

Among the numerous products which Mr. Baily points out as offering temptations to the cultivator, are fruits of various kinds, indigo, and the mulberry for silkworms. Fruits of the country,

it is said, are sufficiently plentiful, as well as oranges and lemons, which are excellent. Vegetables and garden produce are scarce about Leon, but they might be raised in all parts in great perfection; but not being considered of so much importance by the natives as by foreigners, they are unattended to. With regard to indigo, the quality already produced will bear "an advantageous comparison with the finest of any country whatever;" and no part of Central America is better suited to a more extended cultivation of it; yet, with all the advantages that are presented, few efforts are made to increase the annual growth. "The cause of this neglect is mainly attributed, in recent years at least, to a diminution of capital, and possibly, in no small degree, to an apathetic indifference to the future, consequent upon the misfortunes arising from a continued series of internal discords that unhappily have paralyzed all industrial pursuits." Of the *Morus mulicaulis*, it is remarked, "the mulberry for silkworms grows remarkably well, and the climate appears to be congenial to it in all respects. Hitherto, little or rather no advantage has attended the cultivation, chiefly from want of attention and requisite experience. Were these deficiencies supplied, and the business carried on with energy and skill, a large quantity of silk could be produced. How profitable such an article of commerce would be to proprietors needs no demonstration."

The impossibility of any profitable cultivation either of these or of any other articles, except for home use, in the present state of the country, will easily be understood from the circumstance that the rate of conveyance of merchandise and produce seems to be about two or three dollars per cwt. for every hundred miles; while the possibility of transporting it even at this charge, and at a speed of about twelve miles a day, depends upon the supply of mules that may be available. It is likewise to be observed, that agricultural implements are almost wholly wanting. The plough, the harrow, the scythe, the sickle, are not found on the farm; and the hoe and the machete are the only substitutes for them. Under these circumstances, the rearing of cattle is almost the only branch of occupation that is carried on to any extent; but from the difficulty of transit to the markets, where they would be in demand, a good bullock is only worth from four to six dollars, and abundant pasturage yet remains unappropriated. "From a fertility of soil capable of maintaining millions, little more is now drawn than the sustenance of 250,000 inhabitants; but," Mr. Bailly truly observes, "when, by increase of population, a greater command of capital, more intelligence of agriculture, commerce, and political economy, which in process of time will creep in, the beneficence of nature shall be looked

upon as incitement to industry, and encouragement shall be given to raise produce of exportable value and general demand, Nicaragua will be converted into a region of immense wealth."

Of the other four republics of Central America by which Nicaragua is surrounded, namely, Costa Rica, San Salvador, Guatemala, and Honduras, only a few more words are necessary. In Costa Rica, as in Nicaragua, the soil is singularly productive; and all the articles peculiar to inter-tropical regions are grown in abundance, excepting cochineal, cotton, and the vine, which are liable to be destroyed by the periodical rains. Coffee is the staple export, and, as well as indigo, tobacco, and cocoa, which are also produced, is remarkable for its quality. Woods, drugs, grain, fruits, poultry, and a variety of miscellaneous articles, likewise form part of the commerce of this little republic. Some gold mines exist, and are at present being worked, although without any very extraordinary results. Copper and coal are likewise found, but these of course have been neglected. The population amounts to 100,000 inhabitants, of whom only 10,000 are Indians. The trade is now almost exclusively carried on with England in British bottoms; but the shipments taking place on the Pacific side, the tedious route by Cape Horn is a serious drawback. In 1848 the exports consisted of 150,000 cwt. of coffee, estimated at \$6 on board; of about 10,000 ox and cow hides; of a considerable quantity of mother-of-pearl, Nicaragua-wood and sarsaparilla, and of a small number of pearls; the total estimated value being \$1,000,000. San Jose, the capital, is 4,500 feet above the level of the sea, and from this a cart-road of seventy-two miles forms the communication with the port of Punta Arenas on the Pacific. The great want of this republic has been a communication with the Atlantic, so as to save the long navigation by Cape Horn, and the government are now proceeding vigorously with a road of 66 miles from San Jose to the Sarapiquí river, which runs into the San Juan, and will thus furnish the opening that is desired. Costa Rica is the only one of the republics of Central America that for any lengthened period has been free from anarchy, and the result is that she is steadily advancing to prosperity, and that a treaty of amity, commerce, and navigation was concluded with her by Great Britain on the 20th February last. She has at present a minister in London, Senor Molina, who is understood to be the writer of a very intelligent pamphlet on her resources, which has lately been published. By some notices in the French paper, *La Presse*, we also remark that a considerable grant of land has been made to a gentleman in Paris, for the promotion of colonization in a part of the state situated in the Gulf of Dulce, on the Pacific.

The state of Salvador is the smallest of the five republics, but relatively the most populous, the number of her inhabitants being 280,000, and her natural resources and position on the Pacific being calculated to admit of the utmost prosperity. She has, however, been incessantly ravaged by civil discord; and it is only about two months since a large body of her people joined some insurgents in the neighbouring state of Guatemala, with the view of overturning the government in that country; while we have also seen that it has just been necessary for an English ship of war to blockade her ports in order to exact restitution for a fraudulent seizure of the property of British subjects. The chief production of San Salvador has been indigo; but she has the highest capabilities also for tobacco, cotton, sugar, and coffee. The mineral workings have been considerable. Gold was formerly, and still is, extracted; and rich silver mines, which were once wrought, are known still to be valuable. "But for many years past no one has wished to be thought rich enough to work a mine, lest he should be called upon to pay exorbitant contributions to the exigencies of the state." Copper and lead exist in different parts; and, near a town called Matapam, a very superior iron ore is abundantly obtained, which, looking at the price commanded by all foreign iron, might, it is believed, be made to yield very profitable results. On that part of the coast of Salvador, extending from Acajutla to Libertad, is collected the article known in commerce as the balsam of Peru—a name it erroneously received from having been first shipped to Callao, and thence transmitted to Europe.

The state of Honduras has an estimated population of 236,000, and, although possessing excellent capacities both in soil and climate, is chiefly remarkable as a mining district. It contains gold and silver mines, long neglected, owing to the ruin and insecurity occasioned by constant revolutions. Lead and copper, also, in various combinations, as well as opals, emeralds, asbestos, and cinnabar. An abundance of timber and dye-woods is likewise presented, and vast herds of almost profitless cattle range over lands that are otherwise unoccupied.

Guatemala has a population of 600,000, and nearly all the surface of the state is mountainous. In point of salubrity, extent of available lands, and quality of the soil and climate, the finest field for European immigration is perhaps to be found in this quarter.

"Maize and wheat," it is said, "are abundant, and of superior quality; rice is excellent; the tropical fruits and vegetables are good, and in great variety; and the produce of leguminous plants is equal to the best of that grown elsewhere. All European fruits and garden-stuff grow kindly; and if the Indians, who are the only cultivators, were

better instructed in the art of horticulture, they would be carried to an enviable degree of perfection; in fact, but few regions are so well endowed with the capabilities of producing all that ministers to the comforts as well as luxuries of life. Of things more important in a commercial view, cochineal at present holds the first rank; to which may be added cacao, tobacco, sugar, coffee, silk, cotton, wool, and a numerous list of minor articles."

In glancing at these leading characteristics of the various states of Central America, the reader will speedily have arrived at the conclusion that, in the hands of Anglo-Saxon settlers, they would long ere this have ranked amongst the most beautiful and prosperous portions of the earth. But until now there has been work for the race in higher latitudes, and it will be from the present year that their rise will date. The nature and rapidity of that rise will, we believe, be such as has never yet been witnessed in any analogous case. Emigration from the United Kingdom has hitherto been confined to swarms of the poor, going out to fight the battle of life in untilled solitudes, where they might best enter upon it with unburthened limbs; and although their progress has been wonderful, and they have caused cities and states to rise up as if by magic, there have still been rough elements in the whole proceeding which have left room for us to contemplate the possibility, under more favourable circumstances, of an equally rapid progress, coupled with a far higher and finer civilization. All separation of classes is bad, and the true system of emigration, where the temptations for it exist, is that where the rich and the poor, the educated and the uneducated, go together. But the rich and intelligent will go only from choice, and they demand as inducements a brighter sky, a more genial climate, and facilities of communication. New Zealand, from its possession of the two first recommendations, has already attracted many, but its distance and solitariness are fatal objections. Central America promises to fulfil every required condition. In a short time the active spirits from New York and Boston, who are even now infusing new life and hope into Jamaica, from merely calling at that island in their way, and stirring up its inhabitants to the resources at their feet, over which they have hitherto blindly moped, will have displaced the spirit of anarchy by that of enterprise. There will then be abundant work for the labourer, and temptations for all classes, even to the highest. The merchant can seek no broader field than one where he can deal with the meeting commerce of two worlds, together with every variety of teeming produce at his own door. The agriculturist, the fisherman, the miner and the engineer, will likewise find greater stimulants and rewards

than can be met elsewhere. The artist will be incited by scenery which in its condensed grandeur and prolific beauty, from the mountain Ysalco in Salvador, which burns incessantly as a natural lighthouse on the Pacific, to the frosty table-lands of Guatemala, combines, like the soil and the climate of the country, every feature that is otherwise only to be witnessed by extended wanderings. The naturalist, the geologist, the astronomer, and the antiquarian will here also have a new range; and the man of so-called leisure, who in his way unites the pursuits of all, will proportionably find the means of universal gratification.

And in the narrow confines which hold these advantages the people of every land and government are destined to meet on common terms. The Russian from Behring's Straits, the Chinaman, the African from Jamaica, the New Zealand sailor, the Dutchman from Java, and the Malay from Singapore, will mingle with the Mestizoes and Indians of the country, and each contribute some peculiar influence which will be controlled and tempered to the exaltation of the whole by the predominant qualities of the American, the Englishman, and the Spaniard. Is it too much to suppose, that under these circumstances a people may arise whose influence upon human progress will be of a more harmonious, and consequently of a more powerful, kind than has yet been told of?—that starting at the birth of free-trade, and being themselves indebted to a universal commerce for their existence, they will constitute the first community amongst whom restrictions will be altogether unknown; that guaranteed in their independence by Great Britain and the United States, and deriving their political inspirations from a race amongst whom self-government is an instinct, they will practically carry out the peace doctrines to which older nations are only as yet wistfully approaching; that aided and strengthened by the confiding presence of people of every creed, the spirit of Christian toleration will shine over all, and win all by the practical manifestation of its real nature; and finally, that the union of freedom, wisdom and toleration may find its happiest results in the code of internal laws they may adopt, so that amongst them, on the luxuriant land hitherto made desolate by the sole principle of bloody retaliation, the revengeful taking of human life may never be known; and that they may be the first to solve the problem—if amongst those who profess Christ's doctrines it can be called a problem—of coupling the good and reformation of the offender with the improvement and safety of society, and the exercise towards both, not of a sentimental, but of a philosophical and all-pervading love?

S.

ART. VIII.—1. *The Morning Chronicle*.

2.—*The Times*.

3.—*The Edinburgh Review*.

IN a late number we ventured to submit to our readers a few thoughts upon the "state of the nation"—what of satisfactory and encouraging there is in that state—what of unsatisfactory and disgraceful; and we endeavoured to show that while there is much reason for self-reproach in what is wrong around us, there is none for despondency. We did more; we ventured to point out some of the means at present neglected, but which, if employed, could not fail to be highly efficacious in bringing about a more satisfactory state of things.

It will be remembered that in that paper we refrained from engaging in any minute description of the destitution, and the suffering consequent upon it, so fatally prevalent through the country. The cholera was at its height while we were writing. Terror was urging humanity to grope into hidden recesses of filth, poverty, and vice; and every day the most sickening evidences of human privation and degradation were brought to light. It was, we thought, known to ourselves and to all who cared to know, that every tenth person among us is a pauper; that our jails and workhouses cast a slur upon the surrounding civilization; and that the wages, dwellings, and habits of a very large number of the people, whether in town or country, under the walls of Windsor, or in places the farthest remote from the sunshine of royalty, are such as to cause the humane to shudder and the timid to tremble; to make high-spirited men wonder how there can be so much tame submission, and the thoughtful to be a little anxious lest this tameness of submission should come to an end.

The existence of a most formidable amount of destitution was, accordingly, assumed by us as a great fact; and our attention was exclusively directed to the causes of this destitution, and thence to the means of prevention for the future, and of mitigation in the present. The subject is so wide and so important, the aspects in which it may be viewed so various, and its claims upon our attention so unceasing, that a perpetual recurrence to it is not merely pardonable, it is commendable; and we are glad to see three such important organs of public opinion as the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Times*, and the *Edinburgh Review*, devoting a large portion of their space and talent to questions bearing upon this subject, which cannot fail henceforward to be uppermost in

the public mind until a satisfactory solution has been brought about.

The state of destitution has been placed before the public in so many forms and shapes that we may as well attempt to classify them. Its extent and intensity have been described; means for its mitigation have been implored; its causes have been traced and expounded, and means for its prevention have been suggested and investigated. Unfortunately, the knowledge, the earnestness, and the humanity, requisite to deal with the subject in these several bearings, have seldom been combined in one individual. The compassionate have brought misery to light and begged for relief, unconscious of the greater misery which they might be calling into existence; while those who are keenly alive to remote consequences have too frequently overlooked present suffering, in their wish to avert future misery. The day, it may be hoped, is at last coming when present suffering may be so relieved as not to nurture future misery; and future misery be guarded against without reproach to humanity in the present.

From the 18th of October, 1849, up to the present time, the *Morning Chronicle* has published an uninterrupted series of letters, by different writers, on the moral, intellectual, material, and physical condition of the industrial poor throughout England. Many of them contain most graphic descriptions of various phases of frightful destitution, rural, metropolitan, and manufacturing. The indications by these writers of the causes of the destitution described are slight and confused, and the suggestions of means of prevention and mitigation still more so. Upon any shortcoming in these respects we should not, however, be justified as yet in animadverting, since it was stated by the editor in his introductory announcement of the object, that—

“We wish to be understood as not pledging ourselves to so much as an opinion, much less a measure, until our collection of materials shall be completed. * * * * * Our sole object is the elucidation of questions which have embarrassed the wisest and the best. We may fail, as our predecessors in the same aspiring attempt have failed; but we shall most assuredly succeed in making very valuable additions to the general stock of knowledge, in dissipating many dangerous errors, in paving the way for the reception of some important truths, in laying the ground-work of an improved system of government, in promoting a better understanding between rich and poor, and in accelerating the progressive amelioration of mankind.”

What the “special correspondents” of the *Morning Chronicle* are doing for England, Mr. Bright has already done for Ireland. He employed the earlier part of the late parliamentary recess in making a personal inspection of the sores of the sister-kingdom,

and has since communicated the result of his observations, in an elaborate speech, to his constituents at Manchester, upon which the following able comments appeared in the *Times* newspaper:—

“Our readers are aware that all who have been in Ireland make a point of assuring you that you do not and cannot know anything of the people, their character, and their condition, unless you have been amongst them. They tell you that all England is under a mistake, and that everything in Ireland is altogether different from what you would imagine; but when you have duly opened your eyes, your mouth, and your ears, to suck in their revelations at all points, and they have related their own experience, you find that they tell you exactly the same story that you have been told a thousand times before; and that, whatever the novelty and value of the impression, it is quite uncommunicable, and utterly incapable of being rendered into words. Mr. Bright has been a few weeks in Ireland, and tells the people of England that the newspapers give them no idea of its real state; yet he does not tell them more than the newspapers have told them already. The illusion—for so we must call it—does not stop here. Every man who has been six months in Ireland will be just as ready to deceive Mr. Bright’s knowledge after only a six weeks’ sojourn. He, in his turn, will find himself an object of contempt to the man who has resided six years in the country, while they who have had the good fortune to spend the whole of their lives on that charmed soil, are generally found to believe themselves the only persons competent to legislate or to speak about Ireland, but prove to be, in fact, the most ignorant, narrow-minded, bigotted, and altogether incapable, of her legislators and advisers.

“What Mr. Bright saw with his own eyes makes up about a twentieth of his speech. He saw everywhere the miserable traces of eviction, and at a village near Castlebar heard some of the sufferers tell their sad tale. At Skibbereen he saw a stout young woman offering, for three halfpence, a heavy load of turf she had brought on her back a distance of six miles; and at the same place he saw a crop of oats growing over the recent graves of 600 victims of famine and pestilence. He saw the workhouses still crowded, and all the largest buildings of the country tenanted by paupers. We are sorry to say that even this metropolis may almost match these incidents. There are young women and old women here, earning three halfpence a day at slop-work, not in their native villages, on the mountain side or the shores of the Atlantic, but in dark garrets, in pestilential courts, far away from the birth-place of their friends. Every quarter, and, indeed, every month, there are in this metropolis thousands of evictions under the most distressing circumstances, and with the most deplorable results. The non-payment of rent, rates and taxes, is as severely punished in Bermondsey or Bethnal-green as in Mayo or Kerry. If, too, Mr. Bright will look across the Thames from the new House of Parliament, he will see, a little to the west of Lambeth palace, the site of a small burial-ground, in which are probably more than 600

victims of cholera, whose graves are not yet green. This we say, not to abate the melancholy interest of Mr. Bright's narrative, but merely to show that he has not penetrated much below the surface in his observations. Like nearly all Irish tourists, whether in these columns or in bulky octavos, he describes what he sees, and leaves others to analyze his descriptions and discover the real import of his facts.

"At last, after an hour's talk on these painful familiar topics, Mr. Bright could no longer defer that necessity which, and which only, brings any speech about Ireland to a close. Every man has his panacea for Ireland, and now we have one by the distinguished free-trade orator. It is that land should be made as free as a chattel, that landowners should possess the privilege of bankruptcy, and that their estates should be divided among their creditors like money in the funds. How this is to be done, and whether it will or will not be done by the Encumbered Estates Commission now sitting, Mr. Bright does not tell us; but till he has supplied the means and ways, his plan, like most other plans for the good of Ireland, is simply the old specific of salting the bird's tail. Nay, no sooner has he propounded it than he remembers that one other thing is necessary—viz., compensation for such buildings and improvements as the tenant may choose to make. So little thought, however, has Mr. Bright given to this point, that he tells us no leases are ever granted to Catholics; so that we are to infer the compensation he proposes must extend to yearly holdings, or be confined to the few Protestant leaseholders. But, after floundering through this 'one thing more necessary,' he soon finds himself, by a natural transition, at the church establishment and the Irish representative system. What does this show, but that Mr. Bright has no plan for Ireland but the general adoption of liberal principles, both in politics and religion—a plan which he was always ready to recommend, and which he did not require a tour through Ireland to teach him?"

The above is from the *Times* of the 29th October last. The same writer continuing the subject on the 30th, remarks that—

"When a man of ability and consideration offers himself for the solution of a great political difficulty, we are bound in the first place to thank him for his courage, and in the second place to tie him down to his undertaking. Mr. Bright is one of those fortunate few who can so speak as to command the attention of an English audience. He enjoys the special confidence of a leading constituency, and of a numerous and busy association. Of course, when such a man offers to rid us of a scandal and a nuisance, which has figured in English history nearly seven centuries, and in its native annals from time immemorial, we are only too happy to hail so auspicious a promise and so powerful a deliverer.

"The Manchester Strongbow wishes to annex Ireland to the dominion of a particular English agitation; and he proposes to do so, not by knights and archers, but by sweeping condemnations of govern-

ments and laws, and by equally indiscriminate sympathy with the people whom these laws have attempted to reform, and almost with the crimes against which they have been directed. He pleads 'the law of nature,' as the excuse of positive crimes, and tells the people that they are wretched because they cannot easily become land-owners,—because the fee-simple of the soil is in the hands of a comparatively small class,—because their ancestors, centuries ago, while in a state of suppressed rebellion, were not allowed to keep war-horses,—because the protestant proprietors are obliged to pay somewhere about a thirtieth part of their rent to the protestant clergy,—because men who certainly would not have a vote in this country are by no means certain of a vote in Ireland,—because an Irishman cannot retain his holding in the face of his landlord, and without the formality of rent,—because he cannot build what he pleases on his land, and then charge for the same what he pleases to his landlord ;—in fine, because the Irish peasant is not much more favoured than the English labourer in the making and the administration of the laws. Not denying, ourselves, that there is a foundation of truth in Mr. Bright's commentaries on the condition of Ireland, we think nobody else can deny that he has so expressed himself as to encourage the inveterate tendency of Irishmen to look to everything and everybody, excepting only themselves, for the cause of their misery. Had Englishmen indulged much in the sentimental speculations which form the staple of Mr. Bright's Irish sympathy, they would never have emerged from pristine barbarism, wretchedness, and dirt. It is not one Englishman in twenty who has a chance of getting, we do not say a freehold, but a holding of any sort that a man can live upon. Not one in twenty has a pecuniary interest in the Established Church, or any reason besides his religious convictions for remaining a member of it. In fact, there is not an Irish grievance but we could show the like. Yet we are *comparatively*, though only comparatively, prosperous, happy, and peaceable. The reason is obvious. Englishmen are in the habit of considering that every man must take care of himself, and has himself to thank if he does not maintain, and even improve his position in society. We should like to know what special favour Mr. Bright himself has received from the social, political, or ecclesiastical institutions of his country. Yet he is a well-to-do man, represented in Parliament by his own fluent tongue; not at all prostrate or down-hearted; able to speak his mind of the gentry, and, in fact, about as independent a personage as one could expect to find under any form of government whatever.

"The honourable member for Manchester must see, on reflection, that he has flattered prejudices and excited expectation, as yet to no purpose. He has made a rash pledge to tell England what she ought to do to Ireland, and has scarcely so much as attempted to redeem it. We hold him, however, to that pledge. We ask him to suggest remedial measures; to put them into a definite and a working form; to recommend them by his eloquence, in-doors and out of doors; to perse-

were till they be carried, and so to prove that his object is something more than a clap-trap invitation to Irish supporters."

Our reflection on reading these articles, when they made their appearance, was "very true! but rather severe!" for it cannot be denied that Mr. Bright is doing excellent service, and is earning public gratitude by his industry and moral courage. Neither could we suppress another reflection—that the criticism of the writer in the *Times* would have lost none of its appositeness or pungency had it been directed against the general scope and tendency of the social and political disquisitions which habitually appear in that journal. To carp at the efforts of others is, unquestionably, a much easier business than to execute work successfully one's self. Perhaps, like Sancho Panza, the conductors of the *Times* have no fondness for self-flagellation, and find the impaling of an opponent a more fascinating occupation. One great truth is to be found in the selections that we have given. The writer hits the right nail on the head when, contrasting the English with the Irish, he says, Englishmen "are comparatively, *though only comparatively*, prosperous, happy, and peaceable. The reason is obvious. Englishmen are in the habit of considering that every man must take care of himself." The logical inference from the words "though only comparatively," is that this English habit of self-reliance is not so strong and universal as is desirable—as it might be—as it ought to be. The development of this thought, and the practical application of these developments to the people of both England and Ireland, are tasks to which the energetic, the intelligent, and the humane are specially summoned to apply themselves in these times. We shall hail the day when Mr. Bright, besides buffeting the aristocracy—and the writers in the *Times*, besides buffeting Mr. Bright, and everybody else—shall cordially co-operate in striving to reduce the means of generating habits of self-reliance among the people into "a definite and a working form."

We cannot take leave, on this occasion, of our contemporaries of the *Morning Chronicle* and *Times*, without an attempted expression of some of the thoughts which have of late been excited in us by the general tone of these journals. The *Times*, as is well known, has been long conspicuous for its unremitting efforts to explore and call attention to the sufferings of the poor, and in pleading for the alleviation of their sufferings. The conductors of this journal, shocked apparently at the magnitude of the evils brought to light by their own researches, roused to a sense of the necessity of something more than appeals to pity and reliance on charity, public or private, are now turning their attention (if we do not greatly err in our interpretation of what

we have read) to the means of preventing that which is showing itself too unmanageable for any ordinary powers of mitigation. The tactics of the *Times*, according to common report, have generally been to follow, or at most to keep pace with, public opinion. The conductors of this journal, unless we be over-sanguine in our anticipations, are about to enter upon the more arduous and noble duty of leading public opinion; of enlightening it as to what are the true remedies for the social evils under which we groan. The *Morning Chronicle* has assumed the cloak and lantern laid aside by the *Times*, and is groping about for that information which the *Times* considers it has already obtained and given to the world. But repetition has its uses, and the oft-told tales again narrated in the *Morning Chronicle* have created a sensation, the forerunner, it is to be hoped, of some permanent benefit—of something more than a look of pity and an alms-offering. The wide-spread destitution, so long suffered to dwell amid revelry and pastime, has been once more described. A promise, *yet to be performed*, has been given that this destitution shall be traced back to its causes, and means for its future prevention or diminution be suggested. May this promise be performed! * The business before us all is complex and difficult. It is not as if the work to be done were simply to avoid future destitution. That is to be done; and simultaneously the destitution fastened upon us in the present has to be combated. Whoever engages zealously in this arduous work, which demands such

* Not entirely without hope did we read the announcement by the conductors of the *Morning Chronicle*, of their resolution to investigate the causes of destitution, and to suggest measures for its mitigation and prevention. Our hopes, we must confess, are not so strong as they were. A project for the partial relief of one class—the distressed needlewomen—has grown out of the labours of the *Morning Chronicle* Commissioners. So far, so good. But the grand difficulty is how to extinguish or weaken the fecundity of the Hydra-headed monster, which seems capable of generating two destitute objects for every one that is relieved. How will the Hercules of the *Morning Chronicle* deal with the terrible Hydra of these our days, against which he has entered the lists? Can he afford us no better encouragement than what is to be found in his paper of 12th December last—nothing but moanings and ravings about “a rage for buying and selling at rates below their honest and intrinsic value”—“selling under prime cost”—“fictitious and hasty cheapness”—“cheap shops”—“underhiding one another”—“love of bargain-making”—“abuses of competition?” The article out of which these gems have been plucked does not, surely, present us with what was meant for a foretaste of the feast that awaits us; with a sample of the light that is to break upon our darkness; of the strength that is to aid our weakness; of the scientific precision that is to instruct our ignorance and to guide our inexperience. Can there be any truth in the report that the conductors of the *Morning Chronicle* have so far allowed their feelings to get the better of their judgment, as to have led them to employ one of the more elderly of these poor needlewomen to do an occasional leader?

varied acquirements and resources, will find much to bewilder himself—much to disarm severity of criticism upon the mis-carriages of fellow-labourers. In exposing and removing causes of destitution—in suggesting and substituting causes of well-being, it will be found that there is error enough to correct, mischief enough to repair, mismanagement enough to rectify, ignorance enough to enlighten, omissions enough to supply, to make us welcome the assistance of all who volunteer their services. Let us, therefore, proceed to examine some suggestions which have been offered to us in another quarter. These will lead us into a more intricate portion of the question. Henceforward we shall have to deal, not with descriptions of human misery, but with means suggested for the prevention of that misery.

We turn accordingly to the last of our cited authorities—the *Edinburgh Review*. In the October number of that journal appeared an article on “Unsound Social Philosophy,” the principal source, according to its author, of the destitution with which we are afflicted. The writer agrees with the *Times* and ourselves in thinking that, without further inquiry, we have already abundant evidence to satisfy us of the existence of so fearful an amount of destitution as to call for most prompt measures, and to warrant most energetic action; and he applies himself to explain the course of proceeding which he would recommend.

He begins by condemning Poor-laws.

“We say that the principle of our Poor-law sanctions the appropriation of the earnings of the industrious to the maintenance of the idle.”—p. 505.

“The Poor-law, according to the modern theory of it, is, in principle, a virtual abrogation of natural laws. It interposes between the cause and its consequence. The laws of nature—which are the ordinances of Providence, and therefore the embodiment of unerring wisdom,—have decreed that idleness and improvidence shall incur destitution: we assume to ourselves a dispensing power, and pronounce that they shall *not* incur destitution.”—p. 508.

The indiscriminating condemnation of Poor-laws, seemingly inevitable from such premises, does not appear to be the conclusion for which our author feels himself altogether prepared, since, instead of continuing his onslaught from the positions thus taken up, he partially abandons them, and proceeds in a more relenting spirit.

“But it will be answered, and with great truth, idleness is not the only cause of destitution: many are destitute who are willing and anxious to work. Under all circumstances, casualties will often super-induce destitution. Men in the prime of life are stricken with sudden

incapacity; the premature death of an industrious and thriving workman will often leave his family with no provision against want: fluctuations in fashion, changes in the channels of trade, which no prudence could have foreseen, will often reduce hundreds to poverty. More especially is this the case under our complicated system of society, teeming as it is with anomalies and difficulties, which have descended to us from our forefathers, entailed upon us by their errors, and aggravated by our own clumsy or selfish legislation. Many of the burdens under which the labourer sinks,—many of the impediments to the success of the industrious,—many of the checks which make it difficult for the artisan to find employment—are of our own or our ancestors' creation. Destitution is not always avoidable, even by the energetic and the well-conducted. Society, therefore, which may have caused the mischief, must not call upon the individual sufferer to bear its unmitigated pressure."—p. 508.

The assumed obnoxiousness of the general principle of Poor-laws, and the plea in partial justification of them thus admitted, necessitate some attempt at classification, to assist us in judging under what circumstances relief ought to be granted and where it ought to be denied. The Reviewer accordingly proceeds:—

"We shall be much aided in arriving at a clear view of the merits of the case by a very simple subdivision,—like what is attempted in cases of bankruptcy and insolvency. There are *three classes* of destitute (*i.e.* of those poor who need aid in order to enable them to live): 1st. Those whom society has made destitute by selfish or injudicious legislation, by sins of commission and neglect; 2nd. Those who have become destitute through their own fault, or that of their parents;—and, 3rd. Those who have become destitute through unavoidable casualty, through casualties which could not reasonably have been anticipated—by the visitation of God, as we may say. Each of these classes requires a special and appropriate treatment; whereas both public law and public feeling at present lump them together, and deal with them as a homogeneous mass."—p. 510.

As regards those who are supposed by the Reviewer to come under the first class, he says:—

"Towards these unhappy individuals the duty of society is clear. It must redeem the past neglect, correct the past mistakes, unmake, in short, or efface, the class as speedily as possible, and assist to support it till effaced."—p. 510.

And again, after indicating the kind of conduct which it is desirable should prevail among a people,—

"This amount of good sense and self-denial, however, we have, perhaps, scarcely a right at present to require from them, when we

remember how deplorably the spread of sound education among them has been retarded by our miserable animosities,—how little has been done to teach them those elementary economic laws, on the sedulous observance of which their worldly welfare depends,—how much is still done in an opposite direction in many parishes, by farmers and poor-law guardians, to favour the married at the expense of the single,—how many of our provincial clergy and philanthropists, and how preponderating a proportion of the periodical press, are occupied, even at this day, in preaching up slavish dependence upon charity, and in crying down the virtues of providence and self-reliance, with a mingled recklessness and fanaticism which deserves the strongest reprobation. This, however, must be left to the natural correctives of time and circumstance. Now that the state has unfettered industry, and removed all unfair and oppressive taxation from the poor, all that justice can further claim from it is, that it shall, in the most judicious way that can be suggested, maintain those who really can find no employment, till, in the progress of prosperity, a period arrives (which, to judge by the rapidity with which our natural resources are developed, cannot be far distant) when the demand for labour shall have overtaken the supply; and then to announce that for the future the fate of all must depend on their own foresight and their own exertions.”—p. 511.

The Reviewer then proceeds :—

“The second class is by far the most numerous; and it is in dealing with this class that the radical error of our social philosophy is most apparent and most injurious. The idle, the dissolute, the dawdling;—the Irish peasant, who will beg for a penny, rather than work for a shilling;—the Irish fisherman, who burns his boats for fire-wood, and pawns his nets, instead of using them to fish with;—the agricultural labourer, who waits listlessly in his hovel till work finds him out, instead of diligently setting out to seek it, in every direction, for himself, and who remains a burden on his parish, when manufacturing enterprise in the next town is hampered and delayed for want of hands;—the Sheffield grinder, who, being able to earn a guinea a day, will only work two days in the week, and drinks the other five;—the spinners and weavers in manufacturing towns, who waste hundreds of thousands of pounds in *strikes* for higher wages, which always end in the impoverishment of both themselves and their employers, and in leaving numbers of them permanently unprovided;—the unionists, who, like the weavers of Norwich, the shipbuilders and sawyers of Dublin, and the lace-makers of Nottingham, have, by violence and unreasonable demands, driven away trade from their respective localities; and, finally, the thousands who, in spite of exhortation, in spite of the bitter warnings of experience, persist in spending every week the last farthing of their earnings, as if prosperity and youth and health could always last;—all these are the laborious architects of their own ill-fortune; all these are destitute by their own act, their

own folly, their own guilt. Those parents, again, who marry with no means of bringing up a family, with no provision for the future, no sure and ample support even for the present ;—those who (like a hand-loom weaver whom we knew) bring up eleven children to an over-stocked and expiring trade, which, even to themselves, affords only insufficient earnings and unsteady employment ;—and those who spend in wastefulness and drinking, wages which, carefully husbanded, might secure a future maintenance for their offspring ;—these all bring into the world paupers, who are destitute by their parents' culpability, and the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children.

"Now, with regard to these classes, whatever aid the sentiments of Christian charity may prompt us, as individuals and in each individual case, to administer ; or however it may be occasionally necessary for the state to interpose for the actual salvation of *life*, it is important to pronounce distinctly that, on no principle of social right or justice, have they any claim to share the earnings or the savings of their more prudent, more energetic, more self-denying fellow-citizens. They have made for themselves the hard bed they lie on. They have sinned against the plainest laws of nature, and must be left to the corrective which nature has 'in that case made and provided'—a corrective which is certain to operate in the end, if only we do not step in to counteract it by regulations dictated by plausible and pardonable, but shallow and short-sighted humanity. But let us not lose sight of the indubitable truth, that *if we stand between the error and its consequence, we stand between the evil and its cure* ; if we intercept the penalty (where it does not amount to positive death), we perpetuate the sin."—p. 512.

The third class need not detain us long. The Reviewer says :—

"If the two first classes of destitute persons were dealt with on sound principles—the first, by removing the causes which have induced their destitution, and assisting them till time shall have effaced them, or till national prosperity shall have absorbed them ;—the second, by allowing the natural consequences of their folly to arouse them to prudence and exertion, aided only by such *uncertain* yet liberal succour, as private benevolence will always be ready to afford to the struggling and the sober—the *third* class, the destitute by casualty, will be found reduced to a very narrow and manageable compass. Such destitution, from accident or unavoidable misfortune, is not unfrequent in any class ; but it falls, of course, most extensively on the lowest, as by far the most numerous ; and in their case, when the visitation at any time extends to great numbers, it may often require to be relieved by a compulsory assessment."—p. 517.

We have been at some pains to put our readers in full possession, as far as is compatible with the space at our disposal, of the speculations and recommendations of the Edinburgh

Reviewer upon the causes and preventives of destitution. We must now invite them to consider with us how far they have been reduced to "a definite and a working form."

The prevailing thought, as it appears to us, throughout the whole article, is a horror of Poor-laws; and the chief practical suggestion, as a means of getting rid of them, is to fix a day (a day probably not far distant) when "for the future the fate of all must depend on their own foresight, and their own exertions." But in what state shall we be when the day pre-appointed for the cessation of Poor-laws shall have arrived? An answer to this question must be attempted. Either destitution will have ceased, or it will not. If it should have ceased, Poor-laws, although unrepealed, would be a dead letter. If it should not have ceased, what is to become of the destitute? We would not willingly misconstrue the Reviewer; we give due weight to his expressions—"we do not urge, we deprecate, any barbarous or indecent haste," but we can see no means whereby the destitute are to escape any form of suffering except that of death, and how that is to be provided against does not exactly appear. He is evidently not quite at ease (to use his own word) with this *pet* project of his; otherwise, why these terms "barbarous and indecent," which, by-the-by, can scarcely with propriety be prefixed to haste? Neither the haste nor the project can be correctly characterized as indecent. The project is certainly barbarous enough; it has only one redeeming quality—its utter impracticability.

It is inconceivable to us, after making all allowance for the ignorance and inexperience of the traveller, and for the tortuosities and deceptive appearances of the road, how he can arrive at such a terminus and not be staggered at finding himself there. Every feeling of compassion is to be stifled, every thought of relief is to be suppressed, unless the victim be about to be snatched from torture by death. Is death the worst calamity that can assail our race? We do not really believe that the Reviewer would be able to bring himself to attempt the putting his own project into execution. But he must excuse us for telling him, that if he is to pass with the public for a Political Economist, our surprise at any intensity of execration that might be felt for the science would cease. We ourselves, devoted as we are to the science, as we interpret it, would be tempted to join in the same feeling of execration of the science as expounded by him.

We must protest most energetically against any slovenliness of expression (we wish not to make a more serious charge against the Reviewer) which, even by implication, sanctions the notion that science and humanity can ever be at variance. The Reviewer himself has summoned Mr. Macaulay to aid in correcting his own

distorted visions. With the assistance of this brilliant and popular, if not very philosophical historian, he shows that we are a more humane people than our forefathers. He will scarcely pretend that we are not also more scientific. Humanity and science have advanced, and will continue to advance, hand-in-hand among us.

It cannot be doubted that there is a strong tendency, among a large portion of the public, to consider Political Economy as opposed to humanity; and if such a project as the one we have before us were to be considered as a legitimate result of the application of that science, who could say that the tendency was wrong? But the launching of this ill-digested scheme is not the only contribution made by the Reviewer towards cherishing the mistaken feeling so generally prevalent on the subject of Political Economy. He has had the bad taste to talk of "the maudlin tenderness with which it is now the fashion to regard the criminal and the pauper." (page 503). He even opens his Article with a supercilious sneer at the exertions of those benevolent persons who are not so intelligent as himself—who have not his comprehensiveness of understanding!

"Benevolent individuals had long been busy in examining and exposing those particular grievances and sufferings which had severally attracted their imagination or their pity. Each philanthropist had his *pet* evil. Some mused and discoursed on that congeries of undigested symptoms which they termed the Condition-of-England-Question. Others, less comprehensive in their sympathy, or less ambitious in their zeal, were content to divide the labours of social reformation. One man considered the factory population as his *peculiar* charge; another took coal-mines under his *especial* protection; a third organised a *crusade* against drunkenness; a fourth occupied himself with the statistics of education; a fifth *affected* juvenile criminals; a sixth paupers; a seventh looked after slaves; an eighth *threw his ægis* over the natives in remote colonies."

It would be sad were such a gallery of portraits of philanthropists not to contain at least one portrait of a philosopher. We will contribute one. The philosopher, whose portrait we here tender for the acceptance of the Edinburgh Reviewer, is rich, learned, and sedentary; is given to speculation, and soars high in his aspirations for freedom and progress; writes history and metaphysics; *affects* the refined manners of the powerful and courtly; *patronises* the fine arts; *pets* singers and dancers who have a name; does not even disdain to *throw his ægis* over the private theatricals of Windsor Castle; is *deeply* convinced of the all-importance of the diffusion of a sound education among the people, but *grudges* to contribute his mite towards it; complacently

leaving that work to others less comprehensive than himself, and comforting those who are unfashionably importunate in urging him to come to the rescue of suffering humanity, with the assurance that "Nature, in working her cures, is impatient of no needful slowness, and appalled at no needful suffering:"—p. 520.

Our philosophical Reviewer evidently considers all those philanthropists, with whose portraits he has enriched his gallery, to be governed by "one idea." He evidently does not consider his collection large enough, since he has contributed the portrait of another man of one idea—himself. He lives in a state of society where he sees Poor-laws and destitution existing together. Straightway he assumes that Poor-laws are a cause of destitution, and invokes the abolition of them. Now we, his contemporaries, maintain that destitution is not a consequence but a cause of Poor-laws; and we invoke the aid of all in the work of abolishing destitution. Which of us is guilty of "Unsound social philosophy?" We are at variance on a case of cause and effect—of antecedent and consequent. It will hardly be pretended that Poor-laws preceded destitution in the order of time. Is it not an historical fact that destitution, becoming intolerable in this country, Poor-laws were instituted for the purpose of mitigating it? Is it not a fact of our own times that, although statesmen had used their utmost efforts to shut their eyes and ears and deaden their sensibilities to the agonies of destitution in Ireland, they at last have been compelled to yield to the cries of outraged humanity, and to grant Poor-laws as a means of mitigating what they had been unequal to prevent? How far our Poor-laws have been well conceived for the purpose, or how far the Guardians of the Poor, and other administrators of these laws, have the capacity and disposition to administer them so as to make them efficient for the purpose intended, are questions which we cannot discuss now. We must be content, for the present, in claiming for these laws the station to which they are entitled among the consequences rather than among the causes of destitution.

The Reviewer has endeavoured to assist our judgment by an attempt at classification; he promised that his subdivision should aid us. He calls it simple, and simple enough it is! The intelligent may be puzzled, but the simple will not be enlightened by it. The destitute from unavoidable misfortune are, according to his subdivision, to be relieved; but he fails to explain what are the misfortunes which he considers unavoidable. He elsewhere adverts to "fluctuations in fashion, changes in the channels of trade, which *no prudence could have foreseen*." We doubt whether among a well-educated people there would be many such fluctuations unprovided against; and if they might be provided against,

how can destitution, which is a consequence of their not being provided for, be said to be unavoidable? Again, the destitute who have become so by their parents' culpability, are to be abandoned to "the laws of nature." To our philosophy, the saddest of all the sad objects of contemplation is the prospective history of the child of thoroughly reckless parents, whose death, it is true, is noticed by society, but whose existence is habitually ignored. It is left to grow up ill-fed, ill-clad, ill-housed, ill-instructed and ill-trained, to swell the number of those who infest our streets and crowd our jails. Cannot the Reviewer bring himself to feel that the numerous children, of which this is a type, are the victims of our apathy and bungling, of our sins of omission and commission, and that, having been suffered to ripen into existence, they must be relieved? Will he allow us to ask him what he would do with our criminal and suspected population? Will he refuse to house them, to feed them, to clothe them? He cannot. But he proposes to refuse all this to the simply destitute. Verily, the Reviewer, who is so keenly alive to what he calls maudlin tenderness, ought to ask himself whether there may not be such a thing as maudlin philosophy. He might take a lesson from the half-drunken sailor who, on being refused a night's lodging by the police, broke a lamp in order to gain a title to the indulgence.

In our attempts to unravel the meaning of this writer, we are almost afraid at times of appearing to be captious; but we really cannot make him out. We never can tell whether we hold him or not. We wish he could have penned what he meant—could have stated principles that he had the intention and capability of standing by, and which he did not feel himself under the necessity of frittering away piecemeal, on account of their impracticability the moment he had uttered them. What more melancholy exhibition, for instance, of maudlin philosophy can we have than this—*"if we stand between the error and its consequence, we stand between the evil and its cure,—if we intercept the penalty (when it does not amount to positive death) we perpetuate the sin?"* The *italics* (let it be borne in mind) are the author's own. We may assume, therefore, that the doctrine has been well considered by him. The sentiment, indeed, oozes out again under another form—we may take it to be a *pet* sentiment. How far it can be theologically sound we must leave others to decide—that it is logically "unsound" may be pronounced by anybody. View it which way we will, we find no comfort but in its impracticability. Does not its author know, that to stand between error and its consequence forms a large portion of the business of those who tend infancy and sickness, and who labour in the departments of

education and legislation? The judicious standing between error and its consequence, and the successful effort to remove error by removing the causes of error—these, in combination, leave little else to do. Does he not know that, while we ought to be active in suppressing errors by suppressing their causes, a dogged determination not to mitigate the consequences of errors, by standing between errors and their consequences, would cause life to be unbearable?

The matter in dispute between the Edinburgh Reviewer and ourselves, as far as we dare to say that we understand him, may be thus stated: There are three things which are objects of the utter aversion of both of us, which we would circumscribe at all events, and root out if possible—want of industry, want of economy, and want of forethought. These three things, in common with all others, have causes and consequences. We say—attack, neutralize, destroy by every means in your power, the causes which engender these enemies of well-being, and the consequences—the hateful works of these enemies of well-being—will crumble or perish according to the skill and vigour with which your efforts are directed. The Reviewer says—"Don't stand between these objects of aversion and their consequences—if you do they will never depart." To which our reply is—Your proposal is monstrous, inhuman, impracticable. You must interfere, taking, of course, all possible care in mitigating the consequences, not unnecessarily to infuse additional vitality into the powers of mischief that it is wished to destroy.

It may so happen, after all, that the points of disagreement between the Reviewer and ourselves, and which we have thought it our duty to canvass thus freely, would disappear if he would sit down seriously to reduce his philosophy to a "practical and working form." He has neglected to take the precaution of testing or verifying his speculations by undertaking this task. Indeed, he tells us towards the conclusion of his article—"We have suggested no machinery for the applications of the principles on which our three great divisions are drawn,"—and he might have added "there is no machinery which we could suggest on such principles, that would work." He is, we should think, a young man—at all events we hope not too old to learn. We invite him, then, to accompany us to one of the schools which we have mentioned on former occasions, and to take his seat beside us on one of the forms. The proposition that serves as a text for the lesson is:—

Destitution unrelieved is intolerable to a humane people. Where it has not been prevented, it must be relieved.

Let him join the other juvenile members of the class in

grappling with the questions which follow, and of which we can do no more than offer a sample here.

Who are the destitute ?

What caused them to be destitute ?

How might their destitution have been prevented ?

Why ought life-boats with their crews to be in readiness to save the lives of shipwrecked mariners ?

Why ought danger to be encountered and sacrifices to be made for the relief of crews when ships are on fire, or water-logged, or dismasted, or short of provisions ?

What effect has the suffering of our fellow-creatures upon our own feelings and sympathies ?

How is our own moral character likely to be influenced by habitual disregard of the sufferings of others ?

How is the moral character of these sufferers likely to be influenced by a perception of the indifference of others to their sufferings ?

How is the withholding of all relief likely to affect the number of criminals ?

How is unconditional relief likely to affect the number of paupers ?

If, while relief is liberally afforded to the destitute, no efforts be made to remove the causes of destitution, what will be the consequence ?

How is it possible to relieve destitution, and at the same time guard against the spread and continuance of it ?

When beggary and pauperism are once widely spread in a country, how can they be got rid of ?

How is a community, disinclined to grapple with the question, likely to fare as regards the continuance of pauperism ?

The delight and improvement which he will have received from the intellectual and moral exercise cannot fail to make him seek admission to a second lesson, which shall be granted to him, with the gentle admonition that for admission to any subsequent lesson he must pay the regular fees. Here is the proposition for our next lesson :—

In relieving the destitute, it must never be forgotten that the means of relief are procured from the labour and self-denial of others who are struggling to support themselves.

And here are some of the questions founded upon it :—

Who support those that cannot support themselves ?

What are the qualities by the exercise of which the self-supporting are enabled to support others as well as themselves ?

What are the inducements to the cultivation of these qualities ?

How does the abstraction of part of the produce of industry tend to encourage industry?

What principle ought to guide the functionaries whose duty it is to frame regulations for the maintenance of those who are dependent upon the labour of others?

How is it possible so to relieve the destitute as not to encourage the indolence of the idle and to discourage the activity of the industrious?

Why cannot the able-bodied be made to work, to endure, to acquire skill, to save, so as to maintain themselves?

What principle ought to guide the functionaries whose duty it is to frame regulations for the maintenance of the children of those who are incompetent to support themselves?

How is it possible to train them to habits of industry, and to instruct them in useful knowledge, so as to secure their growing up to be self-supporting?

If such training and instruction be not imparted to the young, how will they be able to maintain themselves when grown to manhood?

What will be the probable effect upon the morals and habits of society, of the continual existence in its bosom of a large number of paupers?

It is to be hoped that the careful consideration of these questions, in the order in which they have been put, will lead our young schoolfellow to rely henceforward less upon what he can do with *consequences* than what he may do with *causes*, for the purpose of preventing destitution. No doubt, in dealing with the consequences, care must be taken to abstract no more from the fruits of industry and forethought, to supply the wants of indolence and improvidence, than will just suffice to supply the merest wants. But even in the application of what is thus abstracted, no comfort that the means thus abstracted will supply should be withheld. The building, the diet, the clothing, the arrangements should be so applied as to afford the *maximum* of comfort out of a *minimum* of means. The steady and intelligent application of this principle would rid us of a deal of rubbishy talk about "*labour-tests*," and of all those offensive and repulsive attempts, by mal-construction of buildings and by harshness of treatment, to make life in a poor-house unbearable.

We are far from putting forth any pretensions either to the literary aptitude or the administrative experience requisite for the successful dealing with the mighty question of "the means of preventing destitution," but we do lay claim to the requisite earnestness. It is a vital question, and we are entitled, nay, we are bound, to offer our mite of contribution towards its solution.

Let us take leave, then, of the various authorities that we have cited, by putting aside the differences which might keep us apart, and, resting upon the basis of hope in which we all trust, thus endeavour to converge towards some common centre of action, from which the monster destitution may be successfully combated.

The causes of destitution are numerous, and the means of combating these causes must be numerous also. We would neither tie ourselves nor anybody else to one cause or to one remedy. The causes have been sufficiently adverted to—they are a formidable and appalling legion. But, fortunately for mankind, there is a mighty giant ready to assist us, if we will but employ him, to stamp them out, to crush, to annihilate them. This giant is education.

Here we may all agree. We must unite to elevate a self-relying people—a people every individual among whom shall possess the knowledge, the skill, and the disposition requisite to take care of himself. Let us not continue, then, as heretofore, to be content with pronouncing the word “education.” Let us realize to ourselves the idea that it stands for—the teaching which gives the knowledge and skill, and the training which gives the character of self-reliance; and, having realized the idea, let us not lose a day in organizing the work by means of which destitution may first be mitigated and diminished, and eventually be banished from the land.

On a late occasion we made an appeal to statesmen and legislators, urging them, with what fruit we know not, to promote, by the sanction of their authority, the diffusion of an improved education throughout the land. To whom else can we appeal? To the heads of our Universities and to the masters of our *Grammar-schools*? We confess our disinclination to be so venturesome, with the little reputation that we may have for being possessed of some small stock of common sense, as to address ourselves to that quarter with any expectation of success. Our Universities and *Grammar-schools*! have they not been the teachers and trainers of those guides and governors under whom this land (if we are to believe the columns of the *Morning Chronicle** and

* “The further we go into the mire of poverty which we have undertaken to explore, the more painful are the facts dragged to light. The daily reports of our correspondent possess the bewildering interest of a fairy-tale. *It seems impossible that such things can have existed so long unnoticed in the very heart of rich, generous, and Christian England.* It is, in bitter truth, the idol of brass with crumbling feet of clay that we have been worshipping, when bowing before the image of our own greatness; and the condition of the poor startles us from our dream of ‘progress,’ as the skeleton of Egyptian banquets startled the guests from theirs of pleasure. Some of us dwell in stately

our own eyes) has been overspread with a leprosy of destitution, immorality and crime, horrible to witness, and whose probable consequences bewilder and terrify us? Our Universities and *Grammar-schools*! are they not fossil-preservations of bygone pedantry and superstitions—of bygone ideas—bygone forms—a bygone age? Has not “the soul been blown out of them?”

No! not to them, but to something that yet has a soul in it! to another quarter—to one which henceforward will never be appealed to in vain.

Turn we, then, to the **PEOPLE**—to the masses—the simple, the unsophisticated, the courageous, the energetic, the hard-headed, hard-handed, unstuffed, unemasculated masses! We invite them to undertake for themselves what their appointed and well-paid teachers have failed to do for them. We invite them to form themselves into “Mutual Improvement Societies” throughout the length and breadth of the land; to investigate for themselves the causes of well-being; to convince themselves what they *ought* to do in order to attain well-being; and to train themselves to the doing of what they shall have convinced themselves they ought to do. Let them only be careful to employ their time and thoughts so as to get to the bottom of what they undertake to learn; to reason into, and not to shuffle through, the great social lessons which will naturally form the principal subjects of their study; to inquire, observe, and question, and finally to acquire convictions; and not to talk at and about and around, or listlessly to listen and repeat, and end by gaining no convictions. Let them, besides, rear up and pour forth from among themselves, the Schoolmasters and Mistresses of their own children—Masters and Mistresses who, free from the fetters of narrow and sectarian influences, shall so educate the children committed to their charge as to cause them to grow up useful and happy men and women. The pecuniary outlay for these two purposes need not be large. The same building will serve for a school-room for the children in the morning, and for the adult “Mutual Improvement Society” in the evening.

W. E.

houses, filled to excess with every luxury, every pretty fancy, every elegance, every beauty; fortunes are expended in ornaments alone, and the soft carpets, the heavy curtains, the beds of down; the marble, gold, and glass, are but items of a magnificence unsurpassed by Rome, or Babylon, or any of the most luxurious cities of past ages. Every country brings us gifts, every science enhances our pleasures; art is our footstool, and wealth enlists all the powers of nature into our service. But when, from these abodes of luxury, we look abroad to the Homes of the Poor, we are constrained to ask ourselves, in shame and sorrow,—‘Are these the fruits of our boasted civilization?’”—*Morning Chronicle*, 17th November, 1849.

ART. IX.—1. *The Church, the Crown, and the State: their junction or their separation; considered in two Sermons bearing reference to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.* By the Rev. W. J. E. Bennett, M.A., Perpetual Curate of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. Third Edition. London. 1850.

2. *Lives of the English Saints.* London. 1844, 1845, &c.

3. *The Temporalities of the Established Church, as they are, and as they might be.* By William Beeston, an old Churchman. London. 1850.

4. *Religion, the Church, and the People; a Sermon.* By J. Hamilton Thom. London. 1849.

WE have often wondered that the English, the most sensible but the most illogical of nations, should endure so patiently the intricacies and uncertainties of their law. That the careless and acute Athenian should frequent his city's courts, with keen relish for the subtlest pleadings by which sophistry could entangle justice, is in keeping with the characteristics of his vivacious and intellectual race. But the docile attention with which an English grazier or tea-dealer, apter to deal with things than with words, will listen to long arguments on forms of evidence and points of law, content no less to let the decision go by flaw than if taken on the merits, is a truly singular phenomenon. The man has no taste for verbal gymnastics; and fine distinctions, if he can see them at all, give him the headache. The fact is, however, he has an obtuse feeling that, through all this play of ingenuity, justice on the whole gets substantially done. Moreover, the mere legal quibbles are used as instruments of *escape*, not of condemnation, and fall in with his leanings to mercy. Once begin to confiscate the patrimonies of his neighbours by help of legal informalities, or to hang men by sophism, and he will give full proof of not only his love for real justice, but his aversion for logical semblance.

As it is with law, so with divinity. Give the English layman something like *right* on the whole, and he will not begrudge the lawyers an ample margin for the manœuvres of a questionable skill. Give him something like *truth* on the whole, by which he may guide himself and live, and he will indulge the divines with license of unlimited talk, and even look with reverent admiration on ponderous libraries written about his simple creed. He looks no further into theology than the demeanour of the parish clergyman. Let the vicar and his curate read the service im-

pressively, preach no novelties, light no candles, look after the village schools, make themselves useful at the board of guardians, and keep the neighbours on pleasant terms with one another, and, for aught he cares, they may suit themselves with any doctrine between Whitgift and Grotius, Laud and Tillotson. He looks on the clerical eagerness about dogma as he does on his wife's gossip and voluminous correspondence—as inherent in the genius of the class, and somehow related to the nice perception and voluble enthusiasm of which he himself feels the fascination. Only you must not ask him to take a part: his business-like habits are apt to bruise the graces; and his plain understanding rubs out all the fine distinctions of the creeds. He leaves these things to ecclesiastics, and with so free an indulgence that there is scarcely any intensity of bigotry and absurdity that may not have its way, provided he and his church are not positively committed to them. Folly and narrowheartedness in one priest are counterbalanced by the wisdom and charity of another; the Calvinism of a Simeon by the Arminianism of a Maltby; the sacramental doctrine of Pusey by the ethical theology of Arnold. The English are not a speculative people. And so long as they see such men as Whately, Thirlwall, and Sumner, amicably seated on the same bench as Blomfield and Philpotts, no religious churchman will miss there a representative of his faith, and the Established Church will gain the credit of being reasonably open to varieties of opinion. The decisions in the articles may be stringent, the pretensions of the ordination-service arrogant, and the imprecations of the creed unflinching; but while they are not pressed into any visible form of ecclesiastical action, the persons of a few mild and charitable bishops suffice to counteract their effect, and to persuade men, fresh from the very sound of her anathemas, that they belong to the most liberal of churches.

Till within the last fifteen years, the English clergy have well understood the conditions on which this favourable interpretation of their system depends. They have not, indeed, always confined their controversies within friendly bounds; and an over-zealous bishop, like Dr. Marsh, might draw around his diocese a close cordon of eighty-seven questions for the exclusion of Calvinistic preachers. But they have kept these differences to themselves: they have not driven the secular bystander to take sides; they have, rather, relied on the inattention of the majority of laymen to dogmatic divinity; and, amid internal heart-burnings, have accepted compliments from neutral admirers, on the generous latitude which admits into one communion Parker and Burnet, Newton and Paley. For some time past, however, they have

evinced more ingenuousness and less discretion; the boast of variety they have exchanged for pretensions to unity; the inconsistencies which constituted their strength, they would wipe out as a reproach. The Anglican talks in high strain of the Catholic consent, as if he were not contradicted by the Bible-Society preacher in the next parish church. The Evangelical glorifies the Lutheran reformation, which his Tractarian neighbour denounces as an apostacy; and the communion, to which they both have taken vows, is praised by the one as the great ally, by the other as the appointed barrier, to the Protestantism of Europe. Both parties affect to be ignorant that the Church of England is the product of compromise, and, in its scheme of doctrine and usage, has been voted into its form of existence by the accidents of party and the confused action and reaction of opinion. They pretend that it is constructed around an "Idea:" as well might you look for such a thing in a parliamentary resolution, framed to catch votes. It is a dangerous employment to hunt for theories in a system of pacified discrepancies; for while such theories are sure to be mutually destructive, each necessarily insists on having the whole system to itself, and will let no lodgings under the same roof to its contradictory. Hence, differences, wide as those which rent Christendom asunder in the sixteenth century, co-exist in the national Church; but co-exist only till one class is strong enough to expel the other, or the nation provoked enough to silence both. It is now conspicuous, that the scope for various thought within our ecclesiastical pale is an involuntary merit. It is no result of a wise tolerance, but is openly treated as the vice of a lax discipline. The Bishop of Exeter leaves us in no doubt as to what the Church would be, if *he* might have the weeding of it; and could the past, as well as the present, be cited before courts under his inspiration, it is curious to think how her history and libraries, no less than her pulpits, would be thinned. The noblest lights of her literature would be put out. Had the episcopal rules, now contended for, always prevailed, Barrow would have been known only by his lectures upon optics, and Samuel Clarke as an editor of Cæsar; Tillotson would not have preached at Lincoln's Inn, or Butler at the Rolls; no Cudworth would have mediated between heathen speculation and Christian faith; where the names of Berkeley and Cumberland stand, the history of philosophy would have been blank; Erasmus would have found no biographer in Jortin, and Wallis no admirer in Whately; Lowth and Whitby, Paley and Coppleston—in short, all men whom a mild and modest temper has disinclined towards extreme views, or a clear intellect disqualified for sacerdotal pretensions—would have been lost to the service and adornment of the Church. The question which the ecclesiastical parties of the

day are now trying among themselves is, whether a stupid uniformity, impossible to genius and repulsive to scrupulous integrity, shall be forced upon the state-religion. Momentous as that question is, it wakes up others far more ominous. The litigation in the Gorham case is on too large a scale, and in too curious a court, not to attract regards seldom directed to theological affairs. Men who doze through the sermon at their parish church are all attention at the rare chance of hearing dogma translated from the language of the pulpit into that of the bar. "Now, at least," they think, "we shall learn what all this is about. We shall get some notion what the schemes are between which we have to choose." We are much mistaken if the result has not been general among the educated laity, of utter disgust at *both*; of amazement to find themselves thrown back upon the scholastic jargon of the middle ages, and into the dreams of an unawakened civilization; of shame at the utter unreality, the emptiness, the cold distance from nature and life, of the tenets said to constitute the religion of this nation. Every Englishman has an interest in the Church, which is entrusted with the highest culture of the people, and for that end has been endowed with resources unexampled among Protestant spiritual corporations; which monopolizes the Crown and the Universities; which is protected by the oaths of Parliament, and represented in the House of Peers; which distributes over the land an organized body of 12,000 priests, whose primate is the highest of subjects, while her curates are in contact with the lowest; whose vicissitudes mingle everywhere with the history of his country, and sometimes almost make it; and which still, in the eye of the world, represents the place which England is to hold in the ultimate retrospect on Christendom. In wading through the recent arguments of counsel on baptismal regeneration and prevenient grace, we could not help asking ourselves—"How will this whole scheme of doctrine look when gazed at from an historic distance,—like that from which we regard the banishment of Anaxagoras, or the trial of Socrates? When classed among the systems of human thought upon divine things, and thrown into the series in which are reviewed the myths of Plato, the ethics of Antoninus, the Immanent Cause of Spinoza, and the moral theology of Kant, what figure will this Religion of the English in the nineteenth century present?" The future historian of opinion will write of us in this strain:—"The people who spoke the language of Shakspere were great in the constructive arts: the remains of their vast works evince an extraordinary power of combining and economising labour; their colonies were spread over both hemispheres, and their industry penetrated to the remotest tribes; they knew how to subjugate nature and to

govern men ; but the weakness of their thought presented a strange contrast to the vigour of their arm ; and though they were an earnest people, their conceptions of human life and its divine Author seem to have been of the most puerile nature. Some orations have been handed down—apparently delivered before one of their most dignified tribunals—in which (as the notes to the last critical edition fully establish) the question is discussed, ‘ In what way the washing of new-horn babies according to certain rules prevented God’s hating them.’ ‘ The curious feature is, that the discussion turns entirely upon the *manner* in which this wetting operated ; and no doubt seems to have been entertained by disputants, judges, or audience, that, without it, a child or other person dying would fall into the hands of an angry Deity, and be kept alive for ever to be tortured in a burning cave. Now, all researches into the contemporary institutions of the island show that its religion found its chief support among the classes possessing no mean station or culture, and that the education for the priesthood was the highest which the country afforded. This strange belief must be taken therefore as the measure not of popular ignorance, but of the most intellectual faith. A philosophy and worship embodying such a superstition can present nothing to reward the labour of research.”

It is a mistake to suppose that tenets of this kind may be prudently let alone, as out of contact with the interests of this life ; and to urge, as a plea for indifference and silence, that theories about the future may be left to be corrected by the future. On the contrary, there is no heavier incubus upon the present than false visions and untrustful fears. Ideal though they be, they are a heavier burthen than unequal taxes and excessive toil. They depress the springs of hope, mar the simplicity of speech, set a police watch around the movements of thought, and drain off the natural joyousness of good hearts : and this, the paralysis of the person, is worse than the crippling of the lot. But their power will prove adequate to *both* ; and only waits, till emboldened by indulgence, to crown the possession of the invisible world with the conquest of the visible. Already the very superstition of which we have spoken exercises no despicable tyranny, and is constantly demanding more. For instance, we were recently present at the following scene :—An artizan, who had an infant in dangerous illness, hastened to the nearest clergyman, and implored him to come and baptize the child. The clergyman, a person of more sense and kindness than orthodoxy, questioned him as to the grounds of so urgent a wish, and intimated that, in his view, the admonition of parents, rather than any mystic operation on the child, constituted the essence of the rite ; so that, where the parental duties were about to be cancelled by death,

he could scarcely feel that his ministrations would be in place. The man, thus encouraged to speak out, protested that neither he nor his wife had the slightest faith in baptism; "But then, sir," he added, "our parson will never bury the poor child if she hasn't been sprinkled." We know this to be a case of constant occurrence. The clergy are habitually employed to perform a rite on whose efficacy no one present has the faintest reliance, and which is submitted to as a part of the funeral fee; and they are thus the occasions of surrounding the cradle of the tenderest death with sullen unbelief and hypocrisy. The guilty pretence is not felt by the parents as a disgrace, since it is the appointed purchase of Christian interment for their child. The Church has here ordained the struggle between veracity and affection; and who can wonder that her minister is used as the tool of falsehood, rather than endured as the agent of tyranny? In every direction the signs abound of a disposition, not only to retain but to extend the pressure of Church ceremony and dogma upon public institutions and private life. What is the gist of the whole controversy between the National School Society and the Educational Committee of Privy Council about the management of parochial schools? There is no question here, as between sect and sect; for no one can belong to the governing board of such school without signing a solemn declaration that he is a *bond fide* member of the Church of England; but the National Society would revive the sacramental test, and compel him to qualify by taking the communion thrice in the year. There is no question about the character of the *religious* instruction to be given in the schools; for it is consigned to the clergyman of the parish, with a final reference to the diocesan, in case of any source of grievance or complaint; and it is imperative that, with the Holy Scriptures, the Liturgy and Catechism of the Established Church shall be taught: but the National Society requires that the Bishop should be the last appeal on *all* school matters, secular as well as spiritual. In short, the Committee of Privy Council, as trustee of the parliamentary grant, insists on a fair proportion of lay influence, of local administration, of secular instruction; the National Society regards as a grievance everything that threatens clerical ascendancy, or raises mental culture into independent importance. Not to educate, but to restrain education within limits suitable to a faith in baptismal regeneration, is the almost avowed end: and this end is to be accomplished, if possible, at the public cost,—not out of ecclesiastical funds, but from the exchequer of a many-faithed and half-dissentient nation. If any one is simple enough to doubt the possibility of so monstrous a demand, his incredulity will be removed by the proceedings of a "meeting of the friends of national education on strictly Church principles,"

held at Willis's-rooms, February 7th. On that occasion, Mr. Napier, M.P., expounded the duty of the State, with the peculiar mellifluous modesty which finds favour in ecclesiastical assemblies: that duty, he said, "resolved itself into the confiding to the accredited instruments of God the duty of bringing the minds of the children of God into harmony with His mind and His will." If these terms had less unction, they would have more sense. But we can hardly err in supposing that the "accredited instruments of God" are the gentlemen in holy orders; that, by "His mind and His will," are meant "strictly Church principles;" that "the children of God" are the youth of these realms. The speaker, therefore, intimating that "the question ought to be easy of settlement," requires that the whole education of the country be delivered over into the hands of the clergy. And this he affirms to be, "not preference for the Church, but justice;" declaring the refusal of it by the Privy Council to be "an attempt to exclude God from the government of the world; to separate Providence from man; to set up the wisdom of man against God's truth." Is any one so ill-read in ecclesiastical history as not to know the savour of this language? The tact of our forefathers discovered that a cardinal's fit of humility, and tears of unusual pathos from the servant of all, were the sure prelude to some high audacity of the triple crown; and the tone of aggrieved innocence in a church is the common disguise of meditated usurpation. The resolution which immediately follows Mr. Napier's demand of "justice to the Church," throws a further light upon the meaning of this plaintive phraseology. It prefers against the educational Committee of Council the complaint, that they "*have, in their corporate capacity, no definite creed, but encourage indiscriminately various and conflicting forms of belief.*" And, in urging this complaint, Mr. G. A. Denison ingenuously states the only remedy which the ecclesiastical conscience can accept:—

"The greatest danger of all was the practical negation of definite truth which was found so largely in the Church itself, from that spirit of compromise which led men, for the sake of what they erroneously called peace, to fritter away the objective truth of God; from that sickly sentiment which made men shrink from unfurling the banner of God, because, on that banner, were written the awful words, 'This is the catholic faith, which, unless man believes, he cannot be saved.' The effects of this spirit of negation and of compromise were not far to seek. The question of education had been, from the first, between the maintenance or the surrender of the creed and doctrines of the church catholic, and of the catechism of the Church of England. All education flowed from, and necessarily depended upon, the doctrine of regeneration in baptism,—that doctrine, which had so monstrously been of late made the subject of appeal to a court not necessarily

composed of churchmen, and having necessarily no spiritual character."

The State, then, acting through the Committee of Council, does wrong—a wrong to the Church—in "encouraging various and conflicting forms of belief." The "encouragement," however, consists simply in letting them alone; in setting up no inquisition into the orthodoxy of the voluntary schools to which it renders aid; in not forcing Jewish infants to learn the Sermon on the Mount, Presbyterian teachers to inculcate episcopal succession, Socinians to profess the Athanasian creed, and Quakers to take the eucharist. The crime of the Government—the injury it inflicts upon the Church—is in allowing these heretics to teach anything at all: they should be wholly ignored; made to pay for the instruction of their neighbours' children—perhaps their own—in what is abominable in their eyes; but be left to their native darkness, until they repent of the error of their ways. Poor injured Church! Was there ever a harder case? Was ever innocence so buffeted? How can she discharge her commission on these terms? They are nothing less than an Egyptian cruelty, demanding bricks and withholding straw. Is she not entrusted with the sacraments, without which there is no salvation? And how *can* she dispense these, and indulge her mercy for emperilled souls, if deluded parents are allowed to exercise a vain self-will, and train their children in the fatal errors of an unbaptized intelligence? How can she be faithful, if sectaries, whom she is bound to treat as aliens and pity as apostates, are to be admitted as subjects equal under the law?—if she is to be responsible to infidel or schismatical legislators and their latitudinarian commissions?—if she is not to feel herself above the people's will in her use of the people's money, and meet no rival to undo her work in dispensing this world's goods for another world's blessings? It is not possible to mistake the tendency of all this lamentation. The plaintiff of this class would be thankful for a discriminating earthquake, that should swallow up, without fault of his, all people who frequent mass-houses and conventicles, and get rid of all difficulty, by rounding off the nation into the old ecclesiastical integrity, paring away the ravelled edges of dissent, and leaving the Church smooth and trim as a texture selvaged every way. Nay, he must be the most illogical of men, if he would not contribute, by a free use of direct persecution, to the same result. If the State is bound to help only the true Church, is it not bound to hinder the false ones? Why muet the dissenter's pocket on behalf of God's truth, and leave his person free to propagate a lie? If, according to the doctrine of the Anglican clergy and the French police, "the duty of every government is to

combat false ideas, and to direct those which are true by placing itself boldly at the head of them"—it is folly to go one-armed into the combat, brandishing a left-handed encouragement, and letting the heavy fist of repression hang down as if under the spell of palsy. Unless it can be shown—and assuredly it cannot—that the sword and the rack are ineffectual for the eradication of sects, the same obligation which pledges the public treasure, pledges no less the penal law, to the "definite creed" of the Government "in its corporate capacity." Nor could we ever see any reason, on "Church principles," for squeamishness upon the matter. Eternal consequences must over-ride all the lesser humanities. You make no scruple about shooting a score of mutineers to prevent the disorganization of an army: why hesitate to burn up a small sect, to stop the perdition of a people? To believe in the necessity of baptism, we are told, is "fundamentally vital to salvation;" and hence "all education must flow from this doctrine," and the State is bound to have it taught to the people. But if salvation includes among its conditions a *belief* in the rite's necessity, much more must it involve, as an inner nucleus of essentiality, the *actual rite* itself; and the Government, which is to sanction only baptismal teaching, must *à fortiori* tolerate only baptismal practice. It is absurd to enforce the doctrine and not secure the thing. Then, why not provide a State font at every market cross, and baptize under inspection of the police? Why not enact penalties against the "pretended holy orders" of dissenters, by which a spurious and ineffectual imitation of the divine charm is palmed off upon simple people? You punish quacks who destroy life by giving medicines which they know not how to handle: why not put away heretics who ruin souls by administering a rite that turns from a sacrament to a poison in their hands? To allow the self-will of *parents* any voice in the matter is the mere imbecility of false indulgence. It has for ages been held that a father has no power against the *life* of his children; it is now generally acknowledged that he must not be at liberty to suppress their *intelligence*; and shall we leave to him the right to sequester their *salvation*? To limit by penal law the minor excesses of the *patria potestas*, and refuse a like protection against this most tremendous injury, is the grossest inconsistency; and it should be made the duty of the detective force to ferret out every unbaptized child, and take him to the nearest successor of the apostles. These consequences of the "strictly Church principle" are so obvious, that if they are not openly mentioned, it can scarcely be that they are yet undiscerned. At all events, if our Anglican clergy make no immediate proposal to revive the penal laws, it is not for want of premises suitable for its defence: the

* See the Proclamation of M. Carlier, Police Minister, Feb. 10.

requisite logic is ready at a moment's notice, and only slumbers within the theory till the dawn of some reactionary crisis favours its waking into activity.

It appears to be shocking in the eyes of our spiritual guides that any one but themselves should look into the doctrines which they inculcate—discuss them—do anything with them but believe them. Holy hands are lifted up in horror when such mysteries are approached by the gaze of a layman's uncommissioned mind; and a divine patent is claimed not only for dispensing, but for discerning, sacred truth. That men like Lord Campbell, accustomed only to the rules of profane evidence, should exercise their judicial understanding upon a sacramental proposition, affects the perpetual curate of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, with lively consternation:—

"At this very instant, one of the vital doctrines of our faith is being *judged*—is being *called in question*—is being *argued and debated about*, as though it had not been the creed of the Catholic Church, known and witnessed to from the apostles downwards. It is being argued, and is to be judged, by those who, in good truth, cannot by the laws of Christ sit in judgment at all, seeing the laws of Christ have given them no such power.

"How can *they* judge of Christ's doctrine, who have had no *commission* from Christ?

"How can they judge of what is TRUTH, to whom the word of truth has not been committed?

"How can *they* take upon themselves, even for a moment, to let the question move past them, *as a question*, who know not that the FOUNDATION OF CHRISTIANITY lies in the doctrine which they dare to handle.

"It is an awful thing even to be, as we are now, for months in suspense as to what the State may pronounce about a doctrine which is fundamentally vital to salvation.

"It is an awful thing to see men of a mere temporal power dive into the mysteries of the deep things of the Spirit.

"It is an awful thing to see the men of Cæsar—as of Cæsar—plunge so recklessly, and with such utter confusion, into the things of God."—p. 16.

This sacerdotal arrogance might be permitted to have its way, and spend itself against the energies of the age, if it were the outpouring of some private sect, delivered from the pulpit of an oratory, or flattering to the owners of an Ebenezer. The visions of Swedenborg, the pretensions of Poughkeepsie seers, and the Mormon inspirations of Joe Smith the prophet, may be left without remonstrance to try their strength upon the ignorance of the age or on the permanent tendencies to psychological illusion. And if any number of Oxford graduates, whose heads have been turned with ecclesiology, are convinced that they hold

the power of the keys, and if, by the combined force of bad arguments and good works, they can induce country gentlemen and suburban shopkeepers to employ them, *at their own charges*, in opening and shutting the kingdom of heaven, no one would have the least title to complain. But when this sort of profession occupies the parish church and claims the parish school, when it lives upon the farmer's tithe, and grows on chapter lands, and thrives with bishops' rents, its proud repulse to lay investigation becomes ridiculous. It is open to criticism, not from the controversialist only, but from the politician. While every theology is exposed to the question, *Is it true?* a State Church theology is liable to the more practical inquiry, *Is it adapted to the condition of the national mind?* does it express this people's noblest thought and purest aspiration? does it stand in sympathy with their common affections yet above their highest culture? These questions a government is *bound* to ask, and public men to urge; and a church that cannot answer them in good affirmatives, or that will not condescend to answer them at all, is disqualified for longer occupancy of the national endowment. A priesthood which, asserting a Divine commission, cannot submit to any lower question than *Is it true?* nor even to that except from its own tribunals, so that question and answer shall both issue from itself, is, *ipso facto*, unfit for alliance with the State. The temporal powers must estimate the claim by a humbler rule; "*Does our nation think it true?*" If the reply be negative, lament as we may the perversity of human nature, the Church is no better able to teach the people than if she were *not* infallible.

We are well aware that this is "*low Erastianism*;" we know the kind of feeling with which such principles are regarded by divines like Mr. Bennett. The argument of his pamphlet, however, has done much to confirm us in their truth. He boldly denies any obligation on the part of the Church to accept or perform conditions imposed by the State; asserts, that it is unfettered by any civil engagements; is not bound, except as a matter of painful necessity, to recognise Parliament at all; and ought to have all the temporalities of an earthly establishment with the spiritual absoluteness of a heavenly hierarchy. The Church's alliance is not with the State, but with the Crown. These positions are made to rest entirely on the arbitrary power of the Tudor and Stuart monarchs, in whose reigns the Anglican church was constituted, and on the then undeveloped state of our representative institutions. At the time of the Reformation, and long after, Parliament was of no account: its very existence, as a power in the State, the Church at its formation never intended to recognise. The oath of supremacy was, and is, to the sovereign alone; to the

sovereign, moreover, not as constitutional head of the empire, but as ruling by divine right. Churchmen have "the high privilege and blessing of looking on him as our anointed terrestrial governor under Christ." "Thus the case stands as between the Church and the sovereign ruler; but between the Church and the State the question is entirely different. The sovereign exercises his office as coming from God—the State as coming from MAN. The State is nothing more than an incorporation of a legislative, judicial, and executive power, appointed, regulated, and changing from time to time according to the constitution of a country, which in England depends on the will of the people, and is not in any way of necessity ecclesiastical. "While adhering to the one as God's appointed terrestrial governor, it might be severed from the other as being at enmity with God."—p. 7.

After this profession of anti-state-church loyalty, we had concluded that the "*anointed person*" might rely on Mr. Bennett's implicit obedience; while an heretical *parliament*—unless it stopped the mouth of its judicial committee—would be in imminent danger of losing his services. What was our amazement to find, on the one hand, that, on the first sign, in "God's terrestrial governor," of any deviation (as in James II.'s reign) from "true allegiance to the Church," he would disobey the crown (p. 10); and on the other that, though his "conscience should be aggrieved" by "unjust law," and he should feel the time come to "obey God rather than man," he could never think of resigning his pastoral office on that account—it would be far too cruel to "the little ones of Christ"—"the Poor"—whose "faith hangs on *his* ; whose dutifulness and adherence to the Church depend on *his*." "He must not dissolve that bond that was made for him by the Holy Ghost *lightly*." He must think that it is "the HIRELING only that fleeth, because he careth not for the sheep." He must anticipate the question which will be put to him at the great day—"Where is thy flock, thy beautiful flock?" (p. 32). And so, with a bleeding conscience, in a church bereft of catholic truth, the preacher proposes to remain "*Perpetual Curate of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge*."

If, however, he abides by the flock, and acquiesces in parliamentary law, it is more than could fairly be expected, and must not be misinterpreted. The Church entered into its engagements in the time of the Tudors, and has nothing to do with any of the follies which society may have committed since. Crammer having had no notion of the Reform Bill, the clergy are not bound to recognise the existing legislature; and Queen Victoria is to them only the perpetuation of Henry VIII.

"In regard to this point, i.e., that in the reign of Henry VIII. the

whole power of the State resided virtually in the person of the sovereign, it must be evident that the Church, though she embraced (in consideration of an anointed king, set over her in the Lord) the idea of obedience to him personally, under Christ, she never contemplated the possibility of the present form of government, by which the sovereign personally is of no power whatsoever.

“ Henry VIII., and the sovereigns succeeding him, were absolute and despotic ; and their own will was sufficient argument for acts of power, however arbitrary. Their ministers and their parliaments were mere shadows. They had none of that constitutional strength, by the voice of the people, which now makes them irresistible. By the abdication of James II., and the introduction of a new family upon the throne, opportunity was taken to break down this despotic power of the Tudor and Stuart kings. Acts were passed in the reign of William III., limiting and defining the royal prerogative. From that time—the democratic power gradually increasing, and the constitution, in every change, becoming more of the people and less of the sovereign—now it has come to pass that all real government and power is lodged, not in the crown, but in the prime minister—that officer of the State becoming so, virtually, by the voice of the people. So that now, as in practice we know it is, the Church is governed, not as the Church promised she would be governed—by the anointed of the Lord—but by the voice of some accidental person, whomsoever the convulsions of politics may from time to time cast up into the seat of power.”—p. 23.

Now, what would be thought of any other corporation, not ecclesiastical, that should reason in this way, and not only plead its charter against Parliament, but contend that the royal control can only be exercised according to the forms and offices of the sixteenth century? Besides, the more absolute the monarch to whom the Church pledged her obedience, the less questionable his right to delegate his powers to whom he will, and distribute to Parliament a share of the prerogative once centred in him. And how stands the historical fact, as to the alleged submission of the Church to the mere person of the sovereign? The preamble to the ‘ Act (1st Elizabeth) for the Uniformity of Common Prayer and Administration of the Sacraments,’ runs thus :—

“ When, at the death of our late Sovereign Lord King Edward the Sixth, there remained one uniform order of Common Service and Prayer, and of the Administration of Sacraments, Rites and Ceremonies in the Church of England, which was set forth in one book, intituled, ‘ The Book of Common Prayer, and Administration of Sacraments, and other Rites and Ceremonies, in the Church of England,’ *authorized by Act of Parliament*, holden in the fifth and sixth years of our said late Sovereign Lord King Edward the Sixth, intituled, *An Act for the Uniformity of Common Prayer, and Administration of the Sacraments, the which was repealed and taken away by Act*

of *Parliament*, in the first year of the reign of our late Sovereign and Lady Queen Mary, to the great decay of the due honour of God, and discomfort to the professors of the truth of Christ's religion ;

"Be it therefore enacted by the *authority of this present Parliament*," &c.

If the unqualified subservience of the Tudor Parliaments to the royal will be urged against such early evidence, we have only to come down to a later period—a period disgraceful indeed in many ways, but not without adequate memory and experience of parliamentary power ;—and in the 14th of Charles II., we have a similar wording in the Bartholomew Act of Uniformity :—

"Be it enacted by the King's most excellent Majesty, *by the advice and with the consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and of the Commons in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same*, that all and singular ministers, in any cathedral, collegiate, or parish church or chapel, or other place of public worship within this realm of England, Dominion of Wales, and Town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, shall be bound to say and use the Morning Prayer, Evening Prayer, Celebration and Administration of both the Sacraments, and all other the Public and Common-prayer, in such order and form as is mentioned in the said book, annexed and joyned this present Act, and entituled, '*The Book of Common-prayer, and Administration of the Sacraments*,' " &c.

Here is an Act of Parliament, under which the prayers are weekly read, and the sacraments administered throughout all England ; which introduced alterations on the previous forms ; which ordained the severest penalties against recusant clergymen ; and, by enforcement of such penalties, vacated two thousand livings, and created the body of Dissenters. Yet the Church, we are told, ought to hold on its way in sublime unconsciousness of a House of Commons ; conniving perhaps, occasionally, at its existence, and using, for clerical purposes, "*the disagreeable truth*" that "the real seat of power" lies there ; but always prepared to fall back upon divine right, and disown the constitutional state as a vulgar innovation. Mr. Bennett himself, in seeking redress for what he is pleased to call "the religious disabilities of the Church of England," does not deign to speak to the High Court of Parliament. He petitions Her Majesty in person, and prays *her* to take in hand this disagreeable business of dealing with the Houses. And what is the message with which he would send Her Majesty down to St. Stephen's on his behalf ? Why, to tell the Peers and the Commons, that they, "being no longer the Church, but having the Church under their dominion, *must be demanded to forego that dominion, as being an unrighteous usurpation !*"—(p. 27.) A pleasant errand to "the real seat of power !"

It is a strange infatuation to imagine that Englishmen will ever recognise in their Church an independent, self-governing, immutable body, exempt from constitutional restraints, and shielded from those changes which the progress of knowledge and the vicissitudes of thought introduce everywhere else. They are not in general very well read in the history of their country; but every boy, from the upper classes of a British or National school, knows enough of the course of ecclesiastical affairs during the last three centuries, to make the pretensions of the Anglican priests to catholic unity appear preposterous. Moreover, a claim that might pass without challenge when all the religion of the land was centred in one communion, becomes not only offensive, but intrinsically incredible, when the characteristics of a devout mind, and the faithfulness of the Christian life, present themselves without visible distinction in numerous churches. A citizen of a large town can wander every Sunday into the chapel to hear mass, or into the Friends' meeting-house to keep silence, or into the Wesleyan, or Independent, or Unitarian chapel, to hear in each a different doctrine of nature and of grace, expounded perhaps in a manner quite as edifying as the rector's. How can you persuade that man that Christ has only one church in England?—that the rector is distinguished from all these people as a divine messenger from a set of impostors?—that he is appointed to open and shut the heavenly kingdom, while they are set for a delusion and a snare? If you should provoke his sense of justice by this style of talk, does he not know that Parliament, that once put the Roman Catholics out of the parish churches, could put any of these sects *in*?—or could leave each parish as free to choose its ministers as its churchwardens?—or could repeal the Act of Uniformity, which deprives the clergyman of all power to vary the worship according to his own state of mind, or that of his parishioners? A people that have found a new shape for their Parliament will not believe their Church inflexible. The clergy, who apparently cannot distinguish between the permanence of objective truth and the mutability of representative forms and dogmas, will probably wait for the painful lessons of experience. But other classes, startled by the re-appearance of doctrines worthy of the age of Laud, and discussions in the style of Peter Lombard, are meditating the question whether the Church is really fulfilling the understood conditions of an establishment. This question, as now entertained, goes much further, we are convinced, than it ever has before. It is not a mere doubt about patronage and the sale of presentations, though *that* is a thing odious to common sense and natural piety; it is not a scruple as to pluralities, though custom only can grow tolerant

of the abuse; it is not an objection to the incomes of the bishops, though they *do* seem to detach the apostolic function from the apostolic lot; it is not a discontent with the monopoly of the Universities, galling as that is to the intellectual aspirations of dissent; it is not a pity for poor curates, or an aversion to ecclesiastical courts, but the far deeper question, whether *that which the Church teaches* can truly be called the *religion of this nation*. Its theory of life, its picture of human nature and representations of the divine, its ideal of moral perfection, its demands on intellectual assent—are they in agreement with the living faith, the noblest inspirations, the clearest knowledge, and the true heart-worship of the present English people? Or must it be said, that what is held true by the best-informed rouses the frightened ecclesiastic instinct; that what the devoutest believe is not written in the creed; that what the purest and richest souls admire breathes through no appointed prayer; and that in the real doubts and strife of their existence, men betake themselves to other thoughts than the curate's commonplace?

Recent events, we believe, have awakened thousands to the consciousness of an alarming interval between the dogmatic system of the Church and the living spirit of the time; and for one who refers this to the degeneracy of the age, there are a hundred who regard it as an antiquation of the Church. Unhappily, there is no simultaneous growth of confidence in any other denomination, and so the clergy, always debarred from ready access to doubting hearts, and seeing at present no swarm from their parish pews to the conventicle, are blind to the signs of the time. They will be the last to know how completely exceptional, among their hearers, is any genuine faith in the system of doctrine which they teach;—how many, with all the tastes and habits of conformity, are conscious of an active unbelief, and sigh after something of higher truth;—how many more rather suffer the service to pass before them, and graze the surface of their minds, than take it up as any expression of the depth and intensity of their nature. The patience of the English race, the endowments of the English Church, and the respectable character of the English clergy, only mask for awhile the fact, conspicuous in the rest of Europe, that the Protestantism of the sixteenth century has worn itself out, and gives no adequate voice to the faith and piety of the present age. The very difficulty felt in dealing plainly with this subject—the delicacy with which it is always handled—the air of solemn respect with which public writers look at it, and pass by on the other side, are evident indications that a blight of unreality has fallen on the national theology. A faith truly breathing and pulsating in the soul *cannot* thus hold itself back

in interior congestion, leaving the external form of contemporary thought stately as marble and impassive as death; but will flow into a thousand irrepressible varieties of natural language, and flush the frame and quicken the features with a free and flexible life. The reverence, the trust, the devout hope of a great people, can never fall into the artificial custody of a "religious public," or utter themselves only through the mouthpiece of a separate "profession." Doctrines which cannot be gravely mentioned without incurring the imputation of cant—which are distasteful, not chiefly to the vain and careless, but yet more to the thoughtful and earnest—which no educated man, unless he be in orders, can defend without loss to his reputation, or attack with any gain to it—which leave scarce a trace on the fiction, the philosophy, the poetry of the time, and would be silenced but for special organs which they have created for themselves—which openly despair of their own future, unless they can coerce the popular education—have manifestly lost their living hold upon the minds of men, and are not fit to represent the religion of the extant generation. On this point we shall discard all conventional fastidiousness, and plainly state *where* we think the Church theory of human life stands in hopeless contradiction to the wants, the affections, and the henceforth ineradicable persuasions of the human soul.

All men instinctively feel that it is the office of religion to draw them upwards by helping the tendencies of their purest veneration and their worthiest love, by embodying for them what they inwardly know to be holiest, and reminding them of what they feel to be best. The voice of prophet or of Saviour is ever a voice of sympathy and tenderness—the sympathy, indeed, of a higher nature, the tenderness of a diviner sphere; still, however, addressing them, not as strangers to whom the idiom of heaven is like an unknown tongue, but as kindred in unwilling exile, on whose forgetful yet unalienated love the dear domestic tones will fall as a music of restoration. If it speaks of fears, it is of fears whose shadow is already on the heart; if it denounces guilt, it is a guilt that sits invisible as a nightmare on men's dreams. It goes, in short, direct down into their consciousness, and deals with them as with congenial beings gifted with a sacred insight which they neglect to use. It professes to deposit no sanctity, like an incrustation of security, upon them; but elicits it from them, like colours of a native beauty created by the touch of light. The Church theology makes no such appeal; talks to men, not of what they ought to know, but of what they cannot know; and makes its authority depend, not on its true interpretation of the oracles of living souls, but on the pedigree of manuscripts, the surmises of tradition, and the slippery chain of

episcopal anointments. Its expounders assume a station outside the human, and profess (like the sophists) a wisdom beyond the apprehension of man—*μείζω τινὰ ἢ κατ' ἀνθρώπου σοφίαν**—expecting no sympathy from the answering heart, but demanding obedience from the submissive mind. In their mismanagement—as ever happens when prophecy is dead and priesthood lives—Christianity becomes a *threat*; “if you do not use our magic and believe our mysteries, ‘without doubt you shall perish everlastingly.’” Nor is this the accidental feature of some one school of theology; it is a common character in the teachings of Tractarian and of Evangelical, who may quarrel about the means of grace, but can shake hands over the eternal wrath. From this, the whole economy which they profess to administer is nothing but a contrivance for escape. This is the fundamental postulate from which the whole scheme is developed, which dictates all its language and gives meaning to all its forms. The charming away of this infinite curse is the very problem which the Church proposes to solve, and which is held to justify her existence. She is not there to make good citizens and good men, to give sanctity to the laws of obligation, and hope to sorrow and pure affection; but distinctly to wash out of them a physical poison, and save them from the tortures of an inexhaustible vengeance. And this tremendous end she refuses to accomplish, except on conditions, which the wisest may be unable to trust, and the most faithful may scruple to accept. For who can say that goodness may not doubt the sacraments which Clarkson and Elizabeth Fry disowned, and purity of heart reject the dogmas which Arnold and Channing never held? Either what the Church insists on as essential are *not* essentials, and her commission to dispense them comes to nought; or some of the best of men and most saintly of women are among the damned. We question whether any one, professing such a faith as this, is to be believed upon his own word. He professes a psychological impossibility. No man, who would himself hesitate to put Channing on the wheel, and object to burn Mrs. Fry, feeling that his reluctance comes of a good heart, can believe that God will do these things on a scale more terrible.

It requires, indeed, no great insight into character to discover, that any reality in this eternal curse and penalty has for some time ceased. In proposing to rescue men from it, the Church makes an offer which no one cares to accept. Have our lay readers ever practically met with a person—not under remorse for actual and heinous sin—who wanted to be delivered from eternal torment? If ever a man does really apprehend such a thing for himself, and wring his hands and fix his eye in wild

* Plat. Apol. Socr. 20. D.

despair, how do we deal with him? Do we praise the clearness of his moral diagnosis and the logic of his orthodoxy? do we refer him to the font for baptism, or the keys for absolution? No: we send him to the physician rather than the priest; we put cold sponges on his head, and bid his friends look after him. Nor does his doctrine any better bear application to the persons around us than to ourselves. If we sometimes act and speak by it, we never feel and rarely think by it. Who ever knew a mother despair of her unbaptized and departed child? Let it only be considered *what* is the scene, *what* is the perspective, before her imagination, if she be at once sound and sincere in the faith; and it must be owned that even her most passionate grief never rises to the pitch of such piercing shrieks as she would hurl into the place of unutterable agony. The whole conduct and demeanour of the very persons who defend this doctrine afford the clearest proof that it is incredible. The late Dr. Hamilton, of Leeds, wrote a book to prove that, beyond the little circle of choice believers, the universe is a vast torture chamber; and yet a merrier laugh, a more exuberant wit, a greater geniality, was rarely to be found. The professional hours of his life were spent, like those of some old painters, in colouring lurid pictures of his neighbours clutched by devils, and the world in general swallowing hot pitch; and for the rest of his time he was free to dine with the reprobates, and crack his jokes with the damned. No one, who seriously considers the intense inconsistency involved in such a life, can suppose that the theologian really held a faith which the grasp of a friendly hand and the welcome on a familiar face sufficed to dissipate. It is the same throughout the whole class of the sincerest and most faithful Christians. They delude themselves with the mere fancy and image of a belief. The death of a friend who departs from life in heresy affects them precisely in the same way as the loss of another whose creed was unimpeachable: while the theoretic difference is infinite, the practical is virtually nothing,—perhaps a sign of acquiescence in the clergyman's official compassion, or a faint desire that it had been otherwise; but not half the distress which had been felt when the same friend had broken his leg and lost his Pennsylvania dividends. What room, indeed, could there be for the business, the amusements, the contests of this world, if it reflected from every salient point the red light of so horrible a background? Who could spare any attention for the vicissitudes of cotton and the price of shares, for the merits of the last opera, and the bets upon the next election, if the actors in these things were really swinging in his eye over over such a verge as he affects to see? We would ask any clergyman who reads the Athanasian creed—How can

you transact your daily affairs with any peace of mind? Your coat was made by a man who doubts the co-eternity; your grocer thinks the Holy Ghost created; you pay your rent to a landlord who confounds the persons; and your fishmonger divides the substance. If you found any of these with his house on fire, you would not think it a time for prosecuting your business: you see him in a greater peril, and you coolly inquire about sugars, or discuss the choice of salmon! The misfortune is, this doctrine is in some degree protected by its own monstrous character; which takes it so sheer out of all nature, that it can scarcely be confronted with reality. If we apply to it such tests of experience as would suffice in other cases, we produce results whose startling look distracts the attention from their logical consequentiality; and when we demand from men a life in simple accordance with their profession, the thing itself is so impossible that we are apt to seem unreasonable, and become charged with the very extravagance which we impute. It is, however, notorious that a large number, even of the clergy, are fully *conscious* of their unbelief in this doctrine; and among the educated laity, the impression is general that no one, except here and there a dull curate or a pugnacious bishop, is sincere in his assent to it. Will it not then be got rid of? Not a bit: the instinct of ecclesiastical cohesion, and the passion for nominal unity, will outweigh all sense of human veracity and reverence for godly simplicity; and year after year, as sure as the Athanasian festivals come round, thousands of clergymen will solemnly profess, before tens of thousands of assenting people, a creed which is false to the heart of all. Depend upon it the State will wake up to a sense of right and dignity in this matter before the Church; and the honour of politicians grow sensitive to the blot, while yet the conscience of divines could bear a longer shame.

Now, we need not undertake to decide whether the age be perverse, or the doctrines be false. We only say that there is an irreconcilable variance between them, and that a Church which represents the one does not exhibit the religion of the other. It is not just, however, to affirm that the modern recoil from the stringent forms of the old orthodoxy is the result of a light and audacious spirit. On the contrary, it manifestly springs, in a large class of cases, from a profound moral earnestness. They who are deeply impressed with the problems of positive and personal sin are not likely to give much heed to the talk of a latent birth-sin; any more than, in the awful crisis of a fever, they would consult about the patient's chance of hereditary gout. It is the reality of evil, the living sense of moral conflict, which makes faithful men impatient of charms against

a bad lineage, instead of help against a strong temptation: what care they for the loins of their parents, while the battle runs high between the better and the worse in their own souls? Nay, paradoxical as the assertion may appear, this deeper feeling of inward strife, which marks the age, renders it not *more* possible, but much *less*, to say much more about the *corruption* of human nature. It has ceased to be a theory, scholastically looked at from the outside; or a sentimental formula, dropping from the lips of nursemaids jilted by their lovers, or squires robbed by their butlers. You must touch it with discrimination, for its meaning is known; and with its truth, the truth also of its opposite has been discovered. It is impossible for a man to find his ill but by the perception of good; to explore his darkness, but by an eye of pure vision and a lamp of holy light: he cannot loath the wrong without aspiring to the right; nor combat with fiends without the instinct of an angel. His self-consciousness necessarily reveals to him both halves of his nature at once, and disgusts him henceforth with all one-sided doctrines,—whether the Church whines to him about human depravity, or Socinianism repeats its platitudes on human dignity. The feeling of the present age demands, we are convinced, an observance of this just equilibrium: the dogma must adapt itself to the fulness and refinement of modern experience, or pass away as the fiction of a world half passionate and half monastic.

The interpretation which thoughtful and devout Churchmen have long put on the established forms of theological expression must be accepted. By the constitutional *corruption* of man they commonly understand no more than the openness to evil which is inseparable from a free being,—*divinus* of sin as opposed to its *evangelium*,—together with that constant lagging of the halting will behind the winged desires which humbles us to seek the help of God. This is no stain which faith can cleanse, or hands, ordained to sprinkle, wash away; but an integrant part of our nature—its peril and its glory—without which we could serve under the bondage of no law, and win the freedom of no gospel. And a meaning far different from the historical definition of *divinus* is currently given to the word *salvation*—a word, however, which, after every softening, is not sincerely congenial with the highest religion of the time. Its direct opposition to *damnation* is very much lost; and, instead of denoting mere rescue from a penal doom, it is accepted as an expression for personal *union with God*, spiritual *perfectness of character*; or, without reference to any penal alternative, the simple *attainment of a blessed and immortal state*. These changes are the inevitable results of more humane and more trustful thought, trying to embody itself in forms selected by a

sterner and a coarser time. Let the Church be reconciled to them, and adopt them. Though they change the logical basis of its theology, they preserve whatever can endure in its religion. Nothing is more dangerous to faith, more surely fatal in the end, than to press with rigour the forms of dogma which have begun to bind and hurt the soul. Prove as you may that they would sit quite easy but for the perverse writhing and resistance within, the band has discovered itself to be unyielding, and from that instant it is the very function of life to take alarm, and either make it pliant or throw it off. It is as if you tried to argue back the alienated love of those who once were of one heart, but have diverged into uncongenial tastes and admirations. The more stringent your demonstration that they *ought* to feel as of old, the more impossible do you make it: your substantial failure is proportioned to your formal success. Religion, like poetry, is a life, a spirit, that must find its own forms by development from within, and cannot be moulded by external constriction; and the larger the freedom you have courage to allow, the less will you have to regret irregularity and distortion; for it has inherently a tendency to order and beauty, only determined, not by authoritative mechanism, but by the rhythm and symmetry of the affections themselves.

Every devout era has been marked by a free enthusiasm, unconscious of reluctant beliefs, or boldly disengaging itself from them. From such a time the descent to an age of dogmatic construction is deep; to that of dogmatic reconstruction, is final. From the period of St. Paul to that of Eusebius, what an infinite declension in everything that should be dear to a Christian man! In both, diversity of theology abounded; nor, in intellectual conception of the objects of faith, did the rival creeds of subsequent times stand in stronger contrast than the Judaic and Gentile Christianities, the doctrines of faith and works, the Logos and the Son-of-David theories of the Messiah, the Palestinian demonology and Alexandrine spiritualism, which lie harmoniously together within the compass of the New Testament itself. No greater difference separated Jerome and Rufinus, Theophilus and Chrysostom, Augustine and Pelagius, than is found between the theocratic doctrine of Mark's gospel and the mystic depth of John's; or between James, the apostle of ethics, and St. Paul, the champion of faith. But the first age was inspired with intense affections; the other was withered up with dry contentions. In the one, Christianity was a breathing faith; in the other, a dialectic exercise. The one had a creative soul, the other a critical understanding; and while the former, rich in various populations, out of its differences produced unconscious

theologies, the latter, out of its theologies, produced only conscious differences. Divisions without end, and passions without check, have been the invariable result of ecclesiastic legislation for unity and peace. It brings with it strong delusion and a corrupting poison into the clerical mind; bewildering its perception of the proportions of things, and confounding the solemn and the frivolous; where mystery is deepest, raising highest the conceit of knowledge; where forbearance is most due, removing all restraints from anger; where penalty can least avail, applying it with cruelest force; substituting the pleader's arts for the disciple's simplicity, and the sophist's pride for the saint's meekness.

The organization of dogma is symptomatic of the dissolution of faith; it is an unwholesome mushroom growth from the rotting leaves now fallen from the tree of life. That blessed foliage feeds it, no doubt; only not from the vital sap, but from the juices of decay. It is bad enough that the Church should have inherited her chief formulas of belief from such an age and such a reign as that of Constantine; a reign hideous with guilt; an age so surrendered to depraved morals and misdirected intellect, that if ever there could be in Christendom an incapacity for discerning spiritual truth, it must have been then. But to make such a time the rule for all others—to dignify by the name of "the Catholic faith" the propositions which emerged from its wranglings, by out-voting or out-reaching the rest; to scorn, in comparison, the light of recent thought, and constrain the modern Englishman to put back the index of his Christian consciousness to the hour when Athanasius triumphed—is a weak rebellion against providential tendencies, and an irreligious scepticism of God's perpetual inspiration. If, by a liberal interpretation, or, better, a complete revision of the technical phraseology of doctrine, the bands of creed be not relaxed, the Church must either descend to the rank of a sect, or become a vast hypocrisy; pretending to unity, yet torn by divisions; representing the faith of the country, yet sheltering its unbelief; the symbol of piety, yet a storehouse of unverity; the nominal head of all our culture, yet sworn to the words of an age that had none of it. How long will educated Englishmen bear patiently the injurious decree of ecclesiastics? "You shall not be religious, except on conditions impossible to your understanding!" It is notorious that the present time is prolific beyond all that have preceded it in honest varieties of devout belief; and for a Church pretending to the affections of such a time, and comprising among her honoured names, Sewell and Milman, Hare and Close, to insist upon the inflexible standard of doctrine, presents a singular aspect of infatuation and insincerity.

The prevalent alienation from the stereotyped system of Church dogma is by no means confined, we believe, to the points on which we have touched. Men, we have said, do not want to be "saved" from an "eternal torment" which has no hold upon their faith; or to escape, by ritual exorcism, a congenital curse which frightens them no more. They do, however, want to be helped into a conscious peace with God, and a pure fidelity of life. Much as we hear from divines of the pride and self-righteousness which oppose the reception of their doctrines, and freely as we admit the operation of moral causes like these on the aptitudes for faith, we deny the general applicability of this imputation; and are prepared to vindicate the humility and devoutness of a large and increasing class of doubting and dissatisfied Churchmen. They are not less sensible than others of the delusions of heart and decrepitude of will, by which they fall away from the life to which they aspire, and in which alone they can be in harmony with God; and they have no higher wish than to find a mediator of this contradiction, and rise into the freedom of reconciled affections. But the mechanism provided for this end, in the dogmas of the Church, has lost its efficacy upon all the higher class of minds, and wields no longer any worthy power over the lower. The forensic scheme of vicarious atonement is too probably at variance with the habitual moral sentiments of men, to command the old reverential assent; too manifestly conceived in the artificial style of legal fiction, to suit a people ever eager to ground themselves on some veracious reality. It is useless for the preacher to treat the repugnance of reason and affection to this doctrine, as the sign of a graceless heart. His hearers know better, and are fully conscious that the protest comes not from their lower passions, but from their highest discernment; from indignation that the dealings of the Infinite should be described in the language of debtor and creditor, and the universe, as the theatre of responsible existence, be degraded into the likeness of a bankruptcy-court. They feel, moreover, that to accept the offer of such a doctrine would be unworthy of a noble heart; for he who would not rather be damned than escape through the sufferings of innocence and sanctity is so far from the qualifications of a saint that he has not even the magnanimity of Milton's fiends. We are spared, however, the necessity of stating the objections which we know to be widely felt to this doctrine, as it appears in the Church formulas; for the following remarks, by an orthodox clergyman, present them with a force and clearness that leave nothing to be desired. The writer divides the views prevalent upon this subject into two classes: the first representing the death of

Christ as a *literal substitution* of evil endured, for evil that else would have to be endured; the other holding it as an *expression* of abhorrence to sin, made through the sufferings of one, in place of the same expression that was to be made by the suffering of many. In reference to the former class of representations, he says:—

“We may say, comprehensively, that they are capable, one and all, of no light in which they do not even offend some right moral sentiment of our being. Indeed, they raise up moral objections with such marvellous fecundity, that we can hardly state them as fast as they occur to us.

“Thus, if evil remitted must be repaid by an equivalent, what real economy is there in the transaction? What is effected save the transfer of penal evil from the guilty to the innocent? And if the great Redeemer, in the excess of his goodness, consents, freely offers himself to the Father, or to God, to receive the penal woes of the world in his own person, what does it signify, when that offer is accepted, but that God will have his modicum of suffering somehow, if he lets the guilty go,—will yet satisfy himself out of the innocent? In which the divine government, instead of clearing itself, assumes the double ignominy, first, of letting the guilty go, and secondly, of accepting the sufferings of innocence! In which Calvin, seeing no difficulty, is still able to say, when arguing for Christ’s three days in hell, ‘it was requisite that he should feel the severity of the divine vengeance, in order to appease the wrath of God, and satisfy his justice.’ I confess my inability to read this kind of language without a sensation of horror; for it is not the half-poetic popular language of Scripture, but the cool speculative language of the theory, as concerned with the reason of God’s penal distributions.

“And yet this objection is aggravated, if possible, by another representation, that Christ did not suffer willingly, or by consent, save in the sense that he obeyed the command by which it was laid upon him to suffer. Thus, a distinguished American writer, in his treatise on this subject, written only thirty years ago, says—‘The Father must command him to die, or the stroke would not be from his own hand,’ carrying still the analogy of punishment so far as to suppose that, like all penal inflictions, Christ must die under ‘authority’ of God, in order that his death should have any theological value. It is of no moment to ask, in this connexion, what becomes of the deity of the Son, when he is thus under the authority of the Father; for he is not merely under it, as being in the flesh, as the Scriptures speak, but it is ‘authority’ that sends him into the flesh. To profess the real and proper deity of Christ, in such a connexion, is only to use words as instruments of self-deception. His deity, after all, is not believed, and cannot be where such a doctrine is held.

“Again, it is a fatal objection to this view, that it sets every transgressor right before the law, when, as yet, there is nothing right in

his character ; producing, if we view it constructively, and not historically (for historic and speculative results do not always agree), the worst conceivable form of licentiousness. For if the terms of the law are satisfied, the transgressor has it for his right to go free, whether he forsake his transgressions or not. As far as any mere claims of law or justice are concerned, he may challenge impunity for all the wrongs he has committed, shall commit, or can commit while his breath remains !” *

In such trenchant manner does a Presbyterian divine, in a book written to defend the Trinitarian theology, deal with the favourite evangelical topic. We do not profess, with our Bæotian apprehension of dogmatic subtleties, to perceive the essential distinction between the opinion thus criticised and what he calls “the second and more mitigated class of orthodox opinions,” namely, those which make the efficacy of Christ’s death consist not in what it *is*, but in what it *expresses*. Between a substituted “punishment,” and a substituted “expression of abhorrence for sin,” we can find nothing but a verbal difference; seeing that only by being punishment would it express anything against sin, or replace, as a substitute, with equivalent functions, the great penal scene of the universe. We suppose, however, that a practised theological vision can detect some valid distinction, where it evades the ordinary eyesight. Dr. Bushnell, while paying a higher respect to the second hypothesis, visits it, notwithstanding, with the following decisive judgment:—

“This latter seems to accord with the former view, in supposing that Christ suffers evil as evil, or as a penal visitation of God’s justice, only doing it in a less painful degree ; that is, suffering so much of evil as will suffice, considering the dignity of his person, to express the same amount of abhorrence to sin that would be expressed by the eternal punishment of all mankind. I confess my inability to see how an innocent being could ever be set, even for one moment, in an attitude of displeasure under God. If He could lay his frown for one moment on the soul of innocence and virtue, He must be no such being as I have loved and worshipped. Much less can I imagine that He should lay it on the head of one whose nature is itself co-equal Deity. Does any one say that He will do it for public governmental reasons ? No governmental reasons, I answer, can justify even the admission of innocence into a participation of frowns and penal distributions. If consenting innocence says, ‘let the blow fall on me,’ precisely there is it for a government to prove its justice, even to the point of sublimity ; to reveal the essential, eternal, unmitigable distinction it holds between innocence and sin, by declaring that, as under law and its dis-

* ‘God in Christ.’ Three Discourses delivered at Newhaven, Cambridge, and Andover, with a preliminary Dissertation on Language, by Horace Bushnell. Hartford, Connecticut, 1849.—p. 195.

tributions, it is even impossible to suffer any commutation, any the least confusion of places.

"All the analogies invented or brought from actual history to clear the point are manifestly worthless. If Zaleucus, for example, instead of enforcing the statute against his son which required the destruction of both his eyes, thinks to satisfy the law by putting out one of his own eyes and one of his son's, he only practises a very unintelligent fraud upon the law, under pretext of a conscientiously literal enforcement of it. The statute did not require the loss of two eyes; if it had, the two eyes of a dog would have sufficed; but it required *the* two eyes of a criminal—that he, as a wrong-doer, should be put into darkness. If the father had consented to have both his own eyes put out, instead of his son's, it might have been very kind of him; but to speak of it as public justice, or as any proper vindication of law, would be impossible. The real truth signified would be, that Zaleucus loved public justice too little, in comparison with his exceeding fondness for his son, to let the law have its course; and yet, as if the law stood upon getting two eyes, apart from all justice, had too many scruples to release the son, without losing the two eyes of the body, as before he had lost the eyes of his reason.

"According to the supposition, the problem here is to produce an expression of abhorrence to sin, through the sufferings of Christ, in place of another, through the sufferings of the guilty. Now the truth of the latter expression consists in the fact that there is an abhorrence in God to be expressed. But there is no such abhorrence in God towards Christ; and therefore, if the external expression of Christ's sufferings has no correspondent feeling to be expressed, where lies the truth of the expression? And if the frown of God lies upon his soul, as we often hear, in the garden and on the cross, how can the frown of God, falling on the soul of innocence, express any truth or any feeling of justice?"*

After such a verdict as this, pronounced by an orthodox divine, distinguished alike by genius and moderation, who can wonder at the aversion with which noble and cultivated minds recoil from the so-called "economy of salvation?" Of the feeling which its technical phraseology produces, the acute and refined Tractarian leaders are well aware; and one of their earliest aims was to withdraw this doctrine from open publication, under pretence that it was too sacred a mystery to be more than whispered in the sanctuary. If it was obtruded upon unprepared minds, it was said, it might be extremely dangerous; for the secret treasures of God were not always to be shown; a vain display of them before the eye of the unregenerate might have serious consequences; all holy things, in proportion as they were springs of life to the faithful, were of awful peril to the unprepared. Better

* See 'Tracts for the Times,' Nos. 80 and 87—especially part v. sec. 3.

would it be if the "stewards of the mysteries" would reserve this truth deeply in the shade, and adopt respecting it the "*disciplina arcani*." What could be more *covert* than our Lord's own dealing with it? Is it not a *latent* presence in his teachings, never prominently and explicitly declared? And it is ever most effectually impressed on others by silent implication, and the "instruction of a penitent and merciful demeanour," rather than by being "proclaimed, as it were, in the market-place," and opened to all indiscriminately.* Now, let it be remembered whence this curious pleading comes; and that all the writings of its class must be read shrewdly, like a paper from the foreign office; for the Tractarians, as God's ambassadors at the court of Human Nature, have introduced a most diplomatic spirit into the divinity propounded there: let this be remembered, and the real motive for converting the warmth of the atonement doctrine into a latent heat will not be far to seek. Left to radiate at large, it produced a shrinking of the mind, a withering sense of blight to the moral sentiments, which endangered the whole Church scheme; and if any lofty and tender souls were to be retained in allegiance to it at all, this dogma must be taken out of the mouth of popular declaimers, thrown back into secrecy, and committed to sacraments of solemn look and silent form.

In rebuking this Jesuitry, the evangelical clergy have certainly all the honesty on their side. But in practising it, the Tractarians rightly interpret, we believe, the alienated feelings of a class of men, without whose sympathy and convictions no Church can remain rational, no theology respectable, and no religion above the taint of gross superstition. There is no way, however, of preserving or of recovering their sympathy, or any sympathy by which religion can profit, but by perfect simplicity and truth. No management, no suppression, can serve the end; the guilt and discredit of artifice are spent only in the purchase of failure. It is not by manœuvring people back into persuasions from which they have in heart emerged, but by urging the Church forward, to comprehend and interpret their ennobled affections, that the forfeited harmony can be restored. The shadow on the dial of history cannot be coaxed back. Lost positions in the movements of the human mind are never recovered, and in the oscillations of faith no reaction ever touches the old points and reproduces the same attitudes of thought. The same subjective tendency may undoubtedly recur after long sleep, but it finds a new set of objective conditions forbidding the recreation of the past; as a south wind that has blown in spring may set in again

* Bushnell, p. 199.

with the late summer; but as it falls on a different season, it will open a fresh set of flowers. No doubt the recoil from the Protestant integration of Churches has impressed upon the present age a Catholic aspiration; an admiration for the unity which we have lost. But this feeling is simply insulted by offering to its imitation the mediæval Romanism. Aspiration cannot imitate; it must create; and whatever unity may yet arise in Christendom will be no less different from anything we have yet known than the factory from the monastery, the locomotive from the pack-horse, or the *Times* newspaper from the illuminated manuscript. Above all, fellowship must be sought, not by exclusion, but by inclusion; not by enforcement of dogma, but by sympathy of spirit; not by suppression of individuality, but by development of it, till its contrarieties drop away, and it yields up catholicity of faith as a product of unity of nature. The "bond of the spirit" sufficed, without metaphysical definitions, for the disciples in the age of the apostles; and every Church which fears to trust its guidance is self-convicted of being non-apostolic.

Perhaps the most positive divergence of the age from the Church is to be traced in their irreconcilable notions of what is best in human character. Their admirations are not simply different, but opposite. The life which appears noble and great to the mechanic, the merchant, the statesman, is unholy in sacerdotal eyes; the heroes of modern fiction and biography are unconsecrate according to the measure of theology; and against that which the newspaper praises the sermon lifts its voice. Nor is this discordance at all concurrent with the old quarrel between "flesh and spirit;" the low self-seeking desires and the reverent faithfulness of the human heart. It is an honest and an earnest difference in the moral tastes and standard of the devout ecclesiastic and the devout layman. If a Massillon or a Barrow denounced from the pulpit the corruptions of his age, the rake and the hypocrite who listened were either pricked in conscience at his words, or else aware of being too far gone for scruple and contrition. But the modern invectives against the world and its ways carry with them no piercing reproach; the state of mind extolled as spiritual is felt to be only ecclesiastical; it kindles no affection, rouses no sacred ambition; at best, it is only looked at from without as a quaint old picture, romantic to see on the dead wall of time, and no man is eager to present himself in its likeness on the Exchange or St. Stephen's. We have reached a time when the broad chasm between the Church and the world cannot be kept open; and we must have something to mediate between the natural conscience and the Christian life. The theory which entirely removes Christianity from contact and

sympathy with the common springs of human action and movements of human affection,—which treats it as a hypernatural grace superinduced from without,—necessarily creates a type of unnatural and unmoral goodness, incapable of being sustained in the permanent admiration of mankind; and then the Church, while abandoning in despair, as a piece of doomed corruption, the real and living nature which to a pure culture would yield the noblest fruits, fails to impart any better inspiration.

Whoever persuades himself that, in the awards of another world, there are to be two grand classes, separated by all that can render contrast terrible, and that already, as they walk the streets, men bear upon them the sealing grace or the cursing brand, will not be content to see them look so like each other. He will ignore the visible lights and shades of genuine character, to dwell upon mystic and viewless distinctions. Religion is not equivalent with him to a pure mind and an harmonious character, and may even tend to distort the conscience and misapply the energy of the will. It sets itself up, apart from morals, as a separate business, involving a distinct series of acts, and rather eclipsing all finite relations than glorifying them to infinitude. The heavenly frame of soul which must be sought, is not simply the best and highest spirit applicable to the worldly work of the hour, but something above all worldly work; something that feels the very contact of such affairs as a mean distraction, and that aims to sit aloof from them in higher contemplations. The one thing needful in its estimate is, to keep up in the mind, in a state of vivid excitement, a certain limited set of thoughts and emotions, which are taken as signs of communion with the Spirit. The great business of life is to perpetuate, not the unconscious influence, but the conscious presence of these sentiments; whatever suffers, they must be watched, preserved, stimulated to greater intensity; everything is valued solely by its tendency to suggest these ideas, or to burnish them again when they have become dull within the heart. This is adopted as the test of right and wrong; and the most injudicious efforts of zeal are approved, if they do but deepen the essential sentiments: while no employment of the understanding can be so noble, no sympathy so pure, no pleasure so innocent, no duty so worthy of our humanity as to escape condemnation, if it tend to withdraw the mind from its prescribed meditations, and melt its rigid catalepsy of thought. Hence the first place in the rank of obligations is given to acts of devotion; and the devotee lives that he may learn to pray, instead of praying that he may learn to live. The excitement of the Church becomes more welcome than the drudgery of the home; a higher relish is found in a transport than in a duty; the simple pleasure, the unpretending moralities,

the secular utilities of life, let down the mind to a pitch too low for saintship; and those who cannot always be strung up to the spiritual point, but who are careful to do the duty that lies nearest to them; those who, by the spontaneity of a pure conscience, do good without a thought of self, and give the cup of cold water, not in order to be divinely meek, but in order to assuage a human suffering; those who refresh family and neighbours by the perennial flow of delicious sympathies, without knowing that they have any themselves,—encounter the contempt of these peculiar people of God. Detaching religion from morality, they concentrate their whole anxiety on the performance of acts having exclusive reference to God, and an abstinence from others which have no further guilt than that of preoccupying the mind, which is to be left vacant as his temple.

In the highest minds religion has no separate duties of its own, but is the spirit which should impregnate all duty: it changes the direction of no obligation, but gives intensity to the force of all: it has no rivalry with any pure affection, but befriends and consecrates them all. Under its influence, therefore, life is not essentially changed in character, but simply hopes more, loves more, aspires more. This view alone can save religion from degenerating into morbidness and superstition; but it arranges men too much by the natural groupings of character, and melts away too completely the great eternal classification, to suit the priesthood entrusted with the power of the keys. The Church is committed to a Manichean theory of the phenomena of life, and binds herself to detect in it only the struggle of extreme and absolutely hostile principles. Total spiritual night, and supernatural illumination, divide this scene of things between them; and to give some semblance of probability to this, a badge-morality must be set up, that it may be clear who's who. The notion that they are living in a lost world visibly influences the moral judgments of divines. They are *bound* to find "the world" guilty, and see it under an aspect of indiscriminate condemnation. Hence amusements, occupations, habits, beliefs, are condemned, not for their intrinsic demerits, but simply because they are favourites with a class prejudged as unconverted. What these children of perdition do, the heirs of grace make a point of avoiding; and where the worldly go, the holy stay away; or if they happen to meet in any scene which the former enjoy, the latter will be found to be groaning in spirit. Contrast and distinction thus become prime essentials with those who fancy themselves secretly marked out from the sinful herd with whom their lot is thrown; and were there no world to inveigh against and shun, one half the rules by which they speak and live would disappear.

This contrast of character between the world and the Church has not always, we confess, been as unreal as it has now become. Usurping a place in Christianity among the theocratic ideas which corrupted the religion almost from the first, it operated largely on history, and tended to realize itself. Under certain conditions, moreover, society inclines, by natural law, to part into extremes. The ideal of Christian perfection, once given to the mind, could not live in the close presence of a universal corruption of morals, such as spread over the Roman empire in its decline; and to fly from such a world seemed the sole resource for those who would be faithful to the vows and hopes of their discipleship. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries, the whole aspect of Europe supported, by its opposite colouring, the theory of a secular and a spiritual race co-existing on this earth. The face of every country was dotted over with castles as the symbols of the one, and abbeys as the other; and on the roads, the helm and sword, or the cowl and staff, showed at once the traveller's class. Nor, with all the vices of the monastic system, was the external and assumed distinction entirely deceptive. One difference of character, at all events, never failed; the world was a camp, the abbey a sanctuary; the one contested at all points by men-of-war, the other occupied by disciples of the Prince of Peace. But besides this, the state of manners among the nobles and gentry; the cruelties and treachery which marked their feuds; the oppression with which they treated their serfs; the riot and excess which disgraced their dwellings, turned many a province into a plausible likeness to some devil's realm, and rendered it scarce habitable by any but rude and untamed spirits. And so the gentle and devout were driven, by the mere repulsion of such a scene, to take the vows of poverty and celibacy. Though weakness and incapacity also were forced, by greedy relatives, into the cloister; and though the retreat inevitably degenerated often into a hiding-place of idleness and hypocrisy; yet, whatever divine enthusiasm seized anywhere upon the souls of men, sought a refuge there; whatever declension might afterwards creep on, at least the moment of entrance was warm with the fresh fervour of devotion: and *that* was the moment when the eye of spectators, bidding adieu to the young devotee, caught the contrasted glimpse of the world and the Church. Time after time, the convent-door seemed to close behind some soul purely consecrate to Christ. In that age, therefore, there was little to contradict the Church classification: as in heaven, so on earth, were the spheres of character distinct; and to the opposite directions were qualities truly opposite attracted. When all the business and enterprize of life was of a kind that a pious Christian could not touch, it was excusable in

him to fly, and, in the absence of all worthy scope for human faculty, make a business of religion.

But what can be more preposterous than to exhibit this type of mind as a model for the emulation of the present age?—as if we had no more natural gymnastics for the character than were furnished in the objectless life of the monk; no temptations without meeting with devils in a wood; no self-denials without pricking our waists with sharp chain-belts, or mimicking with piercing hats the crown of thorns! Yet, to reawaken the English admiration for this ascetic discipline, the ‘Lives of the Saints’ are avowedly written; to induce converted bankers to quit Lombard-street for a life of contemplation, to incline cotton-spinners to recite the psalter every day, and bring Sir Robert Peel down to the house in a hair shirt.

These books are to us in the highest degree melancholy; not the less so for their singular beauty and fascination. Their subtle grace of form and style, their frequent depth and delicacy of expression, are the fair disguise of a fatal unsoundness; their brilliant and romantic colouring is but the sad hectic of the spirit. Their whole aim is to recommend, not *self-devotion* to high ends, but a species of *suicide* for Christ’s sake; the quenching of passion; the abrogation of intellect, and the plucking up of the fairest human affections, to be trampled on as weeds. The intensest forces of the soul are to be spent in nothing else than in crushing themselves; and when beauty has made itself hideous, and eloquence learned to stammer, and acuteness blunted its edge against holy contradictions, and creative genius brought itself to do nothing, and he who might rule an empire sweeps a drain—then is the sacrifice complete, and the whole nature thus ruined is said to be dedicate to God. As if He were a great devouring abyss of annihilation, demanding to be fed by the everlasting consumption of whatever is lovely and glorious; and stationing man here only to watch every grace and power as it emerged into life, and instantly pitch it back again into death.

In no instance is the extravagance of this doctrine more strikingly presented than in the sketch of St. Bernard, contained in the Life of St. Stephen, Abbot of Citeaux. This poor monastery, the birth-place of the Cistercian order, was distinguished by its severity of discipline. For fourteen years it had existed without drawing to it any new inmates to replace the original fraternity as death thinned their numbers; and already the life of unprofitable pain, and an atmosphere of wood and swamp, had made great havoc with the little band. Amid these discouragements, however, the lonely place was one day startled by the knocking at the gate of thirty men, who applied in a body for admission as novices. This

groupe, composed of men from the noblest houses of Burgundy, was gathered around the person and under the lead of the young and high-born Bernard. The saint's graces of countenance and soul, the sweetness of his eloquence, the quickness of his intellect, are described by the author with the fervour of a manifest sympathy. The enthusiasm of the youth was not content with the sacrifice of himself; but he set himself to drag all his relations with him into the cloister. And he succeeded. Genius, kindled by the consciousness of high resolve, has vast power; and Bernard combined, in utmost perfection, all the qualities before which lower minds, in spite of their rude stubbornness of will, are found to bend and yield; like iron that resists an outer pressure, but grows pliant with inner heat. His burning words and indomitable zeal carried off into monastic captivity his five brothers, who left their old father "to sit alone in his deserted halls with his daughter Humbeline," "a barren trunk, with the choice boughs lopped off;" besides an uncle and many friends, torn not from estates and possessions merely, but often from their wives, whom Bernard persuaded or terrified into consent and the widowhood of a nunnery. Our biographer does not shrink from the protest which affection and conscience utter against this frightful fanaticism. Whether his replies are satisfactory to faith, we cannot presume to say; but assuredly they are not convincing to reason; indeed, so fine and feminine are they, that they can be called answers only by a species of logical gallantry.

"Now, it may be asked, that Stephen has housed his thirty novices, what has he or any one else gained by it?—what equivalent is gained for all these ties rudely rent—for all these bleeding hearts torn asunder, and carrying their wounds unhealed into the cloister? Would not rustics suit Stephen's case well, if he would cultivate a marsh in an old wood, without desolating the hearths of the noblest houses in Burgundy? Human feeling revolts when high nobles, with their steel helmets, shining hauberks and painted surcoats, are levelled with the commonest tillers of the soil; and even feelings of pity arise when high-born dames, clad in minever and blazing with jewels, cast all aside for the rough sackcloth and the poor serge of St. Benedict. What shall we say when young mothers quit their husbands and their families, to bury themselves in a cloister? There are here no painted windows and golden candlesticks, with chasubles of white and gold to help out the illusion; feeling and imagination, all are shocked alike, and every faculty of the natural man is jarred at once at the thought. Such words might have been spoken even in Stephen's time, but 'wisdom is justified of her children.' One word suffices to silence all these murmurers; *Ecce Homo*,—behold the man! The wonders of the incarnation are an answer to all cavils.

Why, it may as well be asked, did our blessed Lord choose to be a poor man, instead of being clothed in purple and fine linen?—why was his mother a poor virgin?—why was He born in an inn, and laid in a manger?—why did He leave his blessed mother, and almost repulse her, when she would speak to Him?—why was that mother's soul pierced with agony at the sufferings of her divine Son?—why, when one drop of His precious blood would have healed the whole creation, did He pour it all out for us?—in a word, why, when He might have died (if it be not wrong to say so) what the world calls a glorious death, did He choose out the most shameful, besides heaping to Himself every form of insult, and pain of body and soul? He did all this to show us, that suffering was now to be the natural state of the new man, just as pleasure is the natural state of the old. Suffering and humiliation are the proper weapons of the Christian, precisely in the same way that independence, unbounded dominion and power, are the instruments of the greatness of the world. No one can see how all this acts to bring about the final triumph of good over evil; it requires faith, but so does the spectacle of our blessed Lord naked on the cross, with St. Mary and St. John weeping on each side. After casting our eyes on the holy rood, does it never occur to us to wonder how it can be possible to be saved in the midst of the endearments of a family, and the joys of domestic life? God forbid that any one should deny the possibility!—but does it not at first sight require proof, that heaven can be won by a life spent in this quiet way? Again, let us consider the dreadful nature of sin, even of what are called the least sins, and would not any one wish to cast in his lot with Stephen, and wash them away by continual penance? Now, if what has been said is not enough to reconcile the reader's mind to their leaving their father in a body, which looks like quitting a positive duty, it should be considered that they believed themselves to be acting under the special direction of God. Miracles were really wrought to beckon them on; at least, they were firmly convinced of the truth of those miracles, which is enough for our purpose; and they would have disobeyed what they considered to be God's guidance, if they had remained in the world. Miracles, indeed, cannot be pleaded to the reversing of commands of the decalogue; but persons leave their parents for causes which do not involve religion at all, as to follow some profession in a distant quarter of the globe, or to marry; and we may surely excuse St. Bernard and his brothers for conduct which was so amply justified by the event. One word more: every one will allow that he who is continually meditating on heaven and heavenly things, and ever has his conversation in heaven, where Christ is sitting at the right hand of God, is more perfect than he who is always thinking on worldly affairs. Let no one say that this perfection is ideal, for it is a mere fact that it has been attained. Stephen and Bernard, and ten thousand other saints, have won this perfection, and it may be it is won now, for the Church verily is not dead, nor have the gates of hell prevailed against her. All cannot attain to

such a high state on earth, for it is not the vocation of all. It was, however, plainly God's will that all Bernard's convertites should be so called, from the fact of their having attained to that state of perfection. They were happy, for to them it was given not to fear those words of our Lord, 'Whosoever loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me;' or again, that saying, spoken to one who asked to go and bury his father, 'Let the dead bury the dead.' Moreover, they knew that blessing, 'Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundred-fold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life.' Bernard did receive back both father and sister, for his father died in his arms a monk at Chairvaux, and his sister also in time retired to a cloister. Let any one read St. Bernard's sermons on the Song of Solomon, and he will not doubt that monks have joys of their own, which none but those who have felt them can comprehend."—Page 113 to 115.

To unravel the complex web of this dialectic is the less needful, because it is, in its very nature, of that delicate kind that no mind can be held entangled in it, except by spontaneously resting beneath it, pleased with the feel of it on the surface of thought. Besides, who can untwine the windings of a gossamer, thrown with its dewdrops on his reason? It breaks in the attempt; and, to be rid of it, the only way is to wipe it off. As to the argument, however, from the incarnation, which is to be good against all cavils, we would ask,—Is it then true that the Redeemer might have saved the world at much less cost?—and was a portion of his suffering absolutely gratuitous?—can his example be quoted in favour of the assumption of pain for its own sake? We had always thought that, "when he was rich," it was "*for our sakes* that he became poor:" and if *any* of his privations were unrelated to an end, why not *all*?

Again, it is an abuse of all reasonable doctrine of self-denial, to pronounce that "suffering and humiliation" are the *proper weapons* of the Christian, just as independence, dominion, and power. "Suffering and humiliation" are mere negations, productive of nothing, conquering nothing, in and by themselves: they do not stand related to the ends of the Christian life, as power to the ends of the worldly life; for power achieves its purposes, whatever be the quality of the will that guides it; but suffering achieves nothing, apart from the spirit that bows under it and interprets it: else might a man be saved by a toothache or a bankruptcy. It is easy to see the source whence this exaggeration springs. The genuine moral service laid upon us in this world cannot be accomplished without the endurance of

hardship and privation; and he who cannot dispense with his ease and indulgences, and go fasting long months or years without the taste of them, is no faithful vassal of the Divine Power that rules him. There is danger lest he shrink from the post of allotted trial, and the spectacle of privation drive him back from his fidelity. This danger must be provided against by devotedness and resolve; suffering must be so vanquished as to be *no hindrance*, and impose *no limits* to the perseverance of high affections. But a positive help, an efficacious instrument, of noble purposes, it cannot be; for what moral, what spiritual character, can there be in tortured nerves, or a lacerated skin? What sanctity in having the body brought low,—for does not the spent voluptuary, as well as the fasting saint, accomplish that? Suffering and humiliation are indeed *conditions*, under which a good man must be willing that his moral purposes and vows shall act without abatement or recoil; but in those purposes, with the sustaining help of Heaven, lie his power; there alone is the armoury whence he draws the “weapons” of his conquest. No doubt, the apparition of a sudden difficulty, the threat of a great peril, nay, even the tension of some terrible anguish, will condense, as it were, the energies of a strong soul, and bring them to a pitch of sublimity impossible to mere volition: but only on this condition, that the suffering be involuntary, starting up as a resistance to be hurled away, not sought as an end to be retained. At once to court and to repel resistance involves a self-neutralizing action of the soul, inconsistent alike with its force and its repose.

It remains to be proved, says our author, with evident inclination to the negative, whether a married man or woman can be saved! Is the doubt serious? What a cheerful prospect must his faith open to him in the future;—not even—as we had thought—Abraham and Isaac and Jacob;—but, in the absence of family groupes, anchorites and cœnobites, priests and nuns! It is unfortunate for the celibate successors of St. Peter that *he* was a married man; and curious, that St. Paul, the Apostle of the Protestants, preferred to remain unmarried. Nothing can more clearly prove, than this query about matrimonial salvation, the slavish worship of pain which is taking possession of a large class of ecclesiastics in the present day. Sickened with the prating about happiness and interest among moralists of the last generation, they do not perceive that this wretched idol, like all others, may be worshipped in two ways,—as a god, or as a devil; by adoration, or by deprecation; with the worship of love, or the worship of fear. The ascetic is unconsciously a votary of the very same false deity as the epicurean; only

shrinking from him in terror, instead of approaching him with hope; getting into his power through antipathy instead of sympathy; and visiting his approaches with exorcism, rather than with prayers. In the eye of truth, however, an idol is neither god nor devil, but just nothing in the world. And so, this foolish happiness—much stroked and much beaten image, carved out of the stock of a wooden philosophy—is nothing to the essence of human duty at all. Neither positively nor privately does obligation lie in the feeling flesh or in the sensitive spirit: the sensibilities can give no sanctities, and take none away: but simply stand by as a neutral presence, that is neither to invite nor to deter. Other scales than any they can give—scales not of measured intensity, but of divine quality—have authority to determine the ends, and provide for the holiness of life.

It is perhaps a very shocking confession, but we shall nevertheless avow our doubt, whether “he who is continually meditating on heaven is more perfect than he who is always thinking on worldly affairs.” “Continually meditating” on anything whatsoever we should regard as a state so little perfect, that the question of more or less, according to the object that might engage so mutilated a soul, is without practical value. But as the sustained contemplation of “heavenly things” seems to preclude, while the attention to “worldly things demands,” the descent of the will into action, and some wholesome strife for the moral powers, we submit that the last is so far higher than the first. If by “worldly things,” we are to think only of objects intrinsically evil, and to suppose the man planning how to cheat his creditors, or wreak his revenge, or pamper his appetites,—the question begs its own answer, and any celestial quietism is better than that. But if the parallel be drawn between a mind floating in spiritual space, and a soul accepting, like a good athlete, the conditions of its battle here, and animating the limbs to work, and the brave heart to throb, under the controlling eye of the great Arbiter, then we say that this last, though he serve behind a counter at a retail trade, is a higher graduate in saintship than the most accomplished enthusiast of the cloister. Whatever be the Divine communication with human nature here, it can run through us safely, if at all, only like the electric fluid of the atmosphere above, when we stand in connexion with the great earth-currents beneath our feet: and he who would have all and hold all within himself that comes from heaven, will find, on his glass stool of insulation, but fruitless shocks or dead paralysis. No man, poisoning himself apart, can there set and solve his own problems—of duty any more than of truth. And, with all the rich painting of these ‘Lives of the Saints,’ nothing appears to

us more deplorable than the image which they give of minds intrinsically great and good, vainly expending their intensest force against the impalpable resistance of their own passions *in vacuo*.

The formidable encroachments made by the Anglican party of late years, and the wide influence exercised by them through the indirect channels of an attractive literature, raise these topics of doctrine, morals, and taste, into matters of national and even political importance. The ecclesiastical phenomena of our time are very anomalous. While the clergy are, beyond comparison, more active and faithful than at any time since the Revolution, this is in great measure owing to an intellectual ferment among them, which places them at a greater distance than before from the sympathy of the nation which they serve. The fresh tide of ideas and sentiments which has re-baptized them with earnestness, and delivered them from routine, has poured in upon them from the Universities. It is of academic source, and of academic character. It is the accumulation of thought and theory, the product of books: the result even of a vast and deliberate design, conceived and partly realized by one commanding and systematizing intellect. Of that deep and vivifying mind the change in the clergy is, in great measure, but the propagated influence. Meanwhile, during this reanimation of the Church on the collegiate side, the tide of life without has run in the opposite direction; and the very feeling prevalent, that Oxford has been the scene of a sort of Popish plot for plunging England back into Romanism, and, by a species of logical black art, spiriting away across the German Ocean the Reformation and all its works, has broken down popular faith in the simplicity and veracity of the clergy, and shaken the whole fabric. The new doctrines are hated; and the old ones—as would appear from the eagerness to be rid of them—were not satisfactory to the divines themselves. The people who believe on authority are pulled two ways; those who believe on conviction are pulled neither; and thus, while the momentum of an inert perseverance is lost, the *vis viva* of a new impulse is not gained. There is something, moreover, exceedingly offensive in the grand and sacerdotal style with which the new ritual pretensions are put forth by men who have only recently discovered them; and among the names most prominent in their assertion, there is one at least whose appearance in such a connexion does more to discredit the whole movement than shoals of tracts and *Catenæ Patrum* to advance it. In the *Times*, of March 28th, appear certain resolutions having reference to the Gorham decision: they declare, among other alarming results of Mr. Gorham's interpretation, that the evangelical "portion

of the Church," by participation in "such conscious, wilful, and deliberate act, becomes formally separated from the Catholic body, and can no longer assure to its members the grace of the sacraments and the remission of sins." Among the subscribers to this denunciation against the evangelical party are two sons of William Wilberforce! Everybody asks, were not these gentlemen brought up at Clapham?—were they not baptized themselves by a vital clergyman, and catechised by a Cambridge saint?—was not Charles Simeon the trusted friend at the paternal house?—were they not, moreover, trained in a peculiar horror of wax candles and holy water, as in all the other essentials of decided piety? When did they discover the good father's "formal separation from the Catholic body," and his uncertain provisions for the remission of their sins? And this is the school which, when it would keep stagnant the young thought of a new generation, preaches up "the inherent sanctity of *hereditary* religion!" Conscience no doubt is imperative, and superior to all weaknesses; but conscience bears, without forfeiture of authority, some little mingling of human affection; and few would have condemned a preference, in the present instance, for the silent modesty of filial reverence over the forward pomp of sacerdotal denunciation.

Be this as it may, the hierarchical style is looked on with suspicion in England, especially when it is an upstart affair, new to the ears of men fifty years old. It is ranked with the rhodomontade of a Mexican dictator, or the bombast of a Haytian emperor. The chief effect of the dissensions which have produced it, is to startle quiet people into a discovery of what the Church theology really is; to convince them in what latitude of thought she lies; and show them that while they have been drifting down the living current of centuries, she strives to hold to her moorings in the past, and denies that she even drags her anchor in the least. The old doctrines being undisguisedly reproduced, people exclaim, "This is not what we believe, and we do not choose to be bound by it. It may be all right after the fashion of the old doctors; but somehow it does not ring like the Sermon on the Mount, and does not seem to fit with men that ride on railroads, read newspapers, and sail round the globe." The complaint, though felt rather than uttered, or uttered by those who cannot explain and justify it, is perfectly well founded. It is *impossible* for the layman of the nineteenth century to think after the manner of the fourth, or even of the sixteenth, and he must insist, sooner or later, on carrying the clergy with him. They, living more among books, may find it easier to sustain a stationary mode of mind; but they, too, must secretly feel a change, the open recognition of which would be an infinite relief to their sincerity.

The affectation of immobility incurs in this world the penalty of destruction. Catholic theories can no more arrest the course of change than the doctrines of a universal atmosphere can stop the wind. It may be very true that the Church is built upon a rock; but the rock is rooted in the earth, and stands above the sea, and with the mountains and the floods must roll on through the great seasons of Providence.

A glance backward into the past will show that the alienation of the national intelligence and piety from the Church system is not wonderful, or to be simply bewailed as a sign of degeneracy. That system, if we assume the Anglican point of view, was made up before the end of the 4th century; if we take the evangelical, early in the 16th. No change has found admission since. Let any one cast his eye, however superficially, over the course of knowledge and the history of civilization during the last three centuries, and say whether the image men formed to themselves of the constitution of this universe, at the commencement of this time, could possibly remain equally credible at the end. It is vain to say that a revelation abides steadfast amid change: the dogmatic system of the Church is not a revelation, but a human elaboration of the contents, materials, and even accretions of revelation; and its soundness and durability as a structure depend not simply on the substance of the living rock within it, but not less on the selection, the combination, the proportion of parts; for all which the architectonic intellect of man is alone responsible. No less vain is it to plead that the creeds have reference only to moral and religious truth, which lies above the reach, or, at least, beyond the range of the inductive sciences and practical arts, and so shines with constancy through all their shifting light and shade. The allegation is not tenable in fact. The articles of the Church abound with metaphysical propositions, with historical judgments, with verdicts of literary criticism, which have no claim whatsoever to a moral or religious character. This is not, in our opinion, to be charged as a fault against those who framed the code of belief—unless on the ground of an excess in definition: it is impossible for faith to remain purely subjective; it looks within and without, and from its eager eye darts an interpreting glance on all things; it has the attribute which Plato assigns to philosophy—that it is *συνοπτικός*; and as it is ever in part a heritage, in part a correction, of the past, its position in relation to antecedent thought must needs be laid down. We do not, therefore, agree with those who complain of religion for meddling at all with physical and metaphysical questions, and mixing itself up with human history as well as divine. Minds at once inquisitive and devout cannot rest with-

out a certain philosophy of faith, in which all that comes before their thought finds a place in harmony with their perception of a divine order. We will not even raise the question whether, in the age of the Reformation, the propositions expressive of such a theory might properly be erected into authoritative conditions of Christian fellowship. But in defending the right of theology to go out from its own centre, and clear itself all round by objective definitions, we forego the plea which was to excuse it from all change, and can no longer say that, being wholly ethical and spiritual, it is free from admixture with the mutable and mortal. Its liberty to *visit* the entire realm of knowledge is not to be converted into a hostile occupancy: the guest must not settle as the usurper, nor the seer's rod be turned into the iron sceptre. The essence of the religion of Christendom is eternal; but the dogmatic scheme constructed by applying it forward and backward in time from the last hour of chaos to the day of doom, and along all radii in space from "the spirits in prison," to the seventh heaven, must take the risks of human theory, and be open to the enlargements of human experience.

Now, consider only the picture of the physical universe familiar to the mind of the sixteenth century at its commencement, and trace the inevitable effect of our altered distribution of natural bodies in space. The Ptolemaic system—not refuted till 1543, and not renounced even by the learned for half-a-century more—had universal possession of the European imagination at the time when Luther preached. All men judged of the relations of earth and sky by the same immediate impressions of unaided sense which dictated the first chapter of Genesis. Under these conditions, not only was the Mosaic cosmogony accepted as a matter of course, but little difficulty was felt in conforming to even the narrow Hebrew conception of the actual system of the world—a subterranean Hades, stored with incarcerated spirits—and a heaven rising in successive tiers for the reception of souls in light, and the personal abode of Christ and God; a place pictured rather as an oriental edifice than as an astronomical creation. Those caverns under the earth, and those halls above, supplied a local hell and heaven, which rendered easy all the dogmatic imagery respecting the ascent and descent of beings from province to province of this realm. And, while the earth maintained its station in the midst, no misgiving was encountered in representing the spectacle of the Advent and Incarnation as a central object of attention to the universe, and the Redemption as a fact not in the interests of one world, but in the history of all. But by the

telescope and the calculus these conceptions are set afloat and scattered through infinite space, with no structural picture to give them coherence and support their relations.

From the architecture, turn to the chronology of nature. In the sixteenth century, no facts were known demanding more than some five or six thousand years for the past duration of the globe; nor was there any inducement to assign to different dates the origin of man and of his abode, or of this planet and the heavenly bodies. Hence, not only was there no hypothesis of development to embarrass by its rivalry the literal theory of creation; but no scruple was present to hinder the compression of the whole birth of things into six days. Thus the sabbath rested undisturbed on its primitive foundation. That the Creative Power, having framed all else, should culminate in man, was no hard conception to those who deemed this earth the metropolis of the universe. Through the researches of geologists this whole system of conceptions has become untenable. The process of creation has escaped all limits of chronology, and burst into infinitude of time, as well as space; and no Sedgwick or Buckland of the Church can henceforth read, without rationalizing interpretation, the passage of the Decalogue inscribed above every altar—"For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested on the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day, and hallowed it."

During the last three centuries, the knowledge of the earth's surface, and of the tribes that people it, has been vastly extended. The natural history of man, deriving light from new sources, and especially from the contrasts and affinities of different languages, has become the object of a distinct science. We shall not be accused of over-statement, if we affirm, as the result of this change, that the question as to the unity of human species, their descent from a single pair, is a perfectly open one. Notwithstanding the decision of the late Dr. Prichard, the weight of opinion is probably in favour of the distribution of mankind into several races, originally distinct. The topic, at all events, is not prohibited even by the 'Index Expurgatorius' of conventional theology, and was freely discussed between Arnold and Whately in their correspondence. Any influence which should discourage such inquiries would be inimical to all the higher interests of society; and any intellectual clergyman would treat with just scorn the impertinent bigot who should accuse him of heresy for maintaining that a Papuan savage was of a different stock from the Caucasians. Yet is the bigot so entirely illogical? Is not the Church the commissioned medium of salvation? is not salvation conditional on regeneration? is not regeneration the

reversal and obliteration of birth-sin? is not birth-sin an affair of lineage, transmitted from the corruption of Adam's nature? and was not that corruption the penalty of the fall? If, therefore, we are not all the children of one stock, either there must have been many Edens, and Satan must have offered a plurality of apples to numerous Eves, black, red, and white; or else the curse, and with it the counteracting redemption, must be valid for only one tribe. In both cases, the dogmatic scheme of the Church suffers from manifest embarrassment; in the first, from an incredible hypothesis, too absurd to name except for argument's sake; in the second, from a vast system of missionary effort, no less than of speculative belief, resting entirely on the universality of certain propositions respecting the lost condition of man through hereditary contamination. The Reformers would have staked their entire religion, without hesitation, on the assertion that all men are sons of Adam. Does any instructed man, in the present day, feel that on such a basis Christianity may fitly rest?

Examples might be multiplied without end. Dr. Buckland can tell us whether any change of opinion has taken place respecting the Noachic deluge; whether it was *always* thought a thing indifferent to Church theology to defend the doctrine of a universal flood or to give it up; or whether any advocate was ever found so indiscreet as to work up an eager mass of evidence and hypothesis on this point, impressed more with the exultation of the triumphant divine than with the calmness of the inquiring philosopher.* And Bishop Thirlwall could pronounce whether the light thrown by comparative philology on the affinities of languages and the filiations of mankind affects at all the quiet credence with which, a century ago, the "Inspired Narrative" of the confusion of tongues was read by the learned no less than the unlearned; and whether, in general, the modern admission of a mythical element in the records of ancient nations can easily be repelled from the Hebrew literature, so as to place its monuments in the exceptional position of having *no* ante-historical period. These particular features in primeval history have, it is true, no *immediate* reference to the dogmatic system of the Church; but they belong to the same record that supplies the whole scheme with its theological data; and it is impossible to throw open to discussion the questions they

* See Buckland's '*Reliquiæ Diluvianæ; Observations on the Organic Remains contained in caves, fissures, and diluvial gravel and other geological phenomena, attesting the action of a Universal Deluge.*' 1823. Compare Buckland's *Bridgewater Treatise*, vol. i., p. 94, Note: where this "attestation" is withdrawn.

involve, yet retain the adjacent topics under the key of ecclesiastical authority.

Again, let it be considered what a revolution has taken place in human physiology and psychology, bringing under the dominion of ascertained law a host of phenomena once familiarly referred to preternatural agency. The mere removal of demonology from modern belief has introduced a wholly new condition of the human imagination, and alienated it from many conceptions formerly esteemed inseparable from orthodox faith. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the sphere yet open for satanic interposition in the affairs of this world was not small, precarious, invisible—the mere secret suggestion of a wicked thought, which after all might as well be indigenous as foreign—but various and palpable; recognized, not in creeds only, but in medicine and law; and furnishing formulas of expression to the learned, and a thousand usages to the people of every class. Lord Bacon was not above the belief in “possession.” Sir Thomas Browne regarded the denial of witchcraft in the light of downright atheism, inasmuch as the same authority which reveals the dispensations of God and his goodness, declares no less clearly the agency of the false one and the delusions of sorcery. Witches were disposed of by a process of trial more indicative of susceptible faith than of a very sensitive justice: they were put into a pair of scales, with the parish Bible for a counterpoise, and their guilt or innocence decided by weight. The more formal and deliberate procedure of the regular courts affords, however, still stronger proof of the tenacity with which this belief was interwoven with the religious faith of cultivated men: and the fact that two widows were hanged for witchcraft in 1665, under the sentence of Sir Matthew Hale, may help us to realize the entire change which has befallen the climate of modern thought.

Yet no one, we think, can look with the mere *lumen siccum* of a logical understanding at the arguments by which the supporters of the doctrine of possession defended their position, without confessing, that on the Church principle of using all canonical scriptures, not merely “for example of life and instruction of manners,” but as an “authority” “to establish any doctrine,” their ground is unassailable.* “Let a man,” says

* We subjoin the account of the trial of the two poor creatures referred to; taking it from S. T. Coleridge’s ‘Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit,’ p. 45:—

“Rose Cullender and Amy Dany, widows, of Lowestoff, Suffolk, were tried for witchcraft, on the 10th March, 1665, at Bury St. Edmund’s. Sir M. Hale told the jury, ‘that he would not repeat the evidence unto them, lest by so doing he should wrong the evidence on the one side or the other. Only this acquainted them, that

Coleridge, "be once fully persuaded that there is no difference between the two positions—'The Bible contains the religion revealed by God;' and 'Whatever is contained in the Bible is religion, and was revealed by God;' and that whatever can be said of the Bible, collectively taken, may and must be said of each and every sentence of the Bible, taken for and by itself,—and I no longer wonder at these paradoxes. I only object to the inconsistency of those who profess the same belief, and yet affect to look down with a contemptuous or compassionate smile on John Wesley for rejecting the Copernican system as incompatible therewith; or who exclaim, 'Wonderful!' when they hear that Sir Matthew Hale sent a crazy old woman to the gallows in honour of the Witch of Endor. In the latter instance it might, I admit, have been an erroneous (though even at this day the all but universally received) interpretation of the word which we have rendered by *witch*;—but I challenge these divines and their adherents to establish the compatibility of a belief in the modern astronomy and natural philosophy with their and Wesley's doctrine respecting the inspired scriptures, without reducing the doctrine itself to a plaything of wax, or rather to a half-inflated bladder, which, when the contents are rarefied in the heat of rhetorical generalities, swells out round, and without a crease or wrinkle; but bring it into the cool temperature of particulars, and you may press, and as it were except, what part you like—so it be but one part at a time—between your thumb and finger."

The state of belief, in relation to demoniacal possession, at the commencement of the seventeenth century, is evidenced, not merely by casual and private examples, but by the public statutes of the Church of England. In the 72nd Ecclesiastical Canon, the *practice of exorcism by the clergy* is placed under regulation: it is classed with other offices of the ministry,—

they had two things to inquire after: first, whether or no these children were bewitched; secondly, whether the prisoners at the bar were guilty of it.

"*That there were such creatures as witches, he made no doubt at all. For, first, the Scriptures had affirmed so much. Secondly, the wisdom of all nations had provided laws against such persons, which is an argument of their confidence of such a crime.* And such hath been the judgment of this kingdom, as appears by that Act of Parliament which hath provided punishments proportionable to the quality of the offence. And desired them strictly to observe their evidence; and desired the great God of heaven to direct their hearts in the weighty thing they had in hand. For to condemn the innocent, and to let the guilty go free, were both an abomination to the Lord.' They were found guilty on thirteen indictments. The bewitched got well of all their pains the moment after the conviction; only Susan Chandler felt a pain like pricking of pins in her stomach. The judge and all the court felt fully satisfied with the verdict, and thereupon gave judgment against the witches, that they should be hanged. They were much urged to confess, but would not. They were executed on Monday, 17th March following, but they confessed nothing."—*State Trials*, vi. p. 700.

such as the keeping of fasts and holding meetings for sermons, and is submitted to the same restraints; that is, the license and direction of the Bishop of the diocese must be first obtained and had under his hand and seal, ere a clergyman is to attempt, under pretence of possession or obsession, by fasting and prayer, to cast out any devil or devils. We would recommend to the Bishop of Exeter the revival of this neglected episcopal prerogative: this reserved right of expelling or retaining devils is no small part of the power to open and shut. Why let it lie idle? If exorcism is not a sacrament, it bears comparison with one: it casts out Satan, while baptism casts out his works. Is it not a part of the Apostolic commission,—“Cast out devils; freely ye have received, freely give?” Why take up the transmitted authority by halves,—an authority given in the gospels, and reaffirmed by the canons? Did not the same voice which commanded the twelve to baptize, command them to exorcise? The operation of both offices is preternatural alike: and as even false prophets and apostles could cast out demons, there is no pretence for saying that the function is beyond the reach of Christ’s true representatives on earth. Where, we ask, can this parallelism be broken? And if the progress of knowledge has put every sane man, though an ecclesiastic, out of condition for speaking of exorcism with a grave face, and forced every critic, however orthodox, to explain away, as best he can, the favourite evidence, with the three first Evangelists, of their Lord’s Messiahship, viz., the instinctive recognition of Him by the devils who met his eye or heard his name;—is it to be expected that kindred conceptions, lying within the same scheme, should be as welcome to the minds of men as they were three centuries ago?

These changes in the whole intellectual atmosphere of the age are patent to all the world. They affect the general body of the educated laity, so as to place them in the most painful or the most dangerous of all positions—a position *above* the faith which they profess. They make excuses for that which should penetrate and rule their nature; and patronise, where they should adore. The somewhat narrow, though scholarly, education of the clergy may often screen them from the full effect of this popular light of the time. But, then, on the other hand, the great advance made during the last half century in the theological sciences is known, for the most part, to them alone; and if this has not largely modified their whole conception of the Christian faith, and made them conscious of many a doubt within their system, and a whole world of thought beyond it, the effect has been very different from that which the devoutest

and most sober minds have experienced in every other Protestant country. The light which has been thrown on the origin and structure of the earliest Christian records,—on the presence within them of purely local and human elements,—on the several streams of Jewish, Oriental, and Platonic influence, which blended with divine constituents to form the creeds of Christendom,—has rendered necessary a freer and larger method for disengaging the permanent from the transitory in the Church than was possible to the criticism of the sixteenth century. To those who study in earnest for holy orders, this is no secret. And so keenly do they feel the discrepancy between what they must promise to teach and what they apprehend to be true, that the number is yearly increasing of candidates who are repelled from the Church by the conditions of ordination. These cases are smothered and kept secret, as far as possible; but to many it is well known that they comprise a large proportion of the finest genius and devoutest conscience that might of late years have been gained to the service of the altar. One after another have such men been brought, in the deep mood of holy faith and discipleship, to the very threshold of the Church; but when the moment of entrance came, the low and narrow portal would not let the high thought and the great heart pass. Minds of puny stature, or of a thin subtlety, or of compressible scrupulosity, slip through; while natures at once of massive reality and of divine proportions are excluded: the priest glides in; but the prophet stands without. Who can wonder at the spreading impression, that statesmen and high ecclesiastics fear and hate to see the consecration of earnest genius to religion! that they *wish* the Church to be a refuge for mediocrity! and that, so long as sagacious dulness or pliant laxity shall find no hindrance, they are content to let the Christianity of England lie far below the average intelligence of her people, and sink into an object of unbelief to the learned, contempt to the intellectual, and shame and sorrow to the devout! If they think by such means to clear away all troublesome spirits, and maintain a dignified but unproductive repose, even this unworthy policy experience will convict of mistake.

There are other dangers to her establishment, and to the State with which it is connected, greater than can arise from eminent and powerful personal qualities in its ministers. The erratic energies of original minds are, no doubt, difficult to adjust with the drowsy persistency of an aristocratic Church; and that Beresfords and Blomfields are not anxious for the companionship of young seers, with fresh eye, and brotherhoods under vows of piety and of poverty, is far from strange. The decent and

tasteful formalism with which inoffensive elocution drops the heavenly word upon the earth-cold pavement of a cathedral; which thinks infinite questions honoured with the vehicle of gentlemanly breath; which is content if burning truths but melt a little way into the icy heart of fashion ere they become extinct—is preferred, on very intelligible grounds, to a deeper and more insatiable fervour. Yet even to the temporal peace of a Church there is a peril more alarming than would be the genius of Pascal, the visions of Bunyan, and the enthusiasm of Wesley. When men, who begin life with the passions of the hustings, end it with the professions of the saint; when the pamphleteers of a faction become successors of the Apostles and vicars of Christ; when the perturbations of personal temper appear beneath the holy and oily surface of episcopal address, and, under plea of zeal for souls, the mitred party-leader finds his occupation once again; the repose of the Church is not less broken than if a Baxter had been pronounced orthodox, or a Whitfield had not carried off his converted colliers to the conventicle. The higher order of minds may demand too much freedom, but the lower do not always prove conveniently pliant. If they secure you against the chances of a grand faith, they do not save you from the danger of a mean superstition; and the aggressive fervour of the one may need less vigilance than the proud obstinacy of the other.

Religious enthusiasm is the outburst of an individual's mind, and, radiating from his spirit, passes beyond this living centre in fainter waves away. A sacerdotal superstition, on the other hand, is the fixed passion of a class which remains permanent, and whose collective spirit can but slowly change. From the very nature of the case, it exists under conditions inaccessible to reason. It relies for support on the class of feelings which have subjugated men to thaumaturgic imposture; and it so blends the interested pride with possibly the disinterested faith of the priesthood, as to produce a certain amphibious passion between hypocrisy and conviction, found peculiarly in the decline of religions. That passion is, perhaps, of all human influences the most difficult for the State to encounter. It is neither temporal nor spiritual; it has neither the prudence of reason, nor the generosity of faith; it is closed alike to persuasion and to affection; it lives neither on the land nor in the stream; but evades you in the slime, where the produce of the secular earth grows rank, and the waters of a pure enthusiasm lie stagnant. This monster passion is growing huge in England just now;—"Behemoth, in the covert of the reed and of the fens, that trusteth he can draw up Jordau into his mouth;" but "from the mountains shall

new rivers come down," and, "like a lion by the swelling of Jordan," he will be borne away.

What, then, is the duty of the State towards the Church in a crisis like the present?—to represent, by a more intelligible demeanour than ever before, the alienated affections of the country; and, in relation to dogmatic conditions of fellowship, to take a course directly opposite to the tendency of the agitating ecclesiastics. The sacerdotal party are struggling for a narrowed creed; the Judicial Committee have wisely vindicated the principle of latitude. The Anglicans contend for dogmatic unity; let the State boldly demand provision for variety. The government is trustee in this matter, not only for a church already marked internally by wide diversities, but for a nation of which nearly one-half has, at different periods, been injuriously driven from her pale. The civil disabilities of these excluded classes having been removed, their ecclesiastical excommunication cannot safely remain neglected in any future legislation for the Church; and so far from any contraction of the terms of communion being for an instant entertained, a gradual enlargement of them ought to be steadily enforced by the government. Were all harmonious and healthful within the pale, there might be some fair excuse for leaving in quiet action what answered at least the wants of a definite majority in the country; but it is notorious that if to-morrow all the sect of the nation were thrust into the Church, its disunion and diversities of creed would be no greater than at present; and its only decent plea against comprehension is entirely forfeited. Besides, a state cannot lend itself as a party to theological disputes, but is bound to estimate the Church purely by its moral efficiency—its competency to express and sustain the highest life of the people, to hold and train their affections, and to educate them according to their consciences, in their obligations as citizens of this world and children of God.

If there be in a country an organized community of Christians, enjoying the confidence and sympathy of the nation at large, and able, by appeal to reverential feeling, to secure those moralities of the social state which law can defend only by coercion, we know of no valid theoretical objection against the endowment of such a body by the legislature; and if its members choose to include within their aim other ends, foreign to the purposes of government—such as the removal of mystic stains by mystic rites—let them be free to do so, *provided no damage is thus done to the prior state-requisites*. But this proviso must be stringently enforced: and if the supplementary ends are of a nature to prejudice the primary; if they comprise dogmas and ceremonies by which the

range of social agency is restricted and its integrity lowered; above all, if they so withdraw the mind of the clergyman from the rational and moral interests of society as to convert him into an obstacle in the way of national education and culture, except on the exclusive terms of his professional speciality; then the alliance is justly forfeited: and the State, failing to gain the stipulated benefits, reclaims of right the vested endowment. Can any candid observer affirm that the Established Church fairly performs the national function entrusted to her? Is she not at this moment spending all her zeal on disputes which, but for their possible results, the nation regards with contemptuous indifference? Have her teachings been such, her methods of operation such, as to retain in her faith and power the great working class of this country? She complains perhaps of the co-presence of rival sects, that break and paralyse her energies. But did she not herself disown them and drive them out? and have they not had, in her coldness or narrowness, such sufficient cause to quit her communion, that their founders are, for the most part, remembered with a just reverence, accounted as the worthies of our history, and acknowledged to have done a good work? To what so much as to the incompetency and mismanagement of the Church are we to ascribe the state of things so forcibly described by Mr. Thom, in the following page?

“The Christian Church has instruments enough, and self-sacrifice enough, to parcel the world among her ministers, to break up the close layers of its masses so that, instead of only like consorting with like, and ignorance and vice pressed together, lying in thick strata on one another, human beings, instead of dense impermeable clusters, should stand forth, individual and distinct, so that air and light could circulate around them, and not one soul be left without living contact, through a brother's touch, with the sympathies of earth and the supports of heaven. But the Christian Church cannot do this as it now exists. With its conflicting creeds, and rival interests, and deadly jealousies, it cannot unite its devoted servants, and send them forth in one spirit to divide the toil between them. If we were all of one heart, believing that holy affections are the only powers that can enlighten and regenerate fallen men, there might not be a spot in all this land in which even an individual could be found without the light and love of a brother's spirit bent full upon him. And why is not this the case now? Because, in consequence of our divisions about doctrines, *Christianity cannot be locally applied*. In that fact lies mainly the explanation of the spiritual condition and destitution of the people. A parochial administration of Christianity, a beautiful and competent idea, is now an impossibility. A catholic religion requires a catholic church; but we have only *Roman catholic churches*, and *Church of England churches*, and *Calvinistic churches*—and other

reciprocally repelling and antagonistic churches. If Christianity was one power, and could use the world's wisdom of the division of labour, it could assign to each manageable district its own responsible agency, sufficient to flood it with light. But this cannot be where you will hardly find two neighbouring houses in which the same theory of salvation is accepted. And so our Christian churches gather their isolated worshippers from all quarters; and in our large towns, at least, no man has an allotted field, and no church and no person is charged with the spiritual condition of any spot. And thus our churches sit apart, exerting some attraction over scattered individuals of like affinities among the dispersed multitudes, but with no power of thoroughly occupying the Field of the World, each cultivating its own corner of the vineyard. And as with that village of Samaria which would not receive our Lord because His face was as though He was going to Jerusalem, there are places in Christian lands where disciples, earnest and beloved as James and John, would not be received; and, probably, like James and John, might know so little what spirit they are of as to be ready to call down fire from heaven in their Master's name. These are the consequences of established creeds and churches—and this the price we pay for a Religion of Doctrines, instead of a religion that looks only to the spirit and the life; for a religion of saving orthodoxes, instead of a religion of all-purifying love. The prophecy remains to be fulfilled, and Christianity cannot occupy the world as the waters cover the deep, because Theology forbids the union and the distribution of its powers. We have left to Sin and Satan the advantage of the principle, Divide and conquer."—*Religion, the Church, and the People*, p. 20.

The Church of England has enjoyed rare opportunities. It wants nothing that history can give to render it respectable. It lost little of the external dignity of the elder system, when it opened a way for some infusion of energy from the Reformation. Its hierarchy ascends by the same gradations, and retains the same titles, as the parent body; its creeds are translations of ancient forms; its liturgy is a provincial idiom of the language of the universal Church. The Anglicans are right in maintaining that it was not of Protestant origin, but rather a national graft detached from the stem of so many centuries; that it did not rudely tear away, but simply trained around the local structure, the sacred ivy of antiquity. Yet, it was not left without the purifying discipline of a day of persecution, as well as the prolonged contact of more earnest and spiritual reformers, who sometimes introduced within the pale the self-denying virtues and rude fervour that are the secret of popular power. The honourable duty was devolved upon it by the folly of a king, of being the advocate of liberty, and the representative of injured conscience. It has had the almost uninterrupted and exclusive command of all the resources and all the distinctions of the ancient universities, and

has enriched English literature with some of its most cherished names. If ever a Church has had a chance of collecting into the focus of its action the most various and even opposite influences that can sway the human mind, it is the Church of England. Yet, at last, the day is coming when the account will be asked of these opportunities. The churches of our forefathers will not be permanently left to the sort of teachers who are now wearying the world with their puerilities, and shocking it with their intolerance; nor the ecclesiastical estates of the nation abandoned to the guardianship which has been so shamefully abused. To the large and humiliating subject of the Church temporalities, we have abstained from adverting. Convinced as we are that what alone the Church cares to teach has ceased to be the real religion of this nation, we have not thought it worth while to enter into the abuses of secular administration. The exposure of the Ecclesiastical Commission is fresh in every one's recollection. And in Mr. Beeston's sensible pamphlet will be found a series of facts as to the management of episcopal and chapter lands, which we should think it impossible to parallel in the history of private rapacity and corporate dishonesty.

Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deservit pede Pæna claudo.

No one who reads the statements to which we refer can believe that the reckoning will be long delayed; and among the chances of the near future, we esteem it not the least, that an irresistible force of opinion will support in substance the prayer of a Memorial to the Queen, which appeared in this 'Review' two years ago,—for **FREEDOM OF CONSCIENCE IN MATTERS OF RELIGION.***

"Admittance to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and the liberty of worshipping and expounding the Scriptures in the churches of our ancestors, are now made to depend upon subscription to certain articles of faith known as the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England.

"This test, when first established, was a departure from the principle of the Protestant Reformation, founded upon the right of private judgment, without which there can be no progress in religious truth; and it led to those lamentable schisms which have since divided English protestants into churchmen and dissenters of various denominations, who would otherwise have remained a united religious community. These schisms are now widely extending, from the differences which have lately sprung up within the Church itself upon the meaning of the thirty-nine

* See the No. for July, 1848, p. 497.

articles ; and we call upon your Majesty, by removing this cause of sectarian distinctions, as a middle wall of partition unknown to Christianity, and by promoting the application of the divine precepts of universal charity, to restore among your Majesty's subjects the ' unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace.'

"We ask for the repeal of the Act of Uniformity (14 Car. II. c. 4) ; the abolition of all subscription tests for admission to universities, the houses of parliament, or for holy orders ; and that in the case of all churches built, endowed, or supported with public money, the people, by their local representatives, or in their religious congregations, shall have a voice in the appointment of their own religious teachers."

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

- 1.—*Jacob von Artevelde — Historischer Roman.* (James Von Artevelde; an Historical Romance). By Hendrik Conscience. Leipzig: Carl B. Sorck. London: Williams & Norgate. 1849.

A GREAT movement in favour of the restoration of extinct nationalities has, for good or evil, been conspicuous in Europe of late years. In not a few instances this movement has been both factitious and mischievous. In Bohemia and Hungary we have seen the energies that should have been turned against the foes of freedom and humanity employed in kindling the fatal strife of race against race. In Flanders it has as yet manifested itself chiefly in an extraordinary zeal for the revival of the Flemish language and literature, now for some centuries fallen into perhaps unjust disregard. When the spirit of nationality is employed as a political engine, it is one to be regarded with much suspicion. In the early stages of history, when the flame of human culture burned yet only on a few spots, surrounded by vast spaces of outer darkness, it was desirable to raise such a feeling as a wall of defence around it. In our own days the same necessity recurs, when, as in colonization, men are placed in similar relations with an outlying wilderness. Other circumstances, such as those of a foreign invasion, or a recent conquest, may justify, if not demand, our raising the war-cry of distinction of race. But, in the case of a mixed population, living together on the same territory, under the same government, mingled together intimately in all the relations of social life, these distinctions become not useful walls of defence, or weapons of lawful resistance, but troublesome and injurious obstructions—fatal seeds of discord, tending to the propagation of feelings that it would have been wiser to allow to die a natural death, and be buried in oblivion. It can answer no good purpose to rend asunder again what time, and reason, and nature, have joined together. This has long been the position of the French and Flemish provinces of Belgium; and it is therefore earnestly to be hoped that the talents and erudition that have been lately devoted to the recovery of a national idiom, justly endeared by many recollections, by tender and heroic memories of

the past, may not be misemployed in the production of causeless and absurd hostilities. Regarding the subject only in its historical and poetical phases, the exertions of the Flemish party are deserving of all praise; and in this party there is no more distinguished name than that of the author of '*James von Artevelde*;' and though, for the place he holds in the estimation of his countrymen, and indeed of Europe, he may be in some measure indebted to party zeal, it is yet hardly a higher one than his talents and labours might, without any such consideration, have justly claimed.

Heindrik, or Henry, Conscience was born in 1812, at Antwerp, where his father, a Frenchman, who had been several years in the imperial navy, had married a Flemish woman, and settled as a ship-breaker. This occupation he afterwards exchanged for that of a dealer in waste paper; and he was accustomed to keep his house, from ground-floor to garret, crammed with old books and magazines bought in the way of his trade. Among the mountains of printed paper thus piled up before him, young Conscience found means of gratifying a most vehement appetite for reading, which is recorded as the most remarkable characteristic of his childhood. Without any other guide than his own inclination, he devoured every book whose title presented the smallest attraction; and though somewhat feeble and sickly in body, his mental digestion was, it seems, powerful enough to enable him to take in and assimilate, better or worse, a heap of crudities that might have overwhelmed a less vigorous brain.

It was, nevertheless, perhaps fortunate for him that when he was about fifteen a total change took place in his way of life. The mother of the family had died some years before, and the father now left the city, took a lonely house in the middle of an immense garden, and away from every other habitation; and there he and his two sons maintained themselves by cultivating the ground with their own hands, keeping no servant, never seeing the face of friend or acquaintance, and having whatever necessities they required brought to the house. The dreariness of this ascetic solitude was also still further increased by the occasional prolonged absence of the father, who used to remain away for weeks, and sometimes months, visiting various French and Belgian ports, and leaving the sons to take care of the garden and the cows. This solitude does not, however, appear to have had any prejudicial effect upon the mind of young Conscience. As formerly he had been absorbed in the world of books, he was now entirely devoted to the book of nature, and it was studied with no less enthusiasm. He came to these lessons well prepared; for in his former discursive expeditions into the world of literature, books of physical science, of geography and natural history, had been equal, if not greater, favourites with him than works of imagination. He drew from them, also, what was of even more value than scientific knowledge—a warm love of nature, a deep and fervent piety, and the susceptibility to all that was noble and beautiful that is stamped upon all his productions.

The second marriage of his father occasioned the next vicissitude that we find recorded in the biography of Conscience. The rule of a severe step-mother was by no means agreeable to lads who had grown up in the wild freedom of a rude country life; and, to put an end to the domestic dissensions that now disturbed its quiet, it was determined to send them to an educational establishment at Antwerp, where Henry was to become a teacher. The Belgian revolution, however, frustrated this plan; and, carried away by an irresistible impulse of youthful patriotism, he left the school, and enlisted as a volunteer in the brigade of General Niellon. He was present at several engagements, but in six years had reached no further promotion than that of sergeant-major, though he had attained, in the meantime, a high rank in the good grace of his comrades, by constituting himself poet of the regiment. His songs, written in French, we have never met with; but they are stated by competent French critics to be full of spirit and joyous humour, and they were eagerly sung throughout the Belgian army. After about six years' service, he solicited and obtained his discharge, and returned for a short time to his paternal home, but quitted it again shortly afterwards for Antwerp, to seek there the means of independent subsistence. He had no ambition of a paltry and commonplace kind; and he would have been content with the laborious poverty of a teacher in a country village, where his love of nature and his passion for literature would probably have made him ample amends for the want of vulgar worldly pleasure, or of the gratifications of vanity. Failing in this search, he tried to get a place as a clerk; but in this, too, he was unsuccessful, and in the meantime he had ventured on the hazardous experiment of writing a book. During his campaigning days the idea of attempting the revival of the old Flemish language, now for several hundred years regarded with contempt as a mere popular dialect, unfit for literary purposes, had frequently presented itself. In a letter to a friend, written during the time he was employing French as the language of poetry, he says:—"I send you here a prose essay, which I first composed for myself in the native language of my country. I do not know how it is, but I find in this language something romantic, mysterious, deep, energetic, wild. Should it ever be in my power, I mean to throw myself over head and ears into the Flemish literature. It is a dream which has enchanted me, and will not again disappear." In this period of unwelcome leisure this thought again recurred. He undertook to write a book in Flemish. A passage in Giucciardini's description of the Netherlands gave him the idea of writing a series of scenes from the time of the Spanish dominion, and thus came to light his '*Wonderjaar*' (The Year of Wonders), which was received with great favour; but though the first production brought the young author an abundant harvest of praise, it yielded no produce of a more solid kind; indeed, considerably less than nothing, for he had published on his own account, and on balancing accounts with his printer he found himself *minus* what for him was a considerable sum.

As a matter of course, his relations were now prepared with much

wholesome advice, and many acute remarks, concerning the unprofitableness of literature, which the poor author was just then not in a humour to profit by. He therefore packed up his worldly goods, consisting of some old clothes, and specie to the amount of twenty pence, and again set forth to seek his fortune. Happily, he had now arrived at the stage of his affairs when a change could hardly be other than for the better. In the neighbourhood of the city, whither as usual he had bent his steps, he encountered an old schoolfellow, who spoke words of comfort, and led the forlorn wanderer to the home of his parents; on their son's recommendation, they received him kindly, and provided for his immediate necessities. A better time had now come for him. He became acquainted with the celebrated painter, Wappers, who interested himself so much for Conscience as to present him to the king—even though, as a preliminary step, it was necessary to lend him a suit of clothes fit to meet the eye of majesty. He and his book were graciously received, and assistance promised, which soon followed in the shape of a small appointment in the department of the Provincial Archives, with the not quite inordinate salary of 500 francs a-year. The next of his literary speculations, a collection of tales and poems entitled '*Phantasia*,' had very nearly the same fate as the first; but the grand historical romance, in three volumes, '*The Lion of Flanders*,' to which he now devoted not only days, but nights of labour, produced a *profit, videlicet, one dollar eighteen groschen, or five shillings English*!

It is to the credit of the young author's strength of mind, that he now resolved to lean no longer on so frail a reed, but trust rather to the labour of his hands for support; and accordingly, hiring himself to a gardener, he worked steadily for thirteen months as his journeyman, soothing his embittered spirit by intercourse with nature, which has poured balm into so many wounded hearts. In the meantime his friend Wappers had not forgotten him; he again took occasion to call the attention of King Leopold to his merits. Conscience was appointed to the office of *Greffier* to the Academy of Fine Arts at Antwerp; and now, under happier auspices, and no longer hunted by the grim spectre want, he again took up the pen, and produced his '*Hugo de Craenhoven*,' his '*History of Belgium*,' and other works, which have been enthusiastically received by his countrymen, and translated into several languages. He has since won "golden opinions from all sorts of men," and become Professor of the University of Ghent, and, as we are informed, instructor in the Flemish language and literature to the royal family; Member of the Royal Institute of Leyden; Knight of the Order of Leopold, of the Prussian Red Eagle, and of the Bavarian order of St. Michael, &c. &c. His latest work, '*Jacob von Artevelde*,' now before us, has procured for the author the honour of a public vote of thanks from the magistrates at Ghent, for the light he has thrown on an obscure portion of the history of their city.

Of this production we now proceed to give some account. The subject, as the title implies, is the life of the heroic brewer of Ghent;

and his character, on the public and political side, is admirably conceived and described. The whole historical picture is, indeed, painted with great truth and animation; but we cannot deny, that, comparing 'Jacob von Artevelde' with the highest specimens of the class to which it belongs, as the reputation of the author justifies our doing, we miss the creative power of imagination, which might bring the personages out of the canvas, and set them breathing—moving before us. We do not see them "*in the round*." We follow, indeed, with deepest interest, the story of the patriot martyr; but for this little more was needed than the scrupulous fidelity to history, which is one of the author's most conspicuous merits, and, at the same time, probably in some measure the source of his defects as a writer of fiction.

His extensive and profound researches into the records of his country have yielded him a mass of material, which it required the utmost vigour of genius to mould and subordinate to the purposes of romance. He moves under a weight of learned panoply, that must oppress all but the mightiest champion. The political and commercial relations of England, France and Flanders, are discussed in a style, and at a length, hardly admissible in a work professedly fictitious: the speeches of Von Artevelde read like reports, or, at all events, like those which the ancient historians were in the habit of putting into the mouths of their personages. In the subordinate characters, the deficiency of dramatic power is still more conspicuous. The pair of lovers are insipid, beyond even what "walking ladies and gentlemen" have a prescriptive right to be; and the villain is so wholly black—so unredeemed by the slightest variety of tint—as to remind us of that peculiar department of art, the black profiles which we have occasional opportunities of admiring in the streets of London. We refer with less unwillingness to these defects, because the vigour and beauty of the purely historical parts afford sufficient evidence that, if there has been a misapplication, there is no deficiency of high literary talent.

The year 1337, in which the story opens, was a very memorable one in the history of Flanders. Count Louis, of Flanders, deeming the welfare of the Flemish people a very subordinate object to that of pleasing his ally, Philip of Valois, had thought proper to send some armed vessels to cruise on the English coast. King Edward (III.) had retaliated by prohibiting the exportation to Flanders of the English wool, by which almost wholly the Flemish looms were kept in activity. The consequence was, the total stagnation of this her great branch of industry, and the starvation of thousands of workmen and their families. For fourteen months, want, amounting to famine, had been desolating the once-abundant plains of the low countries; crowds of gaunt, hungry-looking men, stalked with spectral aspect through the streets of the cities; and the villages around, once alive with the merry hum of cheerful, well-paid labour, were silent as the grave. Pestilence had followed, as usual, on the steps of famine, and mowed down the ranks of the exhausted victims. Death moved with swift strides from house to house; and in some the bodies of whole families lay together un-

buried. The celebrated Friday Market in Ghent exhibited, on the Christmas of that year, a spectacle very different from the jovial festivity it was wont to wear at that season.

"The Friday Market in Ghent is one of those places whose aspect alone transports the thoughtful spectator back to the times of her greatness and civic glory. It is a broad page, on which the whole history of the Flemish commonalties seems written. On this stage of Flanders' weal and woe, of its power and its disgrace, the ground has, a hundred times, shaken beneath the tread of a raging multitude; its soil has drank the blood of our fathers, poured out in furious civil conflict; its air has resounded with the shout of triumph, and the roar of revenge, with songs of adulation to princes, with curses on tyrants, and with the expression of patriotic emotion for freedom and fatherland.

"Whatever stirred the mind of the heady Ghenters—whether joy, or sorrow, or anger—the people streamed from all quarters to the Friday Market, as to the place which belonged to all—where even the beggar, if he were a citizen of Ghent, could say, 'This is my property.' By long custom, the people had come to consider that, on the Friday Market, every citizen, rich or poor, might say what he pleased concerning the affairs of the commonalty and the country, without the magistrates having the right to restrain them in the enjoyment of this freedom, or to punish them for anything that had taken place on that spot. In their opinion, this place belonged to the sovereign people alone, and what they might not whisper elsewhere, they might here speak aloud. In insurrections—or on occasions of legal defence of popular rights that had been encroached upon—the Guilds met here in arms, prompt to avenge even the appearance of wrong; here, also, Ghent took the oath of allegiance to its princes, and they, in their turn, swore to respect the rights of the people.

"In the fourteenth century the Friday Market looked very differently from what it does now. The St. James's church stood alone, with no other building near it, and commanded the whole area as far as the river Lys, without the intervention of a single house. This temple was surrounded by a wall enclosing a wide space, with a few scattered graves, and crossed by four foot-paths, which remained open day and night for the accommodation of those who might wish to make a short cut across it, or who should enter the churchyard to pray. Opposite the gable of the church, but in the middle of the market, stood the custom-house, an antique building with a round tower, where the Deans of the Guilds assembled for common councils. An iron gallery, called the ring, encircled the tower like a girdle at about half-way up; and on this every piece of cloth or linen brought to the Friday Market—which had been adjudged badly made, or adulterated, and therefore calculated to bring disgrace on the industry of Ghent—was hung up and exposed to public shame. The houses around, as well as in other quarters of the town, were, at this period, mostly built of wood and thatched with straw, though some, the dwellings of the more opulent burghers, had a tile roof and a gable of bricks, through which ran large wooden beams crossing one another. The windows were of various forms, though mostly in that of the pointed arch, but all divided by a thick post, and furnished with small neat panes of glass.

"It would be a mistake to imagine that the materials employed gave to these buildings a mean appearance. That might, indeed, be the case with some of the smaller houses inhabited by artisans and the lower classes of citizens; but those of the wealthier displayed art and magnificence enough to prove that both riches and taste had presided at their erection. This magnificence consisted in the richly-carved work with which every piece of wood that was visible was covered, and in the highly decorated windows, beneath which

twined garlands of sculptured leaves and flowers. Rich as they were, however, in their artistic ornaments, the houses of the burghers of Ghent were scarcely pleasing in their aspect; for the dark hue of the weather-beaten oak wood, and the ashy colour of the half-decayed straw, clothed the whole city in tints of brown and grey.

"In one corner of the Friday Market stood a sort of castle, built of rough heavy blue slate. In the front gable were many stately arched windows, and at each angle was a tower furnished with loopholes. In this castle dwelt the noble race of Utenhove. Such strong houses, or 'Stones' as they were called, standing in the middle of towns, were, it may be supposed, generally nothing less than fortresses whence their lords domineered over the citizens, and endangered or repressed their liberty, whenever it was in an immature condition, as happened in many of the smaller towns; but in Ghent, the spirit of industry and the popular power had already penetrated even the rock-like walls of the 'Stones.' Most of the noble families had here themselves become citizens, and honoured members of the community, helping, with word and deed, in the development of the industry and freedom of their fellow-townsmen; but there were still some who complained of the common people raising their heads so presumptuously against the power of their lords, —and as France was at that time the country where chivalry shone in the greatest splendour, and most cruelly oppressed the people, they often turned their eyes in that direction, hoping that from that quarter might come a power that should set bounds to the pride of the commons. These were usually known by the name of *Liliards*, or followers of the Lily of France. Originally, it had been forbidden to any one under the knightly rank to occupy one of these 'Stones;' but in the fourteenth century, the riches of the Ghent burghers had so much increased, that many of them had built themselves 'Stones,' or bought them from some of the decayed nobility.

"On the 25th of December, 1337, the Friday Market showed in all its horror the condition of the people. On the same spot where the citizens had so often met in exulting throngs to rejoice over their freedom and prosperity, now lay crowds of unfortunate creatures perishing from want, silent and motionless, their eyes fixed on the ground. By the wall of St. James's Church lay heaps of men, women, and children, clinging together to protect themselves from the cutting wind, but no sound issued from their lips. Only now and then came the kiss of a mother on the frozen lips of a dying babe, or the voice of a boy entreating in vain for bread. All along the houses, between here and the river Lys, extended a line of these suffering creatures, with their husbands and fathers standing silent and dejected as themselves, their faces often entirely hidden in their 'rain-cloths.'

"Why, it may be asked, should they come to expose themselves to the bitter cold on the market-place, when their dwellings would, at least, have protected them from the cutting north wind? The Friday Market! there the populace of Ghent lived, and moved, and had its being. Hither it brought, by an irresistible impulse, its sorrow as well as its joy. Round the Town Hall stood burghers of a rather different class, who had still strength enough in them to be angry; and flashing glances, and clenched fists, and threats, and bitter jests, showed a different stage of the fearful malady under which all were suffering.

"'Are we Ghenters!'—cried a brawny dyer, in a fierce, gloomy tone—'Are we men of Ghent, to see our wives lying on the ground like cattle, and our children dying like young dogs—while we stand here doing nothing but cursing?'

"'Why, Lieven Comyne, what can we do?' said another, in a dejected tone. 'There is no food in the country, and who is to give us work?'

" 'He's talking like a coward,' muttered a third; 'I say, the city ought not to let us die of hunger!'

" 'It has done what it can in this miserable time,' said the milder Simon; 'but fourteen days ago it got another loan, and distributed a thousand pounds among the Guilds. You know, Comyne, we dyers got a hundred and seventy-three pounds, and the district of Oudenborgh got another hundred.'

" 'There is money enough,' cried a fulling-miller, holding up his fist threateningly towards the Castle of Utenhove; 'but it wants courage to fetch it out. Courage! and we're but a pack of poor sneaking cowards!'

" These words surprised the hearers, and they looked at the fulling-miller with an air of displeasure.

" 'Silence!' said the dyer, Lieven Comyne; 'you and Simon don't know what you're talking about. Live on alms!—Plunder! What sort of talk is this? I bless, indeed, the charitable hand that is stretched out to help these poor women and children. But what we men of Ghent want for ourselves is not alms,—no, nor money that we're to get by robbery. Are we beggars, then, or thieves? No! it is work we want—work we must have—work and food! I, for one, will eat no bread that I do not earn in the sweat of my brow.'

" 'Yes, yes, that's the way a man talks that has a good dinner, but an empty stomach is deaf; it don't care much for fine talk. Let another fortnight go on this way, and we'll see how things will look: we'll see, then, how many broad pieces and how many measures of wine lie hid there in the Stones.'

" 'A had plan,' sighed Simon; 'that would be from had to worse.'

" 'As if we could be worse!' answered the fulling-miller, scornfully.

" 'Ah, ha!' cried Lieben, turning angrily on him; 'it was you that I saw yesterday at the Lion, drinking and talking with the French merchants.'

" 'Yes, it was then; and much good it did me. One don't get such stuff every day.'

" 'Yes, yes, I understand; that's where you learned your precious plan. You've been five years in France along with those that sold themselves, and carried the Flemish weaving to Amiens. You're no burgher of Ghent at all, and you dare not go back to your own town of Ypern. You have no right here but *Ribald right*.'"

The unfortunate citizens, in their hour of distress, turn for help to James von Artevelde, who has already acquired the appellation of the "wise man of Ghent." After affording what private succour he can to the immediate sufferers, he summons a public meeting in a great field outside the city, and there explains to them the chief cause of their sufferings, and the measures that should be adopted for their relief, in a speech which affords a good specimen of the author's style.

" 'Friends and Fellow Citizens,—Many of you believe that we have assembled here only to consider of the best means of relieving the famine that is threatening to rob our unhappy country of its last remaining strength, and this is certainly our first object. But, dear friends, I beg you to take a somewhat higher view of the great work we have before us. Flanders must have not only food, but freedom and power to defend her industry and her rights against all attacks. In order to make you understand the nature of the plan that I wish to propose to you as capable of restoring Flanders to its former greatness and renown, it is necessary that I should inquire with you into the causes of our present humiliation. Give me, therefore, fellow-citizens, your whole attention.' The deepest stillness reigned over the whole countless throng. All eyes were fixed upon the speaker, whose rich yet flexible voice seemed

already to have wrought a kind of charm upon his hearers. Artevelde continued—"Our forefathers possessed great and numerous privileges; they had purchased them with their money or their blood, or they had received them from good princes as rewards for their fidelity and attachment. The industry of a people is the child of its freedom—a child that expires when its parent forsakes it. When, therefore, the trade of Flanders is expiring before our eyes—when thousands of her children are dying the terrible death of hunger—it is in my opinion not so much for the want of English wool, as that in Flanders freedom has forsaken her child, and the people have no longer the power to protect and defend their labour. Recollect how it was in former days. Every Flemish community had its written code of rights, in which its duties towards its princes, and the duties of the princes towards the citizens, were clearly and honestly set down. Counts and citizens alike, beneath this blue sky, called God to witness that these rights should never be violated. Yet now the rights of the people are become a lie, and the rights of the princes are in the hands of the French king, strengthened by all of which we have been unjustly deprived. How comes it that we, the descendants of those who were the first to proclaim liberty among the nations of the West, have thus, like cowards, suffered ourselves to be enthralled in new fetters? Has the Flemish blood degenerated in our veins? Have we become a degraded people, no longer worthy of freedom? No, no, my friends! The sons of old Flanders are no bastards, but they are the victims of a hellish conspiracy, from which I will now tear the veil. This day, my brothers, you will, I hope, arise and burst your chains—cry, *Hail to the Lion of Flanders!* as the symbol of your redemption from slavery; and, with the words, *We will!* shatter to pieces the prison-house in which tyranny would have entombed your liberties!"

"Artevelde had spoken these last words with great enthusiasm, and he was interrupted by a loud exulting shout of 'The Lion of Flanders! Freedom and bread!' that rose, rending the sky from every part of the Byloke. But it was almost immediately hushed again—a breathless stillness prevailed, and he went on.

"Who, then, has robbed us of our freedom? and by what means have they contrived to lull to sleep our watchfulness? Ah, it is a fraud that has been continued for centuries—treachery, that was begun three hundred years ago. The French court first saw with terror the rise of the Flemish cities, because it feared we should communicate to other nations our love of freedom. Since then it has envied us for our wealth and prosperity, and, for a time, it hoped to crush us by its power; but it has learned, to its cost, what is the might of a freeman defending his property and his country. As long as our Counts held to us, as we did to them, so long they remained independent of foreign influence and foreign follies; so long Flanders was invincible; nothing could retard her progress on the path of prosperity and free development that was open to her. But when tyranny finds itself deficient in strength and courage, it has recourse to cunning. The kings of France, disdaining no means for the end they had in view, have enticed the children of our Counts to Paris; they have had them brought up in ignorance of the manners and even the language of Flanders; they have poisoned the Flemish blood in their veins; they have made them French courtiers, ready to support the greatness of France, even at the expense of the subjects whom God has committed to their care: and they have found it easy to deprive us of our freedom, when they have done so in the name of princes whom we were accustomed to honour for our fathers' sake.

"But this went on too slowly for their purpose. The wounds inflicted on our community healed too soon, for there was too much of vital force in the body that suffered them. Our Counts and their subjects were still bound

together, if no longer by mutual love, at least by mutual interest. This bond the kings of France determined to rend asunder. They sowed discord between us; they assisted by turns the Counts against the people, and the people against their Counts. Hatred arose among us, and with hatred strife and weakness. Our Counts were invited to Paris, and there treacherously induced to set the seal on our slavery. Do you know, my brothers, where would be the grave of our freedom could it ever die? In Paris—in the dungeons of the Louvre. There it was that Count Ferrand signed the abdication of the Walloon country; there Count Gwyde the shameful treaty of Milan; there Count Ruprecht of Bethune the base league of injustice; there, too, our present Count Louis acknowledged the king of France as his liege lord, resigned to him again our towns of Lille, Douay, and Artois—in a word, consented to the destruction of our freedom.

“We were soon enabled to perceive what was the value of the apparent liberties we still enjoyed. King Edward of England began with Philip of Valois a dispute concerning the succession to the crown of France. It was no concern of ours, yet the king of France compelled our Counts, against all law and justice, to arrest the English merchants in Flanders, and detain them as captives in a French dungeon. Of this outrage Flanders has been the victim. King Edward forbade the exportation of English wool to Flanders; he stationed ships of war round our coasts; he prohibited the importation of our cloth to England; he carried the English wool to Holland, and encouraged our neighbours, if possible, to rob us of our trade. A year has now passed since this blow was struck at us, and a dreadful famine reigns in Flanders.”

“What now was the conduct of our Count, by whose fault this misfortune has fallen on us? By the advice of France he summoned a council at Bruges, as if to concert measures to reanimate the Flemish Guilds. Treachery! He sought only to persuade us to yield still more to France. One single citizen—ha! it was a citizen of Ghent—ventured to raise his voice to declare that the great relations between Flanders and England ought to be re-established. He who said this was a noble knight, who had served the Count faithfully for forty years; he was the bosom friend of Count Ruprecht, of Bethune, yet all this could not save him. A command of the French king threw him, the Marshal of Flanders, the venerable Segher de Cortrazon, into a dungeon. You know what efforts Ghent has made to obtain the freedom of this noble fellow-citizen. Long did the Count turn a deaf ear to the entreaties of our envoy, and at length, when our prayers, or the feeling of his own injustice moved him, he said, as if he were giving a gracious answer, “Go to Paris, and ask the king if he permits it!” Cowardice!—degradation! A Flemish city defend the rights of a fellow-citizen in Paris! Kneel to a foreigner, and implore this right as an act of grace! So deeply have we sunk, friends! But from this depth we may rise again gloriously, if the blood of our fathers still flows through our hearts—if we remember that we are men of Flanders and citizens of Ghent!”

Some one proposes to avenge the injury received from the French by murdering all the Liliards; but this attempt is defeated by Artevelde. He then urges on his hearers that it is not enough to have hearts to love freedom; they must have arms to defend it; that they shall restore the martial institutions and exercises of their ancestors, which, in the progress of wealth and luxury among them, have too much fallen into neglect; and that then, publicly and solemnly protesting against the obligations entered into by the Count in their name with the

French king, to engage not to assist in any way the enemies of the King of England, but to keep the territory of Flanders strictly neutral, in which case it had already been offered by Edward to withdraw the prohibition of the English wool. Should the French make any attack upon them, they shall then at once throw themselves into a close alliance with England, on the broad basis of old friendship and mutual interest.

The people agree with enthusiasm to the proposal; but in the moment of Artevelde's joy at the prospect of his country's deliverance, the base and factious Gerhard Denys begins to weave the web of dark intrigue, to which the unsuspecting patriot becomes a victim.

"Immediately after Artevelde had retired from the linden-tree, Gerhard Denys, forcing his way through the crowd, had left the Byloke, and crossing a green intersected by many footpaths, had walked on till he saw before him in the twilight the black wall and lofty buildings of the Waltgate. This was one of the fortified gates of the city, and on each of the outer angles rose a high tower, connected with one another by a strong rude building, beneath which the entrance was made. Here were kept various machines and implements of war belonging to the city—the great bow of Ghent, the battering-rams, machines for casting stones, and so forth. Here the city 'Ribalds,' and their captain or king, had their abode; the Ribalds, twenty-four in number, were the only paid soldiers that Ghent maintained in time of peace. When their army took the field the Ribalds were required to attend in the commissariat department; but when they came back, their duty was to watch over all drinking and disorderly houses, to keep an eye on assassins, thieves, beggars, and vagabonds, and of all who, not having the rights of citizenship, were said to be under 'Ribald right.' In the course of their duty they were from morning till evening, and often the night through, to be found in taverns and beer-houses, and they were known as the jolliest companions and the hardest drinkers in Ghent. Their captain bore the title of King, probably given him at first in jest, but afterwards repeated seriously in all legal documents.

"Gerhard Denys entered beneath the archway of the Waltgate, and knocked at a low thick door on the left hand. Of the Ribald who opened it he inquired, 'Is Mynheer Muggelyn, your king, within?' and on receiving an answer in the affirmative, desired to be led to him, putting at the same time a piece of money into the hand of the man, who led him quickly up the dark stone stairs, and then opened another door, saying, 'Go in, master, you will find the king there.' The King of the Ribalds was seated in the little chamber on a clumsy wooden stool, and, by the light of a large iron lamp, was occupied in mending an old pair of breeches. A great beer-can stood before him on the table and an empty beaker, and his majesty bore on his face the unmistakable signs of an irregular profligate life. Nose and cheeks were shining red, variegated with spots of purple, which, with the vulgar grin that appeared upon it, would have given his face a repulsive aspect, even without the low overhanging forehead almost hiding the eyes, and the mean covetous expression that lurked in them. As soon as he saw the Upper Dean, he called out without stopping from his work—'See there now! Master Gerhard Denys! What has brought that about, that you should come to visit the Ribald King in his court? Take a stool and sit ye down.'

"'What has brought it about, Muggelyn,' said Gerhard, 'is what you yourself told me to-day.'

"'Yes, yes, I know, that they are going to elect the captain, you mean.'

" 'Even so. That would not be so bad, but that some thoughtless citizens speak of naming Jacob von Artevelde as the chief captain. What think you of that?'

" 'Well, Mynheer Denys, it's all the same to me who's made chief captain, and I believe the "Wise Man" may fill the office as well as another.'

" 'But, Muggelyn, he is a coward, and will run away at the first danger.'

" 'Ah! indeed—do you think that?'

" 'Certainly! From the speech he made to-day any one may see that he is not valiant enough to be at the head of a city like Ghent.'

" 'Well, well, we shall see, Master Denys—and in any case it's no concern of mine.'

" 'How, Muggelyn—no concern of yours. If you thought the freedom and welfare of the city were at stake—if you thought that an ambitious deceiver was leading his fellow-citizens astray in order to raise himself above them, would you not then rise instantly and endeavour to save your country?'

" 'No, Master Denys,' replied the Ribald King, grinning, 'I would not rise till I had finished mending my breeches.'

" 'You do not say what you mean, Muggelyn. Our country expects that every good citizen will be on the watch to prevent any such attempt, and you must not refuse your help in the execution of this sacred duty.'

"The Ribald King looked at the Upper Deau with a cunning laugh, and answered: 'Ah, Master Denys—what's the use of talking to poor King Muggelyn of freedom and the honour of the city of Ghent, when he has to sit here cobbling away this hour and a half beside an empty beer-can? Mine host of the Stag there, under the clock tower, has got a score against me that I have been running this half-year. I've tried to pay him with freedom, and honour, and country, and all those fine words, but the covetous rogue says he doesn't know the coin.'

"The sneer and the impudent covetousness of the answer of the Ribald King provoked Denys, and he was vexed that he saw no way of leading the conversation the way he wished. 'It seems then, Muggelyn,' said he, 'it is vain to ask your help in the name of liberty and of your country. It seems these noble words have no power over your mind.'

" 'Of all words that are spoken,' said the Ribald, 'there are only four that I properly understand: they are—money, dice, women, and wine. If I can get the first, I can manage to forget the other three, for one can't get them altogether. But, Master Denys, what for do you go so much about the hush with what you want to say to me? Out with it! You're not come all the way to the Waltgate to talk this sort of stuff with me.'

" 'Well, then,' answered the Upper Dean, angrily; 'you're no good Ghenter, Muggelyn, and care nothing about the renown and the welfare of our city. It is otherwise with me. My heart beats with indignation when I see that the happiness of Ghent is to be sacrificed to Artevelde's ambition; and I will spare neither pains nor money in a good cause.'

" 'Now I begin to understand,' said Muggelyn, grinning significantly. 'And if you care nothing for fine words, you will probably not refuse your help if you can gain thereby thirty pounds,' added Denys.

"At these words, Muggelyn let the garment he was mending fall from his knee, and his little eyes sent forth an unusual gleam.

" 'I didn't rightly hear,' he said.

" 'Thirty pounds!' repeated Denys; 'but under the condition that the city is saved.'

" 'Thirty pounds!' murmured the Ribald King.

" 'Double your yearly pay—and four-and-twenty more subjects,' added the Dean, laying on the table, at the same time, a handful of money."

The service for which the bribe is offered to the King of the Ribalds is that of setting in motion a machinery of slander against Artevelde. He and his associates are to visit all the wine-houses and places of public resort, and excite jealous and angry feelings against the "Wise Man," by insinuating that the people are only being made the dupes of his selfish ambition, and declaring their conviction that his apparent patriotism is only a cunning mask, which he will throw off when he has attained his object. At first these suggestions are received with indignant denial; but at length some of the small calumnies, continually dropped, fall here and there on genial soil, take root and bring forth their fruit. A feeling of grudging envy and ill-will begins to ferment against him who has been hitherto the idol of his fellow-citizens; and the party secretly formed against him is strengthened by a junction with his more open and honest enemies, the Liliards, who are anxious to attach Ghent to the interests of France.

For a long time the triumphant success that attends Artevelde's exertions in the cause of his country, the valour and wisdom displayed by him in the field and at the council-table, the unspotted honor and purity of his private life, and the devoted attachment of his friends and adherents, enable him to defy the malice of his enemies. He is chosen governor of the city, and his sagacious policy raises it to the height of power and prosperity. In the meantime the low malignant whisper of the secret slanderer has risen into the "loud roar of foaming calumny;" and, taking advantage of the first cloud on the aspect of affairs, he is accused of selling Flanders to England, of sending away treasures from Ghent, and a popular tumult is excited against him. His house is surrounded by a blindly raging multitude, led on by his vile enemy Gerhard Denys, who for seven years has pursued him with the pertinacity of a bloodhound and the malice of a fiend. Artevelde presents himself to the insurgents, and from a window of his house addresses them in a manly and pathetic speech, which appears to be producing its effect, when Gerhard Denys contrives to detach about fifty of his immediate followers, and leads them round to a small back door, which he knows to be the weakest part of the house. The door is soon crushed with sledge-hammers, and they rush in. Artevelde's friends make a desperate defence; five or six of the murderers fall in the narrow passage, which is swimming in blood.

"At this sight they gave way. Since there was scarcely room for them to use their weapons, and more than two or three could not advance at a time, they perceived that they were rushing on death without any certainty of reaching Artevelde. They would fain have retired therefore, but they found themselves hindered by the pressing forward of the throng behind, which drove on the foremost with the headlong force of the torrent, and obtained possession of the passage. Ghelnoot and his friends, though they had struck down the first who entered the apartment, cleaving their heads with swords, or plunging their daggers into their breasts, were yet now overpowered by numbers, and driven back against the wall, where they defended themselves like raging lions. * * * * Horrible, frightful was the contest! More than thirty mangled

corpses lay upon the ground, from which the blood flowed towards the lower end of the room, forming a pool in which the combatants waded, splashing it upon the walls."

In the meantime, Artevelde is in the upper room, still speaking from the window to the crowd beneath, when Denys, with a few followers, bursts in and cleaves his scull from behind with an axe.

"'Ghent—Flanders!' were the last words of the 'Wise Man.' His malicious enemy, not content even with his death, dragged his body from the window and stamped on it with his foot, while the other misereants hacked at it, till it scarcely preserved a trace of the human form; and at length, as a climax of horror, tied a rope round it and dragged it down the stairs into the street.

"That was the end of the Wise Man of Ghent; that was the reward of his heroic life!"

We have passed over, thinking them little worth detailing, the purely fictitious incidents of the story, arising out of the love of the son of the monster Denys for the daughter of Artevelde. They are somewhat feeble and vapid, and are probably only introduced because a love story is considered canonical in a composition bearing the name of a novel; but the interest of the life of Artevelde required no assistance of this kind. It is not uncommon to point to such instances as that of James of Artevelde, as a warning to those who would devote themselves to any patriotic cause. But the list of these martyrs of popular ingratitude is, after all, short enough as compared with those of the faithful friends and servants of princes, who have been forsaken and given over to destruction. Von Artevelde, also, was not sacrificed like Strafford to the calculations of deliberate selfishness, but to the blind delusion of those whom he had served—to the *ignorance* of the people that made it possible thus to delude them. With free institutions, the mere instinct of self-preservation must call on the governing party to endeavour to raise the people out of this state of ignorance; and the more imperatively, the larger the share of political power with which they are entrusted. This has been strongly felt and acted upon in France since the last revolution. In such cases there can be no safety for the government but in the enlightenment of the governed. But where power is in the hands of a few the case is widely different: it may be their interest to perpetuate ignorance where it is intended to perpetuate subjection. Despots have always understood and acted upon the maxim that "Knowledge is power."

There is another moral, too, to these mournful tales. In the memorable words of Sir James Mackintosh—

"An outrage committed by the people has a naked and undisguised horror that awakens all our indignation, whilst the murders committed by the sword of justice are disguised by the solemnities that invest them. Murder and rapine, if arrayed in the gorgeous disguise of acts of state, may with impunity stalk abroad. Our sentiments are reconciled to them in this form; and we forget that the ends of anarchy must be short-lived, while those of despotic governments are fearfully permanent."

2.—*Mémoires de Philippe de Commines. Nouvelle édition. 1850.*
Publiée par Mlle. Dupont.

THE present edition of the work of the celebrated historian of the fifteenth century has been published under the auspices of the *Société de l'Histoire de France*, and has undergone many important corrections, besides receiving the addition of notes, which serve to illustrate essential points, as well as to throw light on some parts of the biography of the author that have been hitherto obscure.

The *Mémoires* which have procured for Commines so high a place in the estimation of posterity were originally intended as mere rough materials, wherewith his learned friend Angelo Cato, Archbishop of Vienna, and formerly physician and astrologer to Louis XI., was to compose "some considerable work in Latin."

His own want of proficiency in this tongue is greatly lamented by the historian; but as it is probable that to his ignorance of it may be attributed his freedom from the rhetorical pedantry of the literature of his time, the reader will be more inclined to count it for a gain. He was not drawn aside from the purposes of his narrative by any literary ambition, and his work has remained the foundation-stone of the political history of France—a model of truth and *naïveté*; and not less admirable for the sound judgment and profound knowledge of men and of business which it displays, than for the animation communicated to it by the fact of his having been himself an eye-witness of, and an actor in, the events which he relates.

He was flung, at a very early age, into the midst of the turmoil of the world, and the corruption and intrigues of courts; and his intellect was of the robust order that can digest and thrive on the nutriment it receives in this contact with realities instead of their semblances in books: but it is not unlikely that his moral nature suffered in some measure from his early familiarity with vice. At the period when he entered on the scene, the splendid madness of chivalry—the religious fervour that had glowed over and illuminated so much that was repulsive in the aspect of earlier ages—had faded into a colder, clearer light. The empire of the world seemed to belong now to sagacity and prudence: and sagacity and prudence Commines learned to prize before all other qualities. He exhibits, indeed, a certain respect for virtue, morality and good faith, as a man of such sound and accurate judgment could not fail to do—for these form the foundations of social order; but we find in him no warm sympathies, no heartfelt admiration for nobleness. He neither loves nor hates profoundly; he considers the actions of men as the inevitable results of inevitable necessity—of circumstances internal and external. For the English, so long the terrible enemies of his country, he shows the highest consideration, regarding them as the wisest people of his time, and those who best knew how to maintain their liberty: and neither the insults of Charles of Burgundy, nor the benefits of Louis, disturb his impartiality. On one occasion, indeed, when Charles struck him across the face with a boot

armed with a spur, something like an expression of anger is elicited from the cool and even-tempered historian, with a declaration of his disgust at the "*bestialités des princes*" of those 'stupid sovereigns' who will take no advice, and always insist on despising their enemies. But the temper of Commynes is one that

"Carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Which, much entreated, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again."

"*Je crois,*" he says, "*que j'ai été l'homme du monde à qui il (Charles) a fait le plus de rudesse; mais, connaissant que c'était en sa jeunesse, et qu'il ne venait pas de lui—ne lui en sçus jamais mauvais gré.*"

The character of Louis the XI. was, notwithstanding its vices, to which he was by no means blind, more calculated to attract him than the rude animal brutality of Charles; and the intellectual sympathy of the statesman, with the mental power of Louis, sometimes leads him to overlook the blacker parts of his character in admiration of the grace and *finesse* of the crafty tyrant.

Commynes was born in 1445, at the Castle of Commynes, in Flanders; and at the close of his boyish years, or, in his own more vivacious phrase, at the '*gushing forth* from infancy' (*au saillir de l'enfance*), he was carried to Lille, to the Court of Charles of Burgundy, who immediately took him into his service. The first battle at which he was present was that of Montlhery, and in the description he gives of it, it is evident that, young as he was, he was in no respect dazzled by this first display of the "pompe and circumstance of glorious war." He was the whole day near Charles, and exhibited the greatest coolness; but he manifests great indifference for military heroism, and appears much of the opinion of his subsequent master Louis, that "he who has the profit of the war has the honour." He himself, he says, felt no fear; but lest this should be misunderstood, he adds, that this was merely because he was young, and did not know the danger he was in. Although Charles afterwards plumed himself mightily on this victory, and dreamed thenceforward of nothing but war and conquest, the whole affair, according to Commynes, was little better than a series of blunders on both sides. Nothing took place according to the plan previously laid down—the Burgundian knights ran over, and upset, their own archers, "the flower and hope of their army;" and at one moment each party believed itself beaten. One great personage, on the king's side, set off at full gallop to Lusignan, in Poitou; another, on the side of the Duke, ran away in an opposite direction: and the victory, for which so much glory was claimed, was, in the opinion of the historian, little, if at all, better than a narrow escape.

It is, of course, from Commynes that Walter Scott has drawn most of the materials for his masterly representation of Louis XI., whose character and history is in so many respects worthy of study. He describes him as the humblest man, in speech and costume, whom

he has ever known ; as the wisest in withdrawing from a disadvantageous position, and in gaining over to his purposes men of the most opposite characters. He acted constantly on the maxim, that the passions of men are so many roads open by which they may be taken captive ; and the first question he was accustomed to ask concerning any one whom he wished to win, was, "What does he take pleasure in?"

"He was naturally the friend of people of a middling condition, and the enemy of the great, who could do without him. No man ever lent an ear to so many people, nor made inquiries about so many things. He knew all people of authority and importance in England, Spain, Portugal, and Italy, as well as his own subjects."

Considering the complete command Louis had over his own passions, it was curious that he could not altogether restrain that "unruly member," the tongue. He could not always refuse himself the pleasure of a cutting sarcasm ; but the *bon mot* once uttered, he condemned himself to bear all expenses, and hastened to heal the wounds inflicted on the self-love of the person against whom his biting jest had been directed, with an eagerness that would have been admirable had it proceeded from any generous motive. "My-tongue has done me great damage," he himself remarked, "but it has given me great pleasure, and it is but right that I should pay the penalty."

He was never so delighted as when he could find an opportunity of indulging this satirical humour, at the same time that he turned it to some political purpose. He would play with his victim as a cat with a mouse, and with an equal indifference to the fact, that what was sport to him was often death to the object of the jest. Of this devilish play the historian mentions an instance, in the case of the Constable de St. Pol, whose ambition had brought him equally into disgrace with England, France, and Burgundy ; but Duke Charles had still some hesitation in sacrificing him. Not so Louis. One day, when he was to receive an envoy from the Constable, he took the opportunity to summon a certain Sieur de Coutay, a faithful servant of the Duke, and having hidden him behind a screen, exerted himself to make the envoy gossip. Thinking himself *tête-à-tête* with the King, the servant of the Constable made no hesitation in diverting himself at the Duke of Burgundy's expense—mimicking his furious passions, his gestures, and his oaths. Louis, who had gone and seated himself exactly against the screen, laughed immoderately, and begged the mimic to repeat his performance, and speak a little louder, as he was rather deaf ; and at the conclusion of the interview, the Duke's servant rushed to saddle his horse, and make his master acquainted with what had passed. The Constable did not manage to escape in time, and perished by a miserable death. "I have seen but few people in my life who have known when to fly," is Commynes' quiet comment on this piece of villany. Commynes himself, it is to be presumed, did know the exact time ; for when he quitted the service of Charles to

attach himself to Louis, he disappeared suddenly in the night, (7th of August, 1472).

This was shortly after the remarkable captivity of Peronne, in which the wary sovereign had nearly suffered himself to be check-mated in so surprising a manner. On this occasion, when Louis had offered the Duke de Bourbon, the Cardinal his brother, and many others as hostages for the recovery of his liberty, and they professed anxiously to desire the honour of serving in this capacity, Comynnes remarks: "I don't know whether they said the same thing among themselves—I suspect not; and, in truth, I believe he would have left them to take the consequences;" and he does not add any expression of his disapproval of such a proceeding.

The picture of the last days of Louis, as it is found in the pages of Comynnes, equals or excels, in its terrible truth, anything that can be found even in Scott. The king had had several attacks of apoplexy, which rendered his temper even more gloomy and suspicious than usual. The first time he was struck while sitting at table, and suddenly lost the power of speech; he endeavoured to approach the window, but the attendants about him prevented him, and, "thinking that was best," kept him near the fire. As soon as he had quite recovered his senses, which was not till two or three days after, he inquired who they were who had prevented him from going to the window, and immediately drove them from his house; it is supposed, not more from real anger, than for the sake of the example to those who, in future, might be tempted to take advantage of his weakness. Even before he had thoroughly recovered the use of his faculties, he had letters and dispatches brought to him, and took them in his hand, pretending to read, though "it was easy to see," his historian says, "that he could not comprehend a word of their contents." As soon as he returned to Plessis (for the malady had seized him at a little village where he had gone to hear mass), he shut himself up, and permitted no one to approach him but his immediate attendants, including Comynnes, whom he kept with him night and day, for forty days. No lord or great personage was suffered to lodge within the castle, and very few to enter it: all round, at a short distance, was planted a palisade of iron bars, with clusters of sharp spikes, and on the walls were placed swallows'-nests of iron, whence the men placed in them could fire, at their ease, on all who approached. He changed, continually, his *valets-de-chambre*; and would have none about him but people of a low condition, and very doubtful reputation, who had everything to lose by his death. He insisted on being more richly clothed than he had ever been before—mostly in crimson satin, lined with costly fur—although he had more the aspect of a corpse than of a living man. He inflicted the severest punishments, and made the most capricious changes among his officers, in order, as he told Comynnes, that he might still be feared, and that, though he was hidden from the eyes of men, they might talk of him more than ever. He sent rich presents to the sovereigns

of foreign countries; and, at the same time, purchased, at high prices, horses and hunting dogs, and various rare animals, for which he sent even to Sweden and Barbary—the sole purpose in these expensive purchases being to convey an impression that he was still in full health, and capable of hunting and all kinds of amusement. At the same time, he betrayed his consciousness of the precariousness of his condition, by the profusion with which he heaped money on his physicians, and the trembling anxiety he showed in seeking the favour of those whom he supposed capable of warding off the still more awful peril of his soul. Amongst others, he sent for the hermit, St. Francis de Paule, and, in the most abject manner, on his knees, implored his assistance. It seemed almost like a mockery that—while the miserable crowned mortal was thus wrestling, almost hopelessly, with death, of which, like so many kings, he had so profound a terror—his outward circumstances were in the highest degree prosperous. The marriage of the Dauphin with Margaret of Flanders, on which he had so long set his heart, was happily accomplished; he was at peace with foreign nations, who desired nothing more than his friendship; his own subjects trembled before him, as he wished them to do; whatever he commanded was instantly executed. Everything that his sick fancy suggested as desirable for his health was sent to him from all parts of the world; the Pope accommodated him with relics of the most approved sanctity; and even “the Turk” sent him a sackful of these commodities from Constantinople. The holy Ampolle, which had never before been stirred from its place, was brought from Rheims to his chamber at Plessis, and placed on a buffet to be ready, in case of need, for the extreme unction; and it was even said he meant, by way of additional security, to anoint his whole body with it. This, however, Commynes did not believe, for the simple reason that “*La dite saint Ampolle est fort petite, et n’y a pas grand matière dedans.*”

On the last attack,

“His malady lasted from Monday till Saturday in the evening; and, if I make a comparison between the pains and evils that he suffered, with those which he made others suffer, it is because I have a hope that they have been a part of his purgatory, and so have carried him to Paradise; and if they have neither been so long nor so severe as he made many suffer, he had a greater place and duty in the world than they had; also, he had never before suffered in his own person, but had been so much obeyed that it seemed that all Europe was only made to render him obedience. Wherefore this little that he suffered, contrary to his manner and custom, was so much the more grief to him to bear. He had always had hope in the good hermit who was now at Plessis (St. Francis de Paule), of whom I have spoken, who came from Calabria; and he sent continually to him, saying he could save his life if he would; for, notwithstanding all the arrangements that he had made, and his having sent to Monseigneur the Dauphin, his son, he still had heart and hope to escape. And, for the hope that he had in the said hermit, it was advised by a certain theologian and others, that he should be told that he deceived himself, and that, in his case, there was no hope but in the mercy of God. And there was present at these words Master Jacques Cothier, his physician, in whom he

had all confidence, and to whom he gave ten thousand crowns a month, hoping that he would prolong his life. And the message was undertaken by Master Oliver, and by the said Master Jacques, the physician, in order that, in all points, he might think of his conscience. And although he had raised the said Master Oliver and others too suddenly, and without cause, into a state greater than belonged to them, yet, all the same, they undertook without fear to say to such a prince what did not become them to say, without keeping the reverence and humility proper to the case of those whom he had fed so long, and whom, but a little while before, he (the king) had, for his own reasons, ordered away from his presence.

"But, just as it had been done to two great personages whom he had put to death in his time—the Duke de Nemours and the Count de St. Paul), to whom it was signified in brief words by messengers appointed for the purpose, that they should have a confessor, and should settle with their consciences in a few hours—so did the two men above-mentioned declare to our king, in short and rough speech, saying, 'Sire, we must do our duty; do not have any more hope in this holy man, nor in anything else, for surely it is all over with you. Think of your conscience, for there is no other remedy.' And the king replied, 'I have hope that God will help me; for, peradventure, I am not so ill as you think.' What pain was it to him to hear this news and sentence! He, who feared death more than any man, and did so many things to avoid it; and he had all his life, to his servants, and to me among others, said and prayed, that, if we saw him in peril of death, we should only warn him to confess himself without pronouncing that word, for it seemed to him that he had not the heart to hear that cruel sentence. Nevertheless he endured it virtuously, and all other things until his death, more than any other man whom I ever saw die. * * * * * Some five or six months before his death he had suspicion of all men, and especially of those who were worthy to have authority. He feared his son (of thirteen years old), and had him strictly guarded, and let no men see or speak to him but by his order. He had doubts, at last, of his daughter and his son-in-law, now Duke de Bourbon, and wished to know what people visited them at Plessis, and at what time."

One day, when this son-in-law and the Count Dunois returned from an embassy, and a number of people entered the castle with them—

"Being in the gallery that overlooked the court, he called one of the captains of his guard, and commanded him to go and feel the clothes of the said gentlemen, to see if they had any concealed weapons, and that, at the same time, he should do so without too much making them notice what he was doing. Now see! if he had made many people under him live in suspicion and fear, if he was not well paid; for of what people could he have security, if of his son, and his daughter, and his son-in-law, he had suspicion. I do not say this of him only, but of all other princes who desire to be feared."

Of the physician Jacques Cothier, to whom in five months he had given fifty-four thousand crowns, besides the Bishopric of Amiens for his nephew, and other offices and estates for himself and his friends, he had so much fear that he would scarcely suffer him out of his presence, though he often behaved to the king with a rudeness and insolence "that one would not use to a valet."

"And he (the king) complained of it to those whom he spoke with, but dared not change him as he did other servants, because the said physician had audaciously said to him, 'I know very well that some morning you will send

me away as you have done the others, hut, hy—(with a terrible oath)—you shall not live eight days after.’ These words frightened the king so much that, ever after, he did nothing hut flatter the physician, and heap gifts upon him, which could not hut be a great purgatory to him in this world, seeing the great obedience he had always had from so many people, and so many great men. It is true that he had made rigorous prisons, such as cages of iron and wood, covered with plates of iron within and without. The first who devised them was the Bishop of Verdun, who was himself immediately placed in the first that was made, and made his bed there for fourteen years. Many have cursed these cages, and I myself tasted of them for eight months under our present king. Formerly he (Louis) had made for the Germans irons very heavy and very terrible to put to the feet, and there was a ring to put round the leg very hard to open, and a chain large and heavy, with a great hall of iron at the end, much heavier than was reasonable, and these they called the ‘King’s Little Lasses.’

“Now, he (continues the historian), who had made so many and great prisons, found himself, before his death, in a similar one, and had as great fear as any whom he had kept in them. Which thing I hold for a great mercy to him, and for part of his purgatory.”

Then follows a description of the tremendous fortifications of the castle of Plessis, which is given so strikingly and completely in ‘Quentin Durward,’ that we will not repeat it here.

“Is it, then, possible (continues the historian) for a king to keep any one in a narrower prison than he kept himself? The cages in which he confined others were of the size of eight square feet, and he who was so great a king had only a little court of the castle wherein to walk; even there he went seldom, hut kept in the galleries, and went to mass without passing through the court. Will any one say that he did not suffer, as well as others, who thus shut himself up and had himself guarded,—who was in fear of his nearest relations and of his own children,—who changed thus from day to day the servants whom he had fed, and who had no honour but from him—and could not trust to one of them, hut enclosed himself thus in these bars and chains? If the place was larger than a common prison, so was he, too, greater than common prisoners. It may be said that there have been other princes more suspicious than he was; but certainly not in our time, nor so wise a man, nor who had such good subjects. I have not spoken of these suspicions of our king, hut to show the sufferings that he had, like those which he inflicted on others, and which are by me regarded as a punishment which the Lord has given him in this world that he might have so much less in the next. And after so much fear and so many suspicions and pains, our Lord wrought a miracle upon him, and cured him both in mind and in body, and took him away from this miserable world in great health of mind and understanding—and having a good memory, and having received all the sacraments, without suffering any pain that any one knew, hut repeating always a *Paternoster*, even up to his death. And he gave orders for his funeral, and named those whom he wished to accompany it on the way; and since that he only hoped to die on a Saturday, and that Our Lady would procure him this favour, for he had always had great trust in her, and great devotion and prayer. And all happened to him so as he had said, for he died on a Saturday, the last day but one of August, in the year 1483, at eight o’clock in the evening. May our Lord have had mercy on his soul, and have received him into his kingdom of Paradise.”

Commines was too just and sagacious an observer not to be for-

cibly struck with the profound misery, the wretched mistake, of the life into which he had looked so closely. After running through a summary of the principal events of his life, and pointing out the innumerable cares and anxieties with which it had been darkened and perplexed, he declares he cannot find in the destiny of one so envied so much as a single good day.

"Now, behold the death of so many great men in so short a time, who have so much toiled to increase their power and to obtain glory, and have suffered so much from passions and troubles, and abridged their lives, and, peradventure, perilled their souls. Of our king, indeed, I have hope, as I have said that the Lord may have mercy upon him, and also on the others, if it please Him. But, to speak naturally, and as a man who has no literature, but some little experience and natural sense, would it not have been better for those and for all other princes, as well as men of meaner estate, who have lived and who shall live under the great, to choose the middle path in these things; that is to say, not to be so anxious, not to trouble themselves so much and to undertake so many things, and more to fear offending God and persecuting the people and their neighbours, and that by so many cruel ways as I have declared above, but to take their ease and their honest pleasures? Their lives would be the longer; their maladies would come to them more late, and their deaths would be more regretted, and by more people, and less desired, and they themselves would have to dread their deaths less. Could one see better examples to show what a small thing, how brief and miserable is the life of man, and no less so with the great; and that, no sooner are they dead, than their bodies are had in dishonour and vituperated of all men; and the moment when the soul is separated from it, it must go and receive judgment, and sentence be given by God according to the works done in the body."

If there is nothing very original in these reflections, they become impressive from the knowledge that they have been called forth only by the profoundly tragic scenes he describes. They read like a paraphrase of the solemn dirge-like words of the poet—

"The glories of our earthly state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate—
Death lays his icy hand on kings."

No sooner, however, was Louis XI. carried to his last home at Notre Dame de Cléry, than the tragedy of the French court was changed to farce. Commines passes over this period in discreet and total silence; but other historians have described the ludicrous transformation that took place in its aspect. To please the thirteen-years-old monarch, the sexagenarian courtiers of the sombre and suspicious days of Louis suddenly became playful and infantine, and shared in all the sports of the little king and his playfellows, who did not, it is said, always relish the company of these antiquated boys. The greatest favourites of the sovereign were those who could jump the highest, find most birds'-nests, or play the most mischievous tricks about the country. In a manuscript, '*Compte de Menus Plaisirs* for the year 1491,' are the items of twenty-five *sous* to two women whose dogs his Majesty had killed with stones, and another of ninety *sous*

for a cow killed by one of his archers in a similar manner. In another year or two the revels assumed a somewhat different character. The royal abode was filled with dogs till it resembled a kennel ; the falcons' perches intruded even into the king's bed-chamber ; and the whole court used to go rambling about the country, after stags and wild boars, lodging in peasants' huts,* and sometimes compelled to have recourse to a diet of bread and cheese.

But to return to Sir Philippe de Commines : in scenes of this kind he was somewhat out of his place. He could not condescend to play the buffoon for the amusement of royalty, and he was by no means in favour in consequence. He was, indeed, named at first a member of the Council of Regency during the minority of Charles, and took part with the prince against Anne of Beaujeu. He became also mixed up with the intrigues of the Duke of Orleans, attaching himself especially to the Constable John of Bourbon. In 1488, however, he was exiled, and sentenced to the confiscation of one-fourth of his estates, and soon after arrested and shut up at Loches for eight months, in one of the iron cages which Louis had had the honour of bringing into use. From Loches he was transferred to Chatelet, where he remained eighteen months more.

At length, when Charles undertook his expedition into Italy, he felt that he needed Commines, whose talents and experience had enabled him to play so important a part in the politics of the preceding reign. It was found expedient to set the historian at liberty, and he followed the French armies to the Peninsula, was employed in various negotiations, and fought near the king in the battle of Fornova. He does not seem, however, to have ever been in any great favour with either Charles VIII. or his successor.

After the return from Italy, he was compelled to refund a considerable part of the wealth heaped on him by Louis XI., which he did most unwillingly, though in many cases he knew it to have been the spoils of the innocent. In thus clinging to worldly gear, he bears a melancholy resemblance to Bacon, to whom he has been compared on other and more honorable grounds. It was in the latter part of his life, while living in retirement, in a state of separation from the court, which used to be denominated "disgrace," that he composed the 'Memoirs' which have gained for him so lasting a renown, and for the world a work valuable for its profound moral interest as well as its historical truth.

* In the above-mentioned *Compte* appear various sums, expended at different times for workmen, to throw out the filth from the chambers where the king was to sleep.

3.—*Die Katastrophe in Ungarn. Original Bericht von Ludwig Kossuth.* (The Catastrophe of Hungary. An Original Report. By Louis Kossuth.) Leipzig : 1849.

THIS pamphlet is denominated by the Editor, 'Kossuth's Political Testament;' and in a brief preface the following account is given of the manner in which it found its way into his hands.

"In the beginning of last month an Englishman arrived from Widdin, who brought to Pulsky a letter from Casimir Batthyanyi, in which the latter mentions that Kossuth had confided to a sure hand a long and circumstantial letter addressed to him. It arrived here, however, only a few days ago, and contained the enclosed original report in Kossuth's own hand-writing, in the Hungarian language."

Remembering the many claims of the Ex-President of Hungary on our admiration and respect, we cannot lay down the narrative here given without very mournful feelings,—without the sorrowful conviction that, on his own showing, he has been found wanting to his momentous position, and deficient in some of the qualities essential to bring such an enterprise as that he had undertaken to a successful issue. From the long course of more than suspicious movements, as well as acts of direct mutiny on the part of Görgey, it is scarcely possible to suppose that his character and purposes were unknown and unforeseen. If these were so, we cannot understand how Kossuth can justify himself for refraining from any attempt to punish his treachery and disobedience, or what consolation he can find in the thought that he will not be called "a Robespierre." How his name might look in "history," was a matter to be altogether disregarded in such a case. To have "kept his hands free from blood" was a consolation it was then too late to claim. There might have been some saving, at least of *innocent* blood, by an early and vigorous repression of treason. But we will give in his own words some passages of this melancholy testament, making the translation as nearly literal as possible.

"Our poor unhappy country is lost. It fell, not by the strength of the enemy, but by baseness and treachery. Oh! that I should live to see this day—and yet not dare to die! I raised Görgey from the dust that he might win freedom for his country—for himself immortal renown. And he has become Hungary's cowardly executioner. Long ago Görgey was accused of a presumptuous striving after the dictatorship. I, to whom ambition is foreign—who cannot conceive how anything can be loved but fatherland and freedom—urged him months ago to tell me candidly if he was striving after the supreme power. I myself would in that case have formed a party for him; but the party should have been a large one—it should have included the whole country. I required only that he should promise me to remain true to his country and to freedom. I was ready to resign to him the symbols of power, which for me—whose only ambition was to return, the sooner the better, into the obscurity of private life, poor and simple as I was—were but a crown of thorns, harassing and oppressing me even by its renown. But he solemnly assured me that he aimed at the possession of no power, that he entirely shared my feelings, and longed to

return to private life. And I, respecting his talents, and judging him from my own heart, silenced the accusations and strengthened his popularity.

"In the meantime, a *Camarilla* was formed in the camp, as he declared, without his concurrence, but which, as I now know, originated with himself. Aristocratic feeling and hostility to the people struck deeper and deeper root in the army, which, nevertheless, on account of his personal bravery, had such a boundless attachment to him, that to withdraw him from it would have been to have deprived it of all confidence and hope of victory. Since I did not regard him as a traitor who might possibly have an understanding with the enemy, but supposed the spirit of his *Camarilla* to be only the common military spirit that always tends to despise the civil power, in which case it merely appeared to threaten my own position, I cared but little about it; for I knew from experience that as long as danger continued, that would afford a protection against factious divisions; and as soon as it was past, I by my retirement could remove all difficulties, and prevent any rupture of the unity whose maintenance was the key to the mighty events, which I, humble as I was, had brought to pass, and to the confidence with which the nation honoured me without my having sought it—knowing that what was bestowed on me was sacrificed, not to ambition, but to freedom.

"Thus stood affairs after the victories of Izsaszegh, Waizen, and Szabo. I also regarded my people as so strong that they might even conquer the Russians, or at least prolong the struggle until European diplomatists, from regard to the peace of Europe, should be compelled to interest themselves in our affairs, and by their mediation obtain for us, even though at the cost of some sacrifices, an honourable peace, which might serve as the foundation of our freedom."

The writer then goes on to state, that he had become aware of faults of which Görgey had been guilty as a general; that after every victory he suffered to elapse a period of unaccountable delay.

"The victory of Komorn, of the 26th of April, might have been another Marengo, if he had formed a junction with the division under Gaspari (which had remained inactive about twelve miles off), and thus placed himself in a position to undertake an energetic pursuit of the enemy. Vienna might have fallen into his hands like a ripe fruit without a blow, and the bloodthirsty house of Austria must have fled from Olmütz. But he made no use of his victory. He allowed time for the Austrians to rally—time for the Russian intervention. The flying Jellachich he permitted, unattacked, to hasten to the south with his twelve thousand men, who might all, to a man, have been taken prisoners; and what was worse than all, whilst I commanded him to send to Ofen merely a body of eight or ten thousand men, but instantly to pursue with 30,000 the defeated and discouraged Austrians, not allowing them a moment's repose, *he did precisely the contrary*—sent 10,000 men in pursuit of the enemy, and that only as far as Raab—not one in pursuit of Jellachich; whilst he himself, with 30,000 men, began the siege of Ofen, over which he lost days and weeks, till I was forced to write to him that I feared Ofen would become our Mantua—yet, nevertheless, since he had been lying before it so long, every interest required that he should not leave it till it was taken. He did take it, and gloriously. History has not recorded any more heroic storm; but he lost three weeks over it, and then again, when it was won, rested another week. During this week our country was lost.

"I was at that time not in the camp. Already before—after the engagements of Hatvan, Tapio, Biksky, Izsaszegh—Görgey had affected such an inexpressible anxiety for the safety of my person—had mentioned so often that he was embarrassed by my presence, since he had not only to think of

the enemy, but also of me, lest I should be taken prisoner, and, as he expressed himself, with me the cause of our country be lost—that I, in order that no misfortune might be attributed to this embarrassment, preferred returning to Debreczin, where, among the members of the Diet, so dangerous an intrigue had been set on foot, that, for the interest and honour of the country, and to put an end to such cowardly treachery, I was compelled to cut down the bridge behind us. I proclaimed the Independence, which was received by the people with such enthusiasm, and such readiness for every effort, that had not the artful treason of Görgey intervened, we might, ourselves invincible, have broken the united strength of our antagonists."

In the meantime, dreaming of no treason on the part of Görgey, though conscious of the error he had committed, Kossuth made an attempt to remove him from the chief command, by offering him, in its place, the portfolio of Minister-of-War. This he accepted, but delayed leaving the army, alleging that he knew not who was to take his place; and this, it seems, was true. There was no other but Bem to whom it could be well entrusted, and he could not at the time leave Transylvania. The somewhat ill-timed attempt to displace him, therefore, only strengthened his hands. He was now in possession of the double power, and passed most of his time in journeying between the camp and Ofen; and, in the meanwhile, the idea of a pacification with Russia had found its way to the people, proceeding apparently from the circle surrounding Görgey. The Russian invasion took place, at which time the Hungarian strength was as follows:—

" The main army at Comorn	45,000	men.
The army of the Banat	30,000	"
The army of Transylvania	40,000	"
The body of troops on the Upper Theiss ..	12,000	"
The division of Marmaros	6,000	"
That of Peterwardein	8,000	"
	<hr/>	
	141,000	
	<hr/>	

At this time, also, all the fortresses were abundantly garrisoned; magazines were full; new battalions were in the course of formation; the people animated by the most enthusiastic patriotism; there was a reserve of nineteen regiments of cavalry; cannon foundries, powder mills, manufactories of fire-arms and other weapons, of saltpetre, &c., were in full activity. The numerical superiority was no doubt still immensely on the side of the enemy. There were 140,000 Russians, 80,000 Austrians—the army of the South of 40,000, and a body of 12,000 in Wallachia, under Clam Gallas. Still history can show many examples of victory against more unequal chances. As the events that followed are well known, we pass to the catastrophe.

"In the night after the 9th of August arrived the unfortunate news that Dembinsky's division had been entirely defeated near Temesvar. Bem, who had arrived during the battle, had taken the command, but in vain,—and, to complete the misfortune, had fallen with his horse, and broken his leg * * * This blow should have urged Görgey to haste; but it did exactly the contrary. Since he knew that no body of troops was in existence on which I could

rely in opposing myself to him, he took off the mask, gave his troops the order to fall back behind the Maros, and played at the head of his army the part of Dictator. Had only any force then existed in the neighbourhood which I could even have pretended to oppose to him, I would with my own hands have seized him in the front of his army, or let myself be backed in pieces! But I was alone, or worse than alone.

"Never would Görgey have ventured on this treason if he had not been supported by a party in the Diet, which already, before the taking of Ofen, had been engaged in a conspiracy with him. From Szegedin this party had artfully set afloat the report that nothing could save us but to make Görgey Dictator. They had even discussed this matter in the Diet, and despatched envoys to Görgey in his camp, to persuade him to take on himself the Dictatorship. But he to whom I had so often offered the supreme power was not then in a position to deal candidly with me.

"At the last moment he was joined by three ministers, Csany, Vukowics, and Aulich. They accompanied their resignation with an intimation that nothing was left but to negotiate with the Russians; since Paskewitch would not listen to the civil administration, by means of the General Görgey, with whom he had had continual communications. For this reason I ought to resign the government into his hands—the same demand Görgey himself now made in writing.

"I now took counsel with my conscience. Did I not consent, and should my country be ruined, the thought that perhaps Görgey might have been able to save it, had he not been hindered by my clinging to power, would lie heavy on my soul during my life, and on my name in history. Such a stain on my memory I could not endure. I had never set any value on power; I had exercised it always against my will. Before my soul stood only the awful image of my country. I resigned to him, therefore, the supreme power, with the declaration, that if he should conclude a peace by which the existence of my country should be sacrificed to the welfare of an individual, I should regard it as treason, and deal accordingly with him and his memory before God, the world, and the nation."

"The result," adds the Editor, "has shown what value Görgey set on this threat. *Non his modis regitur mundus.*"

4.—*Reisen in den Niederlanden* (Travels in the Netherlands), by J. G. Kohl. Vol. I. Leipsig: Arnold. 1850. London: Williams and Norgate.

As this work has reached us rather late, and we have more than once before had occasion to notice the chief characteristics of its author (who is also well known in England), we shall content ourselves at present with briefly indicating its contents, and selecting a few passages that may assist the reader's judgment, as well as afford some particulars interesting in themselves. The object of the writer in visiting the Netherlands, he tells us in his preface, was not to view the treasures of art accumulated in the Belgian, Flemish, or Dutch cities—far less to describe them; but to discover, under their guidance—in the life of the people and of nature, in the streets, on the roads, in the woods, on the marshes, and the sea shore—what the pencils of Ostade, Teniers, Rembrandt, Van der Naer, Ruysdael, have preserved, illustrated, and glorified.

Near as these countries lie to our own, it will be long before our stock of information concerning them is so abundant, as to make us regard as superfluous the contributions of so experienced an observer, and candid and intelligent writer. Perhaps, also, this very nearness has occasioned them to be in some measure overlooked, in the attraction towards more distant objects; and travellers have hurried on, with a few hasty remarks, along a beaten track to Germany and France, leaving the richest materials of observation lying unheeded behind them. The country which was for ages the centre of movement of the western world, and the market of Europe, as well as its battle-field, and which preserves in its cities so many striking memorials of times that have left few traces elsewhere, cannot but be worthy of regard. It offers, also, to the lover of art and the student of modern history, opportunities that they would do well not to neglect. To the latter there are not many subjects of investigation that would better reward diligent study than that of the causes of the rise, progress, and decay of the free cities of the Netherlands; and the town-halls, the churches, and rich antique houses, dating from the days of their departed glory, are specimens perhaps unequalled in their respective styles of architecture.

Mr. Kohl entered Belgium by the way of Cologne, and lingered and moralised awhile, as it is natural for a German to do, over the beautiful abortion, its cathedral, which figured in the annals of Germany six hundred years ago, and has yet no prospect of being finished; presenting so striking a symbol of that edifice of united German nationality that has been for scarcely a shorter period the object of so many aspirations, and which is apparently not advancing much more rapidly towards its completion. The great plain of the Netherlands bears, in its general feature, a striking resemblance to that of Lombardy, omitting of course the vines and fields of maize. There is the same rich abundance of trees, and gardens, and fields; the Scheldt, with its tributaries, takes the place of the Po and the smaller streams that feed it; and both countries are intersected also by numerous canals and artificial channels of irrigation, which contribute much to the maintenance of their extraordinary fertility. Other parallels might be drawn. In both countries arose, nearly about the same period, great and powerful communities, whose citizens ranked with the nobles and princes of other lands; in both are still to be found families who look down on many royal houses as their inferiors in dignity of birth; but in the more important distinction of a free and flourishing peasantry, Belgium has had, beyond comparison, the advantage.

Mr. Kohl was much struck with the superiority of the middle class houses of the Belgian cities, in comfort as well as beauty, to those of most other continental countries.

“The custom of building great barrack-like houses, in which many families are to be packed, which prevails in Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Vienna, and other great cities, is of itself sufficient to banish all comfort from domestic archi-

ture. In such houses, the hall, the stairs, the corridors, are but a continuation of the street, equally open to the public, and equally liable to noise and dirt. The house in such cases loses all sacredness, all repose; and the principle, 'my house is my castle,' finds no application. In the Flemish and Dutch Netherlands, as well as certainly in a great part of North Western Germany and Lower Saxony, in the new buildings, at least, this principle seems to have been kept in view, and this is the first condition for the beauty, comfort, and domestic character of the dwelling-house. But it is only when a man builds his house himself that he can accommodate it exactly to his wants, his convenience, and his taste. When architects build houses on speculation, a certain harrack-like uniformity must arise; the rooms are cut to a pattern, and so many measured off to a tenant, according to the sum he pays. The desire lovingly to adorn every corner of the dwelling, only awakens where the inhabitant calls the whole his property, and thinks to leave it to his children. Among us (in Germany), where the entrance into, and the passage through, a house is permitted to whoever is in search of one amongst, perhaps, a hundred inhabitants, the entrance is often nothing more than a plain passage—dark, dirty, and disagreeable. But what a feeling of pleasure comes over one on stepping into a Flemish, Dutch, or Lower Saxon house. The hall is mostly spacious—in bad weather, serving usually as the play-ground of the children. Statues and busts stand round for its decoration; or old oil pictures, the property of the preceding occupant, or his ancestors, hang on the walls. Opposite to the entrance appears a clock, in a large shining mahogany case, which serves the whole family to regulate its goings and comings; and with its perpetual equable tick-tick, and its well known stroke, heard throughout the house, becomes the gentle ruler and regulator of all domestic arrangements.

"In Germany, with the increase of the barrack style of house building, this gentle ruler is becoming more and more rare. The hall in this country is itself one of the rooms—clean, pleasant, neatly kept, and often carpeted. In the centre, opposite to the clock, hangs the lamp, frequently an antique piece of furniture in the *Rococo* style, whose faithful flame shines every evening, for the guidance of all who have their exits and their entrances within these precincts. In many German houses, from the parsimony of the various parties of indwellers, the stairs and corridors are not lighted at all, or, at best, only with a prosaic jet of gas, which, though it certainly gives light, contributes by no means so much to beauty as the lamp fashioned after the taste of the owner. With us there is mostly found, besides the hall, a naked court-yard for carriages, if the house is inhabited by the higher classes; or, if it be the abode of a trader, for the piling up and stowing away of hales of goods, barrels, and other utensils, or it may be for the collecting together the litter and dirt of the whole mansion. Here, in the Netherlands, the courts and all the little free spaces between the houses, or elsewhere, you find not only flowers and shrubs, but apricot or almond-trees, or vines on the wall, planted perhaps by the father or grandfather, and which the descendants cherish with as much care as *Bernhard de Saintine's* prisoner took of his *Picciola*.

"These little nooks and corners are all turned to account, and mostly adorned in various ways. Even when they are unavoidably used for coach-houses, and for places for lumber, room is sure to be found for flowers, trees, statues, fountains, or other natural or artificial decorations. Were they larger, the most charming little gardens would be made out of them. Few towns can show among their masses of bricks and stone walls, so many groups of trees, flower-beds, and gardens, as these cities of the Netherlands; and how agreeable and important is this for the citizens, who so often pass so much of their lives within these walls. These court-yards I not unfrequently found covered in with glass, and furnished with tables and sofas; and as these light

airy spaces, protected from wind and weather, are favourite resorts of the family for social intercourse and recreation, they are generally well frequented."

The writer contrasts the style of living of the wealthy citizens of Ghent and Bruges with those of his own countrymen of a similar rank in life, in a manner that conveys no very favourable idea of the neatness and comfort of German housekeeping. His remarks seem to tend more to exaggeration than is common with him; but he professes that they are more applicable to the interior and eastern parts of Germany than to the great cities of the north-west, and in the Rhine countries most frequently visited by our own countrymen, and from which most of our own experience of Germany has been drawn.

"I could not help a sort of shudder when, in the house of a merchant or professional man of Ghent, I thought of the degree of comfort and luxury with which my German fellow-countrymen of the same rank are content. Hard inconvenient sofas; slight rush-bottomed chairs; lithographs, instead of oil pictures, on the walls; naked stone or wooden floors, on which the children's playthings lie littering about; tables, on which coffee-cups or other articles used at meal-times are left standing about, in company with dirty books from the circulating library; pianofortes, from which caps, handkerchiefs, &c., are, on the entrance of a stranger, hastily snatched up and put aside. Instead of these things, I find in the Belgian houses an orderly separation of what belongs to the dining, sitting, or work-room, the kitchen or the toilette; walls hung with handsome paper or oil pictures; floors covered with carpets, which banish from the house the sound of clattering or creaking shoes; a well-furnished library to supply the literary wants of the household; and the entire furnishing and fitting-up rich, tasteful and convenient, presenting often a happy and harmonious union of modern elegance with antique solidity.

"Since the most solid kinds of wood have been brought to this country from all the four quarters of the world, to be converted into furniture, it generally lasts so long that, in the presses, tables and chairs of the Netherlands, as well as in the houses, a whole series of ages is represented. There are wardrobes, tables, and grandfathers' chairs, glasses and beakers, from the time of the Austrians, Spaniards, and Burgundians, not locked up in museums and collections of curiosities, but in daily use; and in these dwellings is mirrored also the moral condition of a nation, which in its manners, as well as in its legislation, knows so well how to combine the old with the new. In the Netherlands houses you live at the same time in the nineteenth and eighteenth, the seventeenth and sixteenth, centuries.

"In English abodes is to be found the greatest comfort, order, neatness and cleanliness; but they are all (I speak of the ordinary houses of the middle classes in the cities) without either solidity or architectural beauty. This is explained by the circumstance that these dwellings are erected upon ground that does not belong to the occupant, and after a longer or shorter time—mostly ninety-nine years—reverts, with all upon it, to the estates of some noble landed proprietor. The houses of most English towns are, therefore, all manufactured after one plan—convenient certainly, but extremely insipid and unpicturesque. Private residences of any considerable antiquity are only to be found in the country, among the landowners, and the greater part of an English town is generally rebuilt every century. Here, in Belgium, on the contrary, where houses are built in a very massive style on freehold land, we find the utmost possible variety as well as solidity of architecture. Here, is, perhaps, a grocer snugly lodged in a building where dwelt three hundred

years ago a Spanish governor, or one of Alba's officers—nay, it may be the Emperor Maximilian himself; there, is a long row of high gables adorned with carved work, which stood there precisely as they are now in the time of Margaret of Parma; here, is a public square of the same extent, and bearing the same characteristic features as in the time of Charles V. At the corners of those streets stood the tailors and shoemakers described by Goethe, in his 'Egmont,' when they conspired to resist their tyrants, or gazed at the iron march of the Spanish soldiers. The Swiss regard the place of their Rütli, on the Lake of Altorf, as a consecrated spot; but in the streets, and squares, and town-halls of the Netherlands, on which now ebbs and flows the tide of daily life and sounds, the hum and bustle of the market, are to be found spots rendered memorable by hundreds of conspiracies, insurrections, battles, scenes of joy and sorrow. From out these same windows, before these same balconies, have the people a hundred, two hundred, four hundred years ago, shouted towards their princes, or the champions of their freedom. These same dwellings have been a hundred times adorned with garlands, and with the colours and banners of Holland, or Belgium, Austria, or Spain, or Burgundy, or France. How many thousand times have these house-doors seen the entrance of the priest, to receive in baptism a newly-born citizen, or offer the last consolations to one departing! How many times has the plan of the almost unchangeable labyrinth of streets been studied by generals and leaders, to arrange their mode of attack and defence! and how often have collisions taken place on the same central points, at the same corner,—as, in the Alps, the struggle of the winds round the same projecting points, through the same ravines and valleys!"

* * * * *

"At the time of their greatest opulence and glory, these—the citizens of Flanders—seem to have been as intractable, hot-blooded, and impatient of control as so many full-blooded wild horses from the desert. The lions, whose portraits were introduced into the Flemish arms; the dragons, whose gilded representations, with long curling tails, they are so fond of placing on their church steeples, can hardly have carried on more fierce and determined strife than the so-called phlegmstie citizens of Ghent and Bruges, with their neighbours the French, with their sovereigns the Counts of Flanders, and, finally, with each other. No sooner does it occur to 'a captain of the King of France,' or a Duke of Burgundy, to raise by a few pence the tax on flour or beef, than the cities of Ghent and Bruges burst into fire and flame—exchange their peaceful shuttles, saws and planes, for the battle-axe, the lance, and the sword, and fight to the death to escape the payment of those few pence. Does the Duke of Burgundy, who hitherto has resided in Ghent, give any hint of an intention of exchanging his abode for one in the city of Bruges, the men of Ghent straightway rise and require that he shall stay where he is; does he persist in his intention, they forthwith raise the banner of insurrection, and march out and besiege their neighbours of Bruges, waging with them a war scarcely less long and bloody than that carried on by the Greeks in Asia Minor for a fair woman! Do the people of Bruges think to cut a canal, likely to benefit the trade of their city, and possibly injure that of Ghent, the Ghenters protest against it, attack the citizens of Bruges in a pitched battle, in which 9,000 men are killed, take the city, plunder it, and carry off to Ghent a thousand wagons' full of booty. In fact, if anything is adapted to convince us of the truth of Goethe's assertion, that man can bear anything better than a long continuance of good fortune, it is the history of the disturbances, insurrections, revolutions, inward and outward wars, of these two wealthy, but eternally restless and discontented, Flemish communities.

"It is stated in an ancient chronicle that James of Artevelde, by his power,

his alliance with England, and his regulations for trade and commerce, produced in Ghent such wealth, abundance and luxury, that the people needed only to work two days in the week to earn a maintenance, and were accustomed to pass the remainder of their time at drinking-houses and places of amusement; and it is added, that in this city no less than 1,400 men lost their lives annually in private feuds and quarrels. When we consider that, in the time of the highest prosperity in Flanders, one man's hand was thus constantly raised against another, the possibility of its prosperity becomes a riddle. We seek in vain for a trace of unity and peaceful co-operation. The Counts of Flanders and the Dukes of Burgundy were always at daggers-draw with their subjects. The kings of France and England, whose interests were intimately connected with those of Flanders, were continually marching formidable armies into the country, which was split into an English and a French faction. The Flemish nobles, who were hostile to the Flemish cities, generally held with the French; the citizens, on the contrary, who carried on a great trade with England, mostly with the English party;—and the two, the *Liliards* (friends of the French), and the *Clawmen* (adherents of the Flanders Lion), fought with one another the most desperate combats. If, indeed, the inhabitants of the several cities had been at peace among themselves, the same passionate jealousies were raging between them; and whenever a peace or truce with their Dukes, or with England and France, left time to strike a blow against a rival neighbour, Ghent fell upon Bruges, or Bruges upon Ghent, or both upon Oudenarde, Ypern, or Courtray; and fought for life and death like Sparta and Athens.

"The massacres of the Duke of Alva in Brussels, of the St. Bartholomew's night in Paris, may be paralleled by a whole series of scenes in the history of the cities of Flanders. In Bruges alone, in the year 1301, four thousand Frenchmen were slaughtered in one night, and the Flemings made use, on the occasion, of a similar artifice to that of the Sicilians at their celebrated vespers. They required every one to say the Flemish words *Schild en Friend*, which are very difficult to a French tongue, and whoever spoke them ill was instantly murdered. * * * Very rarely, and for very brief periods, could a union be established among the cities of Flanders; and to effect a friendly alliance between the cities of Flanders and those of Brabant, which were engaged in almost constant feuds, required the genius and the magnanimous efforts of an Artevelde. During its existence it was a subject of general exultation throughout the country, and every tongue was loud in the praise of the blessing and glorious results of a union which yet scarcely lasted ten years. One cannot help asking what might not Flanders have become had she known how to control her passions, bridle her presumption, and maintain unbroken this alliance of cities, classes, and parties?"

The earlier works of this writer have been translated by competent persons, and brought out in a highly creditable manner; but in the present state of the law, with respect to translation, we fear such an example is less and less likely to be followed. The danger of losing the fair profit of such enterprises by piracy is becoming so imminent as to alarm most publishers, now that a certain amount of knowledge of other foreign languages, besides French, is—compared with what it was some years ago—a common acquirement. On the appearance of the second volume of Mr. Kohl's work, we may therefore probably (should our space permit) return to it, for the benefit of such of our readers as are not likely to see the German original.

CORRESPONDENCE.

INDIA.

WE have received from a correspondent in Bombay the following account of a visit of the Governor-General to the Elphinstone Institution. We give it at length, as showing the progress of secular education in India, and as of especial interest to some of our readers, who have been influential supporters of the particular institution to which the communication refers.

"The Governor-General visited the Elphinstone Institution yesterday (Jan. 31st, 1850), for the purpose of distributing the prizes awarded to the pupils of that establishment, for their scholastic exertions during the past year. The Marquis was received at the grand entrance by John Warden, Esq., President of the Board of Education of Bombay, and by Juggonath Sunkersett, Esq., who represents the body of which he is so distinguished a member, at the Educational Council Table. Lord Dalhousie, who was accompanied by Lord Falkland, Sir Wilmoughby Cotton, Sir W. Yardley, Commodore Lushington, the Members of Council, and the Provincial Members of Council, and attended by the officers of his own (the Governor's), and the Commander-in-Chief's staffs, was conducted in the hall where the prizes were to be distributed. Principal Green, Professors Patton and Reid, and Mr. Draper being there, awaited his lordship's arrival. A large assemblage of the most distinguished members of society in Bombay, including civil, military, naval, clerical, and private gentlemen, also attended the examination. As soon as silence was established, and the Marquis had taken his seat, Mr. Principal Green addressed his lordship, and concisely stated the objects of the meeting, and the order in which the proceedings of the day were to take place. After this the Principal read the following report.

THE REPORT.

"The Elphinstone Institution contains at present 916 pupils in three great divisions—a lower school of 705 boys, an upper school of 160 boys, and a college department, containing fifty-one students, and attended by thirteen of the native teachers employed in the Institution; while stating the number of pupils it may also be proper to mention that we have lately been compelled to reject about sixty applicants who had passed the required entrance examination, for want of sufficient accommodation in the Institution premises.

"A boy of fair ability entering the lowest class will take from four to six years to pass through both schools, and to acquire the qualifications demanded from a candidate for entrance into the College.

"Should he at this period fail to secure a stipendiary scholarship he probably leaves the Institution—the cases are but few in which the children of the richer classes continue their study beyond this—and a most important

question suggests itself at his leaving, viz., has he received an education which can in any way be considered complete, and useful in itself? Has he either the knowledge, or the means, and the incitements to the attainments of the knowledge which will enable him to become, in any shape, what alone we can desire to make him, and what it is clearly our most sacred duty to give him, every facility for becoming an educator himself among his less happily situated countrymen? Or does he leave with merely the foundations laid of a superstructure which he is never likely to complete?

"His acquirements at this period, and the facilities with which he has been furnished for making future acquisitions may be very briefly stated. He is able to understand for the most part, any easy English book, possesses a good general knowledge of geography, and a considerable amount of history. He has also been carefully taught several of the best books in his vernacular language; and if a Hindu, has acquired some knowledge of the rudiments of Sanscrit: whatever knowledge can be given to him in three lessons a-week during the first two or three years, which he spends in the school; and in addition to all this, he has gone through a course of popular physics, and has been taken, in the mathematics, as far as quadratic equations in algebra, and through two books of Euclid.

"This is evidently a first rate school education; and it will be found in general, that together with this he has also acquired a very high opinion of the civilization, the arts, and the learning of Europe, and is well prepared, and eager to receive any useful novelty which can be rendered intelligible to him.

"We might, then, but for one circumstance to be immediately mentioned, be content to see the great mass of our pupils leave us at this period, to finish, each his own education, in perhaps the most valuable of all schools, that of practical life. We are compelled, however, to remember, that after all these years of study, the pupil, for any purposes of future self-education, is really still without a language. His vernacular, with which he is tolerably well acquainted, contains almost nothing worth his reading; and English is so difficult to an Asiatic, that he is still unable to study in it without assistance, and unlikely to acquire the habit of reading for general information.

"The extreme facility in English which this implies, would require several years more devoted to *mere language*; and it is evidently as desirable as it is perfectly practicable, to combine with this a much larger amount of acquirements and of mental training. The student, therefore, who at this period competes successfully for a stipendiary scholarship, or failing to do so, can show that he is sufficiently advanced to join, with profit to himself, the higher course of education which we have yet to notice, enters *The College Department*, and commences a four years' course in the following branches, viz., *History and English Literature*, in which he becomes familiar with such writers as Hume, Heeren, Hallam, Guizot, and Macaulay; and in which he is introduced to some of the best of our modern poets; *Mental and Moral Philosophy*, commencing with Archbishop Whateley's admirable elementary treatise, 'The Easy Lessons on Reasoning,' and proceeding to an acquaintance with Stewart, and with the inductive logic of Mill; *Political Economy*, commencing with an elementary treatise, and terminating with the most perfect work that has yet been produced in that science—'Mill's Principles.' An extensive course of *Mathematics and Physics*, and also of *The Natural Sciences*, comprising chemistry and botany, and to which the propriety of adding a third subject is, I believe, under consideration.

"Such is the scheme of education which has been formally sanctioned, and of which so much has been actually carried out, as to establish the perfect practicability of the whole. The conditions of its complete fulfilment are, the appointment, as suggested in a late Minute, of an additional Professor, and such assistance in the enormously increased school department, as shall

obviate the necessity which exists at present, of exhausting the energies of the higher stipendiary students in almost incessant teaching.

"I have thus far endeavoured merely to give the ideal, if I may be allowed the phrase, which it is proposed to realize in the Institution. The remainder of the Report (by far the larger portion of it), is of course occupied with detailed statements of the extent to which the late examination proves us to have hitherto succeeded in this, and with suggestions of the conditions which are still wanting to render possible its complete fulfilment. But the present, I humbly conceive, is scarcely a fit occasion for the production either of minute details, or of suggestions, some of which might give rise to considerable diversity of opinion. Passing over all this, therefore, I would beg to conclude by noticing and acknowledging the very able services of my honoured colleagues, Professors Patton and Giraud, and the most valuable assistance which I have received, both in preparing my classes and conducting the subsequent examination, from the talents and experience of Mr. R. T. Reid."

When Mr. Green had concluded, the several classes of pupils instructed in the institution were ushered into the presence of the distinguished assemblage; and, approaching the table at which the Governor-General was seated, were examined in succession by Principal Green, Professor Patton, and the Rev. Murray Mitchell, who had been requested by the Principal to test the proficiency of the students in the several branches of knowledge taught in the College. The answers given by these youths to the questions put to them were highly satisfactory, and elicited a remark from the Governor-General to the effect, that although several of them appeared flurried, he should be sorry to be called upon to answer off hand some of the questions put to them. The distribution of the rewards then commenced: the Marquis of Dalhousie rose from his seat, and, as each youthful "prize man" approached the table, the Principal mentioned his attainments to his lordship, and in some instances of particular merit, made the Governor-General aware that the individual before him had attained a more than usual degree of proficiency in his studies. The Marquis, in delivering the prizes, accompanied each with a few kind words of encouragement, and his demeanour was most affable.

When the distribution was completed, Lord Dalhousie addressed a few observations to Mr. Principal Green, to the effect, that before departing from the institution, he must take the opportunity of expressing the extreme gratification it had afforded him, to be able to accede to the request that had been made to him—that he should preside over the day's proceedings, in order to distribute the rewards gained by the young men who were instructed in the institution. He heartily congratulated the Principal and Professors on the proficiency which the pupils had attained, as manifested by the examinations they had so creditably undergone. He hoped that the success of their past studies would have the effect of inciting them to labour even more assiduously than they had hitherto done. He experienced the utmost pleasure in witnessing the progress made by the natives of India towards the attainment of knowledge; and he trusted that what he had witnessed on the present occasion would prove to be a guarantee

that the future career of these youths, who had so creditably acquitted themselves, would be marked by their endeavours to extend to others the signal advantages they themselves had enjoyed.

The Governor-General, Lord Falkland, and other distinguished personages present on this interesting occasion were then about to retire, when Juggonath Sunkersett rose and made a few observations to the following effect.

The duty which devolved on him was a pleasurable one, and he could not let the present opportunity pass without discharging it. He desired, in the name of the whole native community, to express to his lordship their deep sense of the obligations laid upon them, by the valuable and powerful assistance which his lordship had given to the cause of native education in India. The present scene was one which would never be forgotten by the natives of Bombay, and would form the topic of conversation and admiration through succeeding generations. He was sure that the presence of so distinguished a personage, at the examination of the pupils of that institution, and the distribution of prizes to them by his lordship's own hand, would operate powerfully on the minds of the students. They would see that their welfare was the wish of their rulers, and the honour conferred on them and on the institution, by his lordship's services that day, would act as a stimulus to renewed and redoubled study, and be productive of great good to them. In conclusion, he would again express his gratitude, and that of his countrymen, to his lordship, for his assistance and co-operation in the great work of education.

The Marquis of Dalhousie was evidently highly gratified by this expressive and appropriate address, on the part of the enlightened gentleman who made it; and, after a moment's consideration, his lordship replied :

"Sir,—I do most cordially thank you for this expression of your sentiments and those of your countrymen. I assure you I am delighted to be present here this day, and to witness the proficiency made by the pupils of this institution. My visit to this place will always afford me the most pleasurable recollections. You thank me for what I have done; I regret it is so little. Let me assure you, however, that the interest which I take in the native community, by no means is inferior to that which I have in the European community of India. I am happy to observe the struggle which the natives of India are making to obtain the advantages of education for their children. I again assure you that my visit here has afforded me the greatest pleasure; and I cannot better express my opinion of the value of the Elphinstone Institution, than by declaring it to be worthy of the great man whose name it bears. I desire, sir, that you will convey to the community which you represent my high sense of their worth and merits; and also give them my redoubled assurance, that everything that it is in my power to grant, whereby their advantages may be increased, and their benefits promoted, shall be most cheerfully accorded."

CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

- 1.—**WOMAN IN FRANCE DURING THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.** By Julia Kavanagh. Authoress of "*Madeline*," &c. Two volumes, with Portraits. London. Smith, Elder and Co., 65, Cornhill. 1850.

IN these volumes Miss Kavanagh has presented her readers with a series of spirited sketches of the most remarkable women who lived in, perhaps, the most remarkable period of French history. The authoress has executed her task with the utmost grace and delicacy; and the tact with which she has selected her materials from a host of authorities, does the highest credit to her judgment and discrimination. The well executed portraits also add value to a book which must speedily become a general favourite.

The work is devoted to an analysis of the power of woman in France during the eighteenth century; and all-powerful, both for evil and for good, were the women of that age.

"They ruled society, as women of the world; the empire of letters, as patronesses of the fine arts; the state, as favourites and advisers of kings. They gave the tone to feeling, philosophy, and thought. Their caprice made wars, and signed treaties of peace. They hastened the fall of a monarchy, and the outbreak of the greatest revolution of modern times. They could attempt to check or direct that revolution in its rapid and fearful course; they shared to the fullest extent its errors, its crimes, and its heroic virtues. They suffered from the proscriptions like men, because like men they had striven; and when their failing power seemed at its last ebb, it was still a woman who overthrew Robespierre, a woman who raised a solitary voice against the despotism of Napoleon."—p. 1.

The power thus exercised was too often corrupt in its source, and evil and fatal in its results, still it was power; and in these volumes is traced "the progress of direct female influence, from the aged and severe Madame de Maintenon, deserting the death-bed of Louis XIV. to the lovely and hapless Marie Antoinette, ascending the scaffold of the Revolution." Woman's social rule is marked as extending from princesses and favourites, like Madame du Maine and Madame de Pompadour, to literary and noble ladies like the nun Tencin, Madame du Chatelet (the mistress of Voltaire), and Madame du Deffand (the friend of Walpole); and from these we see the same power descending to the heroines of the Bourgeoisie and the Revolution, Madame Roland and Madame Tallien.

After a graphic sketch of the demoralized state of society towards the close of the long reign of Louis XIV., the authoress continues:—

"Montesquieu declared, 'That the individual who would attempt to judge of the government by the men at the head of affairs, and not by the women who

swayed those men, would fall into the same error as he who judges of a machine by its outward action, and not by its secret springs.' Women were indeed already exercising that great power, which attained its full development towards the middle of the century. They eagerly seized on influence, whatever the means of influence might be. They had received from their male relatives a shameless example of profligacy, which they were not slow to follow. When women fall, they fall deeper than men; because the only sense of honour allowed them by society departs, if once the purity of their lives is tainted. The abandoned conduct of ladies of rank threw a great reproach on their order. It created doubts on the legitimacy of the most noble families, and scandalized the people who lived apart in patriarchal austerity. The corrupting tendency of a despotic government had reached the women who lived beneath its sway. The men, deprived of political rights, used their female friends as the means of their ambition. Indirect power is necessarily immoral; when exercised by woman, it is still more so. At the time of which we speak, a spirit of ambition and intrigue, not pure in its origin, or purely exercised, seemed to have seized on the whole sex."—p. 11.

But, besides this power of intrigue, there was another influence at work, "higher still, far more effectual, and on which women had the tact to seize at once." This was the power of literature, which at a later period acquired an immense influence in France, and on this influence Miss Kavanagh has the following observations:—

"The action of literary men on society was chiefly exercised through the women, in whose select assemblies they were admitted, and who naturally influenced their views and their mode of expressing them. This is an important fact; for, though less politically great than in the preceding century, France was then acknowledged to be the focus of European intelligence. Her philosophers, her literary and scientific men, interpreted the feelings and opinions of the age; to which their daring scepticism and satirical rallery soon gave the prevailing tone. She no longer owed her preponderance over other nations to the personal character of her monarch; for the hand that swayed her was vacillating and weak: her greatness was not political, but social and intellectual: her power was that of ideas, and it proved more great and extensive than the warlike despotism of Louis XIV. M. Guizot judiciously remarks, in his 'History of Civilization,' that 'the power which France possesses of imparting her own feelings and ideas to other nations, does not spring from the originality of those ideas, which are often borrowed, but from the sociable and communicative character of the people.' To this we may add, that for this characteristic France is chiefly indebted to her women and their influence in society. This was especially the case in the last century, when their power was so great that Schlosser has not hesitated to compare it to that exercised by Richelieu and Colbert over their own times. This is almost equivalent to saying that it was unbounded."—p. 17.

This power was exercised and disseminated by means of what were termed *bureaux d'esprit*, evening and dinner parties given by a few of the clever women of Paris, at which assembled all the great men of the day. Men of talent were neglected by the court; but, in truth, it was by no means necessary that a literary man should be either presented at court, or patronized by a monarch, in order that he might become celebrated and admired.

"A few words of elegant praise from Madame de la Popelinière, a quiet remark of Madame de Tencin, were enough to ensure this result in the higher

classes. Around these fair planets moved innumerable stars, which received their light from them, and diffused it in their turn to the inferior circles over which they presided. Thus the same spirit was spread throughout the whole of society."

The three most important of these literary coteries were those presided over by Madame du Deffand, Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, and Madame Geoffrin. "The first of these ladies," says Miss Kavanagh, "was celebrated for her caustic wit; Mademoiselle de Lespinasse for the charms of her conversation; and Madame Geoffrin for her active benevolence." Horace Walpole, one of Madame du Deffand's guests, began by ridiculing the society he met with at her *séances*, held in the convent of St. Joseph, but gradually yielded to the fascination of her brilliant supper parties, and wrote the following account of the old and blind, yet charming woman who presided over them.

"She is now very old, and stone blind; but retains all her vivacity, wit, memory, judgment, passions, and agreeableness. She goes to operas, plays, suppers, and Versailles; gives suppers twice a week; has every new work read to her; makes new songs and epigrams—ay, admirably, and remembers every one that has been made these fourscore years. She corresponds with Voltaire, dictates charming letters to him, contradicts him, is no bigot to him or to anybody, and laughs both at the clergy and the philosophers."

After spending several years in alternatives of *ennui* and devotion, this clever but selfish woman found herself dying in the month of September, 1780, being then in her eighty-fourth year. She sent for the curé of St. Sulpice, and is said to have addressed him thus:—"M. Le Curé, you will be satisfied with me; but spare me three things—let me have no questions, no reasons, and no sermons."

Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, whose early history our authoress briefly but touchingly describes, originally held a subordinate position among the celebrated individuals whom Madame du Deffand assembled around her. She was companion to that lady; to whom such an attendant was rendered essential by her blindness, and her other infirmities. The personal attractions and mental gifts of the young dependant gradually drew around her most of the gifted frequenters of the brilliant réunions of her patroness: this at length produced a rupture between the two ladies, and Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, being patronised by the Duc de Choiseul, and others of high rank, opened a *bureau d'esprit* on her own account.

"Though consisting chiefly of the same guests who had formerly frequented Madame du Deffand's, the society of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse took a tone very different from that which had distinguished the elegant and worldly visitors of the convent Saint Joseph. Ideas of reform and the doctrines of political economy were then beginning to agitate and divide French society; Mademoiselle de Lespinasse sided with the economists and philosophic reformers. Turgot, the future minister of state; the bitter Morellet who expounded his theories, and whom Voltaire aptly called *Mord-les* (bite them); Diderot, D'Alembert, Marmontel, Chastellux, and Saint-Lambert, were her constant guests; they made her house the central point whence they disseminated their doctrines in financial, political, and literary matters. All the foreigners of distinction also visited Mademoiselle de Les-

pinasse; and it was a subject of some jealousy between her and Madame du Deffand as to which of the two should have most Englishmen. Walpole, taking Madame du Deffand's part, refused to see her rival; Hume contrived to be on good terms with both. It was at the house of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse that all Hume's Parisian friends, as well as their hostess and D'Alembert, concluded that he could not well avoid publishing an account of his discussions with Rousseau, and discuss all the circumstances of that celebrated quarrel. The *bureaux d'esprit* were also social tribunals, which decided every important question connected with literary matters.

"All the accounts left of the society of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, represent it as one of the most agreeable places of Parisian resort. There might be seen every evening the most remarkable individuals of every rank. The church, the state, and the army, were as fairly represented in her drawing-room as philosophy; and when, though this happened rarely, she either went to the country, or the play, all Paris was informed beforehand of the important event. Mademoiselle de Lespinasse was, perhaps, one of the most fascinating women of her day. Many surpassed her in youth and beauty—for she had never been very handsome, and when her society was fully formed she had already passed the golden days of youth—many were as clever, and a greater number still were far more brilliant and witty; but none equalled her in that deep power of seduction—deep and great, because involuntarily exercised—which drew around her the most celebrated men of those times. Mademoiselle de Lespinasse listened more than she spoke; but when she did speak it was admissibly: she uttered, however, no witticisms, and none of those artificially clever sayings then so much in vogue; and which often look as though they had been prepared beforehand for the occasions on which they were delivered. Her power was not merely intellectual; it sprang less from the activity of her mind than from the depth and fervour of her feelings. This very fervour seemed to say that she was not formed for happiness; she was too ardent and excitable for this calm state of mind. Secluded from affection during her unhappy youth, her whole soul, on regaining its freedom, gave itself up, not to ordinary love, but to a bewildering and intoxicating passion never meant for earth. It was this inward fire which, whilst it consumed her frail being, gave her so deep a charm, and imparted to her language a passion and eloquence rarely surpassed."—p. 239.

The above extract will afford a tolerably fair idea of the plan upon which these *bureaux d'esprit* were modelled, and render it unnecessary to say more upon the subject, than that the proceedings of the one superintended by Madame Geoffrin were conducted with a quiet elegance, and an air of good nature, characteristic of the mistress of the house, who lived to a good old age, and to the last enjoyed and deserved the respect and esteem of all who were acquainted with her.

The second volume commences with the reign of Louis XVI., and contains a review of the state of French society previous to the Revolution, with a succinct account of the principal female actors in that stormy period, concluding with the reaction consequent on the fall of Robespierre; Madame de Stael, with whom closed the social and political power of women in France during the eighteenth century, being the last of the celebrated females who find a place in these pages. With Miss Kavanagh's retrospect of the part enacted by female influence, during that memorable age, we must now conclude. In this retrospect,—

"Madame du Maine and the Cellamare conspiracy, voluptuous Madame de

la Verrue, and intriguing Madame de Tenein, reappear before us with the profligate days of the Regency; they add to its deep corruption: whilst, chastened by penitence, sorrowful Mademoiselle Aissé dies silently, asserting, though she knows it not, the undying strength of woman's faith and purity. The name of learned Madame du Chatelet remains associated with that of Voltaire and his cold philosophy. Madame de la Popelinière, graceful and elegant as she is, is only the protectress of that degraded art which suits a degraded age, when four sisters become the mistresses of a king. The haughty favourite, Madame de Pompadour, has no power beyond that political power she wrings from her lover. The philosophic Madame D'Epinay; the good-natured Madame Geoffrin; Madame Du Deffand, selfish, caustic, and *ennuyée*; and impassioned Mademoiselle Lespinasse, with so much that is generous and true in her erring nature, rule society under Louis XV. The abandoned old king dies; Louis XVI., young, pure, and weak, ascends the throne to reap the thorns his grandfather has sown. Women still govern society; Marie Antoinette, the gay and impudent queen, the clever and supple Madame de Genlis, Madame Necker, sedate and grave, have their day. But this empty world is passing fast away. The storm which has gathered through centuries breaks forth. In that new contest, destined to ruin her power, woman still takes an active part. She rules parties, defends a monarchy with Marie Antoinette, or founds a republic with Madame Roland. We behold her avenging outraged humanity under the form of Charlotte Corday; teaching men how to suffer and die in every prison, and on every scaffold; overthrowing the whole fabric of tyranny with the generous Madame Tallien, and defending the freedom of thought with the gifted daughter of Necker."—Vol. ii. p. 327.

2.—A MANUAL OF THE BRITISH MARINE ALGÆ: containing Generic and Specific Descriptions of all the known British Species of Sea-weeds, with Plates to illustrate all the Genera. By William Henry Harvey, M.D., M.R.I.A., &c. London: John Van Voorst, Paternoster-row. 1849.

IN a recent number of this Review (July, 1849), we announced the speedy appearance of this valuable volume, which, although modestly styled by its learned author a second edition, embodies so many of the results of increased attention to the curious and beautiful organisms to which its pages are devoted, that it is fairly entitled to consideration as a new work. That the British Algæ should have recently been more intimately studied than heretofore is, perhaps, fairly attributable to their having had the notice of botanists more especially directed to them, by the publication of the first edition of this 'Manual,' eight years ago. It was then the only work in the English language entirely devoted to the subject; and, in the words of a high authority, its author was the only one among British botanists fully prepared to undertake it. The impulse once given, the study was pursued with ardour; and much has subsequently been done, both in England and on the Continent, to further our acquaintance with the structure and fructification of the Algæ; and hence have sprung many of those improvements in classification and in the distribution of species which are embodied in the pages of the present volume.

But the thanks of the student are more especially due to Dr.

Harvey, for having at length carried out his primary intention of aiding the descriptions with a series of beautiful illustrations from his own drawings. The plates are twenty-seven in number, and comprise a figure, with magnified structural details, of one species belonging to every genus described in the text—in all upwards of one hundred. The details are sufficiently analytical for all practical purposes, and consequently will be found exceedingly useful; and no less so will prove the admirable glossary of terms appended to the volume.

The Manual is exclusively confined to the marine *Algæ*; the species inhabiting fresh water, and which were included in the first edition, having been excluded from the present, partly because they have recently been treated at large in other works, and partly because Dr. Harvey's attention has been so exclusively directed to the marine species in the preparation of his '*Phycologia Britannica*,' that he has not studied those of the fresh water with sufficient attention to their details. As a compensation, in some degree, for this abstraction of undoubted members of the tribe, some readers will be surprised to find the *Corallines* restored to the place they formerly held among vegetables. As to the propriety of this allocation, "much may be said on both sides;" we at present merely indicate the fact, and quote Dr. Harvey's argument in favour of the step.

"Until recently," he says, "the plants of this order were, with other calcareous *Algæ*, confounded with the zoophytes, or polypiferous corals. They are, however, undoubtedly of vegetable nature; and when the lime which they contain is removed by acid, the vegetable framework concealed beneath it is found to be of a similar structure to that of other *Rhodospërms*, to which group of *Algæ* they are further allied by their colour and the nature of their tissues."—p. 104.

A quotation from the Introduction will exhibit the wide distribution and exceedingly varied structure of the marine *Algæ*, to the species of which, inhabiting our own shores, the present volume is devoted.

"The sea, in no climate, from the polar circle to the equator, is altogether free from *Algæ*, though they abound on some shores much more than on others, a subject which will come particularly under notice when we speak of the distribution of their several tribes. Species abound likewise in fresh water, whether running or stagnant, and in mineral springs. The strongly impregnated sulphureous streams of Italy, the eternal snows of the Alps and Arctic regions, and the boiling springs of Iceland, have each their peculiar species; and even chemical solutions, if long kept, produce *Algæ*. Very few, comparatively, inhabit stations which are not submerged or exposed to the constant dripping of water; and in all situations where they are found, great dampness, at least, is necessary to their production.

"Thus extensively scattered through all climates, and existing under so many varieties of situation, the species are, as one would naturally suppose, exceedingly numerous, and present a greater variety in form and size than is observable in any other tribe of plants whose structure is so similar. Some are so exceedingly minute as to be wholly invisible, except in masses, to the naked eye, and require the highest power of our microscopes to ascertain their form or structure. Others, growing in the depths of the great Pacific Ocean, have stems which exceed in length (though not in diameter) the trunks of the tallest forest trees; and others have leaves that rival in expansion those of the palm. Some are simple globules or spheres, consisting of a single cell or little

bag of tissue filled with colouring matter; some are mere strings of such cells cohering by the ends; others, a little more complex, exhibit the appearance of branched threads; in others, again, the branches and stems are compound, consisting of several such threads joined together; and in others the tissue expands into broad flat fronds. Only the higher tribes show any distinction into stems and leaves; and even in these, what appears a stem in the old plant has already served, at an earlier period of growth, either as a leaf, as in *Sargassum* and *Cystoseira*, or as the midrib of a leaf, as in *Delesseria*. A few exhibit leaves or flat fronds, formed of a delicate, perforated net-work, resembling fine lace or the skeletons of leaves, a structure which is also found among zoophytes.

"The substance of which the frond consists is as variable as the form. Some are mere masses of slime or jelly, so loose that they fall to pieces on being removed from the water; others resemble, in feel and appearance, threads of silk; some are stiff and horny; others are cartilaginous, or with the aspect and elasticity of gristle; others tough and coriaceous, or resembling leather; while the stems of some of the larger kinds are almost woody. The leaves of some are delicately membranaceous, glossy, and transparent; of others, coarse and thick, and either wholly destitute of nerves, or furnished with more or less defined ribs, or beautifully veined. Several have the power of withdrawing carbonate of lime from the water in which they grow, and laying it up, in an organised state, in their tissues. Among fresh-water species, particularly of the *Rivulariæ*, we find the first imperfect exhibitions of this remarkable power, but in some of these the lime occurs in such lumpy masses that it may perhaps rather be regarded as an incrustation, through which the plant continually grows. In the marine *Corallines*, and in several of the orders *Siphonacæ* and *Batrachospermacæ*, the secreting process is too perfect for the lime to be considered as an incrustation. It is obviously necessary to the perfect development of the vegetable. Some of the least perfect of the *Corallines*, the *Melohesiæ* or *Nallipores*, resemble masses of calcareous matter, not at all unlike the incrustations formed in water strongly impregnated with carbonate of lime; but when we place these apparent rocks into acid for a short time, until the lime is partly dissolved, there remains a delicately cellular structure, of the full form and size of the original mass, and built in a perfectly regular manner. In the cells of this body, and the interstices between them, the particles of lime had been arranged. Among the most minute kinds, many (comprising the family *Diatomacæ*) are cased with organised *siler*; and these cases, which resist the action of fire, are found in countless myriads in a fossil state, in many countries, covering miles of ground, or forming mountains, and presenting to the naked eye a whitish, powdery substance, known by the name of 'mountain meal.'"—*Introduction*, p. xi.

In conclusion, we are bound to say that the thanks of every botanist are due to Dr. Harvey, for the eminent services he has rendered to Algology, by his unremitting attention to that branch of the science; and especially by the present edition of his useful Manual, which no one, who would attain an accurate knowledge of the plants of which it treats, can possibly dispense with: while the less scientific visitor to our coasts will find in its pages a guide to the names and nature of those members of the vegetable kingdom by whose beauty or singularity the attention of the most incurious must so often have been arrested in their sea-side rambles.

RELIGION.

3.—THE PURPOSE OF EXISTENCE, POPULARLY CONSIDERED IN RELATION TO THE ORIGIN, DEVELOPMENT AND DESTINY OF THE HUMAN MIND. John Chapman.

GENUINE AND SPURIOUS RELIGION ; a Compendious, Scriptural, and Consecutive View of the Origin, Development, and Character of different Systems of Belief. By the Rev. John Mühleison. J. H. Jackson.

Two theological works of very different orders of merit. One, a philosophical and moral treatise, entitled to the respect and attention of all inquirers after truth : the other, an industrious and somewhat one-sided comparison of various pagan systems of religion with the creed of the Church of England; valuable only to those who have never allowed themselves to entertain a scruple of heterodox doubt upon any one of her numerous articles of faith. It must suffice us, as an illustration of the amount of thought contained in the latter work, to explain that the author is of opinion that the Song of the Angels, and the birth of Christ, at the particular time when the star of Bethlehem is said to have appeared, were in part determined by a jubilee of the planetary system, held on the occasion of Uranus having completed its fiftieth revolution round the sun,—such jubilee being the “fulness of time” referred to by the prophets!

The author of the ‘The Purpose of Existence’ commences his inquiry with a brief summary of the evidence upon which rests the belief of a first cause. He proceeds to clear away popular misconceptions on the subject of *matter*, by showing from the discoveries of chemistry, its indestructibility, and the subtlety of its essence. He then dwells upon the fact of the gradual development of mind in the child and the man, and reasons from these data to the conclusion that the evolution of spirit out of matter was, and is, the object of our present organization,—the spirit so evolved not being destroyed at death, (its essence not admitting of disintegration, which is all that we mean by destruction), but entering into newer and higher combinations.

To discuss such a subject we require a new set of phrases. The author should have avoided altogether the use of the terms “matter” and “spirit”—terms associated with worn out or vague ideas, and conveying no intelligible meaning. What is matter, and what is spirit? We know absolutely no more of one than of the other. What, for example, do we know of the nature of light, or the electrical fluid? The substances we call material we know only by their outward forms, and those forms are continually changing. What is the *essence* through which those forms are manifested? It is as correct to describe those manifestations as the result of *spiritual* agency as of *material* agency. That they are the result of some agency external to ourselves, is all that we are entitled to assume.

We may call it either spiritual or material, if we please to do so; but we do not thereby advance our knowledge a single step.

This objection, of course, affects the argument of the author; the proposition he would prove not being clear in itself, does not admit of demonstration. If the purpose of existence be to evolve mind out of matter, he should begin by telling us what matter is. If he has no evidence to show that the original essence of matter is not the same as that of mind, his case breaks down; and the truth is, there is nothing in the facts adduced to support this distinction. The case of the child and the man is one of sentient progress: the mind—that is, the perceptive and reasoning faculty, is probably as perfect in infancy as in manhood, but its sphere of action more limited. The first state of mind would seem to be that of simple sensation; the next, that of remembered sensations, and inferences deduced from them. Succeeding stages are an enlargement of the same process. Existence, therefore, means progress; the geologist and the historian alike bearing their testimony to the fact: and it is the irreconcilability of a law of progress with the theory of annihilation (a theory purely hypothetical), that is perhaps the most satisfactory proof that the state we call death is but a change of existence, and not its termination.

A large portion of the work is devoted to an explanation of this intellectual progression, as exhibited in the various phases society has assumed, from the earliest periods of which we have any records to the present time; and the author's views on this subject are so sound, that we feel the more regret that he should have mixed them up with the fallacy to which we have alluded. We regret also the tone in which he allows himself to speak of "Christianity,"—meaning thereby the Romanism of the middle ages and modern Calvinism—neither of which, he contends, has any claim to be regarded as the religion taught by Jesus of Nazareth. We submit that the term "Christianity" can only be properly applied to the doctrines of Christ, whether they agree or not with the popular interpretation of them; and it would surely be wiser to point out the difference between true and spurious Christianity, than adopt the course pursued by the author, which gives a needless offence to prejudice, and may, and probably will, in many cases, cause a great misapprehension of his meaning.

* * The editor of 'The Reasoner' (a weekly philosophical publication), complains, in No. 198, of the severity and inaccuracy of some remarks reflecting upon Mr. Richard Carlile and the Rev. Mr. Taylor, in the article entitled 'Religious Faith and Modern Scepticism.' The notice was incidental, and was not intended to raise a question of the honesty and fearlessness of the men; still less to condemn them for poverty. But we adhere to the opinion, that it is not by adopting the tone of scoffing at things held to be sacred (the charge to which Richard Carlile and the Rev. Mr. Taylor were amenable), that a spirit of earnestness can be promoted in the investigation of truth. The editor of 'The Reasoner' is in error in supposing that the phrase, "perfectly

detestable," was applied in the article to the philosophical works of either Paine or Palmer; but there were some publications exposed for sale by Richard Carlile, in his shop in Fleet-street, which strictly merited that appellation, and were altogether indefensible.

4.—ARCHITECTURE :—A Treatise on the Rise and Progress of Decorated Window Tracery in England. By Edmund Sharpe, M.A. J. Van Voorst.

A SERIES OF ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE WINDOW TRACERY OF THE DECORATIVE STYLE OF ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE. By Edmund Sharpe, M.A. J. Van Voorst.

Two volumes profusely illustrated with examples of the fenestral decorative art of the middle ages, and embracing a brief historical sketch of the different styles of window tracery introduced into English architecture, from the first simple forms of the twelfth century to the more elaborate and complicated designs of the sixteenth. Mr. Sharpe commences by observing that our national architecture, from its earliest infancy to the period of its entire debasement, was in a constant state of regular progress or transition; every ten or twenty years producing some departure from the style of the period preceding, and the most marked changes being arrived at by almost insensible gradations. This progression, in respect to window tracery, he explains to have been from the *circular* to the *flowing*, and from the flowing to the *straight*, or perpendicular; and to the styles in which these features are the most characteristic, he gives the names of the *geometrical*, the *curvilinear*, and the *rectilinear*,—terms, however, not very happily chosen, since the first includes the two latter. Where did Mr. Sharpe learn that curvilinear and rectilinear figures were *not* geometrical forms? A *geometrical* style of architecture must include forms square, circular, curved, pointed, angular, and rectangular. It can convey, therefore, no distinctive meaning. The same objection, however, applies to the classification of Mr. Rickman, into the *decorated* and *perpendicular* styles of architecture; which would seem to imply that the perpendicular style was not decorated, instead of being more decorated or highly ornamented than any other. The term *perpendicular* is a misnomer. What is meant is *height*. Any upright line, however short, is perpendicular, but the characteristic feature intended to be described is a general loftiness in the proportions of the buildings erected in the sixteenth century, whether in reference to the columns, arches, towers, pinnacles, or other parts of the general whole, as compared with the proportions which had previously prevailed. Architecture appears to stand greatly in need of a new nomenclature, capable of conveying clear ideas of the progress of the science, and the really governing distinctions of the styles of different ages and countries. Those distinctions are chiefly the following :—1. The square and massive; of which the Celtic cromlechs and the pyramids of Egypt may be taken as the type. 2. Sculptured imitations of men and ani-

mals, embracing the colossal statues of Egypt, India, and Assyria—the first idea of decorative architecture among all nations. 3. Columns, the ruling feature of architecture among the Greeks, but common among other Eastern nations about the same period. 4. Columns and arches, the style of Roman architecture. 5. Clustered columns and pointed arches, the style called Gothic, or Mediæval. 6. The later Mediæval, lofty and elaborated.

Each of these styles might be termed “decorated,” excepting the first, which consisted merely of the primitive and rude heaping together of stone upon stone; and in all of these are to be found abundant examples of lines “curvilinear” and “rectilinear.” The distinctions of ornamental tracery, referred to by Mr. Sharpe, would, we think, be best expressed by the terms, *circular*, *foliated*, and *longitudinal*; but the illustrations speak for themselves, and are the best interpreters of the author’s meaning. These, which are admirably executed, will recommend the work alike to the student and the professor.

5.—RAILWAY ECONOMY: a Treatise on the New Art of Transport.
By Dionysius Lardner, D.C.L.

SOME two years back a work was published by Professor Gordon, of Glasgow, entitled ‘Railway Economy.’ In that work was pointed out the sources of economy within reach of the Railway Companies, by proportioning the power of the engines to the weight to be moved; and yet more than that—viz., keeping down the weight of the engine to the point of not damaging the rails and road, saving wholly the “maintenance of way,” an item which approximates closely to a small dividend. This important matter, since largely carried out and verified, and the really new question with most Railway Companies, is wholly ignored by Dr. Lardner in his ‘Railway Economy.’ It is the play of Hamlet, with the Prince himself left out.

A volume containing a table of contents of twenty-one pages of small type, five hundred and twenty-four pages of letter-press, and four pages of index, from the ready pen of a *littérateur*, as a matter of course, must contain much matter. There is a dish in some southern country of Europe called an *olla podrida*. Of this kind is our worthy Doctor’s book. All things that have been written about railways by the routiniers are gathered together, and all is stereotyped. Returns from railways and railway managers, embodying their own views, are rife, but they are *toujours perdrix à rechauffer*, of all the good or bad practices that have obtained on railways grown into a vicious circle. Of the Doctor’s book we may say, as has been said before, that “what is good in it is not new;” but we cannot continue the parallel, “what is new is not good,” for we have not been able to detect anything new. He would appear to avoid, with due caution, all meddling with what the future may be. The ill-success of his Atlantic predictions has probably taught him this caution.

Yet a bulky volume, entitled 'Railway Economy,' should at least have entertained the question of economy; as it is, it is a mere deception on the purchaser. It is simply a volume of statistics, and these statistics full of very gross blunders. Indeed, had the Doctor been pumped full of fallacies by interested parties, for their own objects, he could not have gone further astray.

In a chapter which might be entitled, "Adamus Smithus Repetitus," the Doctor dwells on the influences of improved transport, and alleges the advantage of commerce in bringing raw cotton from South Carolina to be manufactured in England, and then taken back and sold to its own producers, charged with all the cost of transit. It does not seem to occur to the Doctor that the time must come when all this will be changed, and the cotton-mill erected next door to the plantation. To bring cotton half round the world to be made into cloth, is a waste of labour to the world's inhabitants at large, which must some day be remedied. While on the subject of this chapter, we must enter our protest against the Doctor's inventions in words. *Chevaline labour* is by no means an improvement on "horse transport;" as Holofernes says, "it is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too cold as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it."

The Doctor dwells on the advantages obtained by the transport of living animals for food, over the old methods of driving; but his 'economy' cannot get the length of seeing that the beasts still suffer greatly on the railways, from the very rough unmechanical machines in which they are transported:—that they are still excessively damaged, and frequently trample on one another, when the weakest are thrown down by the jolting of the rough tumbrils.

The Doctor is very happy in his mode of illustrating the beneficial effects of railway speed in extending the number of available dwelling-places for the inhabitants of great towns. The advantage gained by *speed* on English railways, as compared with continental slowness, are as twenty-five to nine. This is a useful mode of putting it.

The chapter on the "Progress of Transport" is very fairly written, but there is nothing new to be learned from it, save by those needing "popular knowledge."

In the chapter on "Way and Works," the term "life of a rail" indicates the source of the Doctor's inspiration. "No rails, in fact, have lived out their natural lives." Ships are called "she," and so sometimes are locomotives; but for a scientific man this language is odd. We wonder what is "the natural life of a brick"—not meaning to enter the Doctor in that category.

The Doctor says, "there is now, actually, an engine on one of the English railways, which, with its tender, fuel and water, weighs about sixty tons." We should like to know what sort of rails it runs on. We presume it is intended to find work for navvies when work is scarce.

In his tabular statement of the number of persons employed on railways in 1848, why does the Doctor omit lawyers and littérateurs?

The inferences in this chapter of "Way and Works" are mostly pure nonsense, which will scarcely gull knowing shareholders, though making a show in reports.

In the chapter on "Locomotive Power" the Doctor tells us that in thirteen years no engine has become superannuated on the Belgian lines, and the "current mileage of the oldest engine was equal to that of the youngest and most vigorous."

One would really think the Doctor was at a juvenile tea-party, when he talks in this style:—

"The distance from the earth to the sun is ninety-six millions of miles."

"The locomotives of the British railways would, at their present rate of work, pass over it in three years."

"The circumference of the globe is 25,000 miles."

"The same engines, with their present work, would go seven times round it in two days, and in doing so each engine would work only $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours."

Prodigious!!!

It puts us in mind of George the Third's queries to Whitbread the brewer. "How far would the barrels reach side by side? How far end to end?"

The Doctor is not happy in this chapter. It will not be popular to the million, and will be quite useless to the practical man. And the man of science would shake his head if asked to base calculations on it.

In the chapter on "Carrying Stock," there is a sentence of profundity we confess we are unable to fathom.

"The trains are in general propelled by a different class and form of engine, at different speeds, and in some cases at different epochs in the twenty-four hours."

Joe Willet had a phrase, "In the Salwannas where 'the war is." It seems to us equally profound. We leave the solution to stronger brains than we possess. Epochs! in the twenty-four hours! In the Salwannas!

The Doctor informs us that "the continental second-class carriages are lined and have cushions to their seats." The continental managers behave better to their customers than the Doctor's friends in England.

Further on, we have the piece of recondite information that "the carriages used for the transport of horses are called *horse-boxes*,"—the italics the doctor's own.

We would recommend those who are impatient of reading, to walk the arrival platform of a railway for an hour to glean most of the information in this chapter: such as "passengers' luggage is carried in vans, and passengers' baggage, including most of the English lines, is placed on the roof of the passenger carriage."

We beg the Doctor's pardon; but perhaps his book is intended to circulate in Brother Jonathan's land, in which his information may be

important. To us it sounds very like the information that "passengers sometimes ride on the roofs of omnibuses."

From a tabular statement of Captain Huish, given by the Doctor, it appears that during the half-year ending December, 1848, the mileage of carriages amounted to

First Class,	4,834,324
Second Class,	3,448,364
Third Class,	1,606,760

Surely there is something unnatural in this. The Corinthian capital stands on a very narrow basis. It is not wholesome. On other lines the most important source of profit is the third class.

The Doctor says :—

"The small amount of the daily useful mileage of the goods carrying stock is explained by the great length of time which is always consumed in the loading and unloading of the wagons, and in waiting for the formation of complete loads and trains. The wagons are detained in sidings till a sufficient quantity are collected to form a complete load. * * * * When they have arrived at their several destinations, they have to be discharged, and to wait for a return load, or to be sent back empty."

It has always seemed to us that in this mode of proceeding there is a great fallacy. It were better to make up small trains with small-sized engines, and to despatch the goods quickly, as is done by passengers. We believe that the old four-wheel engines of the "London and Birmingham" were right as to economical power. Their fault was that their form approximated rather to that of a haystack than a swift-moving carriage.

In the chapter on "Maintenance and Reproduction of Rolling Stock," the Doctor's

"Speech is a fine sample, on the whole,
Of rhetoric, which the learned call *rigmarole*."

It is a sample of argument adapted to the capacity of "the marines," which the "blue jackets" will not admit.

"This boy will be the death of us." In the account of the "stations" he says, "The depot for the locomotive power, where the engines *repose*." In a strange way the Doctor jumbles up all things, and also some others, most of a moveable nature, in the account of the stations.

In the chapter on the "Clearing-house," the Doctor says, "The perfection to which this system tends would be that a common rolling-stock should be kept for all the companies, in the support of which they should, as it were, club, each contributing a share to its maintenance, in proportion to the quantity of traffic transported by it."

We have seen in some public journal a statement that the gentlemen of the clearing-house already consider railway stock perfect and fit to stereotype, and have named a committee of their own body to decide on the standard forms. The most prominent point insisted on is the necessity of making second-class passengers very uncomfortable, and driving them into the first. Above all

things, they are not to be allowed cushions or backs. We think that an improvement on this would be to have the seat-boards rough from the saw, or leave a few nails projecting.

Railway Managers do not, or will not, understand a very simple matter. Railway travellers have a certain amount of money to spend, and no more. Trying to drive them to use first-class carriages is simply telling them to make one journey at 3s., instead of two journeys at 2s.; and the result is, to drive them into the third-class, for two journeys at 1s. 6d.

Passing over chapters devoted to "Passenger Traffic" and "Goods Traffic," we come to the fearful chapter of all—"The Expenses." It is a perfectly clear thing that the "Economy of Railways," in the only sense interesting to the shareholders in existing lines, must be found in keeping down all wasteful expenditure, and increasing the receipts. There are no other sources of economy. On this subject the Doctor begins to talk good sense. He says the following are the most prominent means:—

1. "So to arrange the traffic that the various classes of vehicles of transport should carry more complete loads, because the share of the expenses falling on each unit of load diminishes in the same ratio as the load of such vehicles increases."

Passing over 2, 3, and 4, as apocryphal, we come to No. 5. "In some cases where the traffic prevails in one direction, and consequently where 'empties' are drawn in great quantities in the other direction, to study the local productions and modify the tariff so as to attract loads to the empty vehicles at a tariff which may be productive under such circumstances, though unproductive under ordinary conditions."

The Doctor must first bring his wagons to a general standard. He cannot carry coal in cattle-wagons, nor cattle in hopper coal-wagons. His idea is correct, but impracticable with existing appliances.

- 6 "Not to multiply the trains beyond that number which the reasonable accommodation of the public renders indispensable."

Of course not. Do not run empty trains. Find out what number it is worth while to take, with the most economical construction of train, which in thinly peopled districts will be small, and if the people are in excess, then duplicate the train. Be content to leave a few surplus behind, as omnibuses do. The prosperity of a railway does not depend on providing for every chance surplus passenger.

7. "For the passenger traffic to provide mixed carriages which may take up in the same vehicle the complement of load composed of different classes. By this expedient a single carriage in a passenger train may perform the office of three."

Doubtless, but two classes only would be better, and the same principle holds good in wagons. Make your wagons to carry all varieties of goods, and a great economy will arise.

In the 8th maxim the Doctor eschews express trains, but if express trains were efficiently made, not to damage themselves or the road, the speed would not be objectionable. The heavy wagon damages the road more than the light stage coach. If people be willing to pay for speed, we do not see why companies should disoblige their customers.

There is a *cant* grown up about high speeds, but the sources of mischief are to be found simply in bad construction.

Receipts, Tariffs, and Profits occupy another chapter we have not cared to dive into, as profit means many material changes not glanced at by the Doctor.

In the "Chapter of Accidents" the Doctor gives many rules for safety, some sound and some unsound; half of them are almost equivalent to—never go on a railway, and you will never have a railway accident.

The Electric Telegraph, Inland Transport in the U. S., Belgian Railways, French Railways, German Railways, Railway Transport generally, and Railways and the State, form the concluding chapters.

The conclusion we arrive at is, that the chief value of the Doctor's book will be to suggest to others, how much still remains to be done to make railways what they ought to be.

6.—SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY, R.A. *Recollections of his Life, Practice, and Opinions.* By George Jones, R.A. London: Edward Moxon, Dover-street. 1850.

WHATEVER may be Mr. George Jones's abilities as an artist, we certainly cannot congratulate him on the possession of the requisites of authorship. These affectionate 'Recollections' of his talented friend Chantrey do infinite credit to his own head and heart; but the curiously involved style of the language in which they are recorded, not unfrequently imposes upon the reader a far greater amount of labour to get at the meaning hidden beneath it than the meaning is worth when hit upon. Moreover, the utter absence of arrangement of the heterogeneous materials brought together in these pages, renders "confusion worse confounded;" and as we read on, we wonder what will come next, and what it is all about. Then, again, it is often impossible to decide whether we are perusing Chantrey's opinions on art and other matters, or those of Mr. George Jones; so curiously are the two mixed up together in the chaotic mass of words with which the volume is filled.

Our first extract will serve as a sample of the author's style, and contains all the information given by Mr. Jones upon the birth, parentage, and education of his friend, which information is brief enough in all conscience.

"Sir Francis Chantrey was born at Norton, in Derbyshire, not far from Sheffield, in 1782. His father cultivated a small property of his own. To his son Francis he wished to give an education suited to his station, and based on the best dictates of common sense, which through life the sculptor developed in a most exemplary manner; for whatever may be the opinion of the world as to his merits as an artist, or his accomplishments as a man, all agree in acknowledging his remarkable and undeviating sagacity. Chantrey's father died when he was eight years of age, and his mother soon married again, which probably prevented an earlier consideration of her son's course of life; and his profession was not determined by his friends until he reached his sixteenth year, at which period their intention was to place him with a lawyer in Sheffield.

"Chantrey saw in a shop window in that town some carving in wood, which induced him to declare his wish to be a carver instead of a solicitor, which was acceded to by his relatives; and he was, in consequence, bound apprentice to

Mr. Ramsay, a carver in wood, at Sheffield, where he commenced a career for his future maintenance. At the house of his master he met Mr. Raphael Smith, the distinguished draughtsman in crayons.

"The works of that ingenious artist soon attracted the attention of young Francis, who took pleasure in seeing Mr. Smith paint, and rendered himself agreeable and servicable in useful offices about the artist, whilst he was painting; and he became so impressed with the desire of practising art in a higher class than wood-carving, that, at the age of twenty-one, he gave the whole amount of his wealth, that being fifty pounds, to his master, to induce him to cancel his indentures, for Chantrey's impatience to commence his course as an artist would not allow him to wait during the six months of his unexpired apprenticeship. With his freedom he began his studies and practice in the liberal arts, and painted the portraits of his friends and others, by which he gained a small sum of money, and having borrowed a little, he ventured to try his fortune in London; but with sagacious caution he sought employment as an assistant carver in wood, rather than as a painter, in a metropolis where so many able competitors were ready to impede, contest, and rival his progress."—p. 1.

In 1811, Chantrey married his cousin, Miss Wale, with a portion of £10,000; which sum, we are informed by Mr. Jones, "enabled him to pay off some debts he had contracted, to purchase a house and ground, on which he built two houses, a studio and offices; also to buy marble to proceed in the career he had begun with a reasonable chance of success." But his prospects at this period do not appear to have been very promising, for "during eight years after the sculptor's commencement, he avowed he did not gain five pounds by his labour as a modeller; and, until he executed the bust of Horne Tooke, in clay, he had but little prospect of success; yet this single effort obtained for him commissions to the amount of £12,000." Horne Tooke was then residing at Wimbledon, and to him Chantrey was introduced by his early friend, Mr. Raphael Smith. At Horne Tooke's house he was accustomed to meet the most remarkable characters of the day, and received from his host much valuable counsel as to his conduct in the world. An anecdote of this period may be quoted.

"For the advantages he received from Horne Tooke his feeling of gratitude continued to the end of his life. About a year previous to Horne Tooke's death, he desired Chantrey to procure for him a large black marble slab, to place over his grave, which he intended should be in his garden at Wimbledon. This commission Chantrey executed, and went with Mrs. Chantrey to dine with Tooke on the day it was forwarded to the dwelling of the latter. On the sculptor's arrival, his host merrily exclaimed, 'Well, Chantrey, now that you have sent my tombstone, I shall be sure to live a year longer,' which was actually the case."—p. 14.

Mr. Jones repudiates the idea that neither personal regard nor cordiality existed between Wilkie and Chantrey; and in proof of their friendship, relates an anecdote, which, as it stands, almost verifies the ancient tales of speaking statues.

"Wilkie's confidence in Chantrey was such that, when finishing the picture of 'The Chelsea Pensioners,' the Duke of Wellington was sitting to Chantrey for his bust, which [*the bust*] induced Wilkie to ask his friend if he would tell the Duke that the sum named for the picture would be a very slender remuneration for the time and labour bestowed. Chantrey undertook this

delicate office, and obtained for Wilkie an augmentation of the amount proposed or expected by either party."—p. 110.

A few short letters from Chantrey to various friends, of no particular interest, are given; the most valuable is that to Sir Robert Peel, on the subject of Sir Walter Scott's bust. An Appendix of thirty pages, from the pen of Sir Henry Russell, concludes the volume, and is, by far, the most interesting portion. It relates to a part of the sculptor's life, commencing in 1822, when Sir Henry sat to him for a bust, and gives a number of particulars as to his manner of modelling, his personal habits and opinions, and other matters of interest. The following passage contains Sir Henry's estimate of Chantrey's character.

"The sitting, instead of being an effort, was a treat; I never passed a more agreeable time than I spent under his hands. His conversation was at once amusing and instructive. Having walked through life with his eyes and ears open, and having been brought into intercourse with many eminent men, he had both seen and heard much to be remembered. I found him even fond of talking of the humbleness of his own origin. The feeling that he took from it was one of pride, and not of shame. He felt what he was, and was proud of comparing it with what he had been. His estimate of his own success came less from seeing the high ground he then stood upon, than from measuring how far he had climbed to get there. He knew that his real position was not where his birth had placed him, but where he had placed himself. I never conversed with any man whose native powers of mind appeared to me more vigorous than his were. He was capable of distinguishing himself in any course that he had followed, and would have made almost as good an anything else as he had made a sculptor."—p. 277.

We must do Mr. Jones's volume the justice to say, that, with all its faults, it conveys a highly favourable idea of Chantrey, both as a man and as an artist.

7.—*MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D., LL.D.* By his son-in-law, the Rev. WILLIAM HANNA, LL.D. Vol. I. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1849.

WE have great pleasure in announcing the appearance of the first volume of this work, which, when complete, we may, perhaps, take an opportunity of noticing more at large. The Memoirs will form a most appropriate introduction to Dr. Hanna's admirable edition of the 'Posthumous Works of Dr. Chalmers,' which has recently been published in a corresponding form and size, and which we have little doubt will find a place in most libraries. "The period of Dr. Chalmers's life comprised in the present volume, extends from his birth to his farewell sermon at Kilmany; the narrative includes what may be regarded as the period of growth and preparation. That growth, in all its parts, was natural and unencumbered, having an ease and freedom which bestowed upon it both beauty and strength." This is exemplified in almost every page of the Memoirs, in which, for the most part, the subject of them is allowed to become his own biographer; the editor stating his part to have consisted in little more than selecting, arranging, and weaving into a continuous narrative, the

materials already possessed by the family of Dr. Chalmers, or which friends and correspondents had presented to him. In doing this, he continues, he was relieved of one difficulty, frequently the greatest with which a relative, who undertakes a biography, has to contend; namely, the conflict between what is due to truth, and what is due to affection or relationship. In fact, the materials left by Dr. Chalmers were so ample as to cause, perhaps, considerable difficulty in the way of selection. The narrative is exceedingly interesting, being written in that pleasant easy style that invites one to continue the perusal when it has been commenced; though a little more discrimination in the choice of extracts from the journal and correspondence would have led to the exclusion of much that is puerile and irrelevant.

Some amusing little anecdotes are scattered through the volume, a few of which we quote. The following is a foot-note referring to one of Dr. Chalmers' early tutors, Mr. Daniel Ramsey, whom in after life he frequently and liberally relieved.

"There had been a dash of eccentricity about Ramsey. Some years ago, when the whole powers of the empire rested in the Duke of Wellington, he wrote to his Grace in the true dominie spirit, but with almost as much wisdom as wit, that he could tell him how to do the most difficult thing he had in hand, namely, to cure the ills of Ireland. 'He should just take,' he told him, 'the taws in the tae hand, and the Testament in the tither.' Engrossed as he was, the Duke sent an acknowledgment signed by himself, and for some time it was difficult to say which of the two Daniel Ramsey was proudest of—having taught Dr. Chalmers, and so laird, as he was always accustomed to hoast, the foundation of his fame; or having instructed the Duke of Wellington as to the best way of governing Ireland, and having got an answer from the Duke himself."—p. 6.

In May, 1798, towards the close of his college career, Dr. Chalmers entered a family as private tutor, and we are told that—

"The day of his departure was one of mixed emotion. Having previously despatched his luggage, he was to travel on horseback to the ferry at Dundee. The whole family turned out to bid him farewell. Having taken, as he thought, his last tender look of them all, he turned to mount the horse which stood waiting for him at the door; but he mounted so that, when fairly on its back, his head was turned, not to the horse's head, but to the horse's tail. This was too much for all parties, and especially for him; so wheeling round as quickly as he could, amid pursuing peals of laughter, which he most heartily re-echoed, he left Anstruther in the rear."—p. 24.

After he was regularly placed as the minister of Kilmany, Dr. Chalmers, "acting on the strong faith which he always cherished in the capabilities of the popular understanding, when properly approached and rightly spoken to," delivered a course of chemical lectures to his parishioners. His success as a lecturer on this science at St. Andrew's is well known; on the present occasion—

"Among other experiments, the powers of the bleaching liquids were exhibited. Soon after the exhibition, two of the old wives of Kilmany have the following colloquy:—'Our minister,' said the one, 'is naething short o' a warlock; he was teaching the folk to clean claes but (without) soap.' 'Aye, woman,' was the reply, 'I wish he wad teach me to mak parritch but meal.'"—p. 94.

His abilities as a lecturer he once turned to good account on behalf of an old acquaintance, a member of the secession church, whose family was sunk in poverty and visited with fever. His innate kindness of heart prompted him to contribute to the relief of the sufferers, and he asked for the use of the pulpit of Kirkaldy, that he might preach a sermon, and make a collection for them; this was refused.

"The will, however, was too strong not to find for itself a way. Although Mr. Chalmers could not get a pulpit, to preach, he could find a room to lecture in. A suitable apartment was forthwith engaged; a course of lectures on chemistry announced. Though the admission ticket was somewhat high in price, goodly audiences crowded nightly around the lecturer; and, at the close, he had the exquisite satisfaction of handing over to a respectable but unfortunate family, what not only relieved them from present distress, but supported them for some time afterwards in comfort."—p. 96.

We must here, for the present, take leave of a volume which, we are sure, will be most acceptable both to the possessors of Dr. Chalmers' works, and as a separate biography for the library. The character of the subject appears all the more pleasing and amiable the more we become acquainted with it.

8.—VIEWS OF NATURE; OR, CONTEMPLATIONS ON THE SUBLIME PHENOMENA OF CREATION, with Scientific Illustrations. By Alexander Von Humboldt. Translated from the German by E. C. Otté, and Henry G. Bohn. London: H. G. Bohn, York Street, Covent Garden. 1850.

A DELIGHTFUL and appropriate companion volume to the 'Cosmos' of the same author. The first edition of the 'Ansichten der Natur' was published at Berlin forty-three years ago; the second in Paris, in 1826; and from the third edition, which appeared at Berlin in August last, the present translation is made. Of this edition the venerable author says, he has the gratification of completing it in his eightieth year, and of entirely re-moulding it to meet the demands of the age. A new chapter, the Plateau of Caxamarca, has been added; and almost all the scientific illustrations have been either enlarged, or replaced, by new and more comprehensive ones. One of the illustrations to the new chapter is devoted to the consideration of a subject of great practical importance—that of cutting a canal through the Isthmus of Panama. The Baron's views will doubtless be read with the attention they deserve.

The subject of a channel of communication between the Atlantic and Pacific is one, he tells us, which has occupied his attention for the space of forty years; and the question of such a communication he considers to be now rendered more urgent than ever, from the recent acquisition of the western coast of the New Continent by the United States of North America. He, therefore, deems it to be his duty "once more to direct attention to the fact, that the shortest route to the shores of the Pacific is in the eastern part of the Isthmus, and leads to the Gulf de San Miguel." The Baron considers that "the most important points of the eastern and south-eastern parts of the

Isthmus on both shores have been overlooked" in all the surveys that have been undertaken with a view to the formation of a canal; and he continues—

"At the present time (1849), I here repeat the opinion I have before expressed, viz., that the assertion is groundless and altogether *premature* that the Isthmus of Panama is unsuited to the formation of an Oceanic Canal, one with fewer sluices than the Caledonian Canal, capable of affording an unimpeded passage at all seasons of the year, to vessels of that class which sail between New York and Liverpool, and between Chili and California."

On the Antillean shores of the isthmus, it appears that the creek named the Ensenada de Mandinga stretches southward so far, that it is only between sixteen and twenty English geographical miles from the Pacific shore; and on the Pacific coast the deep Gulf de San Miguel runs far into the isthmus; while the river Chuchunque, which falls into that gulf in the upper part of its course, runs within sixteen geographical miles of the Antillean shore, westward of Cape Tiburon. The Baron, whose opinion on this subject is well entitled to consideration, proceeds to say:—

"For upwards of twenty years I have been repeatedly consulted on the problem of the Isthmus of Panama, by companies having ample pecuniary means at their disposal; but in no instance has the simple advice I have given been followed. Every engineer who has been scientifically educated knows the fact that between the tropics, even without corresponding observations, good barometrical measurements (horary variations being taken into account) may be relied upon as correct, within from 75 to 96 feet. Besides, it would be easy to establish, for the space of a few months, one on each shore, two fixed barometric stations; and frequently to compare the portable instruments used in the preliminary levelling with each other, and with those at the fixed stations. The point demanding the most attentive examination is that where the range of mountains between the Isthmus and the main continent of South America sinks into hills. Considering the importance of this subject to the commercial interests of the whole world, the examination should not, as heretofore, be restricted within narrow bounds. A complete comprehensive survey, including the whole eastern part of the Isthmus—the results of which would be alike useful in facilitating every possible scheme, whether of canals or railroads—can alone decide the much discussed problem, either affirmatively or negatively. This work will in the end be undertaken; but had my advice been adopted, it would have been done at first."—p. 435.

Mr. Bohn and his coadjutors have well executed their task of translation, which has evidently been to them a labour of love; and we entirely concur in the opinion expressed in the following passage from the Publisher's Preface:—

"No intellectual reader can peruse this masterly work without intense interest and considerable instruction. After feasting in the highly wrought and, it may be said, poetical descriptions, written in the author's earlier years, he will turn with increased zest to the elaborate illustrations which, in a separate form, are brought to bear on every subject of the text. This scientific portion, although not at first the most attractive, presents many delightful episodes, which will amply repay the perusal of even those who merely read for amusement."—p. 7.

The volume is embellished with a view of Chimborazo, by way of

frontispiece, beautifully printed in colours by Baxter, from a sketch by the illustrious author, with a fac-simile of his hand-writing; and, like all Mr. Bohn's books, is furnished with a capital comprehensive index.

We are glad to observe that Humboldt's 'Personal Narrative,' his 'Central Asia,' and other works, are in preparation by Mr. Bohn, as parts of the same series.

9.—THE PHYSICAL ATLAS OF NATURAL PHENOMENA. By Alexander Keith Johnston, F.R.G.S., F.G.S.; reduced from the edition in imperial folio, for the use of Colleges, Academies, and Families. W. Blackwood and Sons.

MR. JOHNSTON'S 'Physical Atlas' may be regarded as a pictorial encyclopædia of the sciences relating to the geographical distribution of the various elements of which the earth is composed. It is a condensation of the labours of such men as Humboldt, Lyell, Owen, Buckland, Reid, Carpenter, put together in a form in which the results arrived at explain themselves at a glance. The work embraces every branch of geology, hydrography, meteorology, and natural history, that admits of illustration by geographical maps. The maps are carefully coloured and shaded, and of first-rate execution. Some relate to mountain chains, glaciers, the phenomena of volcanic action, and geological strata; some to the comparative length of rivers, the currents of the ocean, trade winds, hurricanes, and rainy seasons; others to the geographical distribution of plants and animals; and some, again, show the ethnographical divisions of the various human races. Every map is accompanied with a chapter of letter-press, supplying the information which the maps fail to express; and to so full an extent that, with the aid of the index, the work may serve as an excellent gazetteer, conveying all that is required to be known with regard to climate, soil, and natural history of all the countries of the world. We need hardly offer an opinion upon the value of such a work, for its obvious utility is its own recommendation. If it wanted any other, it has that of Mrs. Somerville; and with reason, for the instruction to be derived from her own 'Physical Geography' will be doubled to those who, when they read her volumes, have Mr. Johnston's 'Atlas' before them for consultation. The work supplies a desideratum which has long been felt by scientific men, and will be a valuable acquisition to every library. To the better class of schools it will also be indispensable. Perhaps, at the present moment, there is scarcely any branch of education so ill taught as geography. The pupil is for the most part confined to the making of skeleton maps, and the learning of technical terms, which to the young convey no intelligible meaning. Mr. Johnston's 'Atlas' invests the subject with an attractive interest, and shows the boundless field of human knowledge which is opened by the study of this science. It is in an especial sense the book for a *voyage*. An emigrant, with no other

work in his cabin than the 'Physical Atlas,' would, if he studied it thoroughly during a voyage of some weeks, become a well informed man before he reached the place of his destination. Moreover, it is a work which might, in an emergency, save the ship and the lives of all on board, by the explanation which it gives of the currents, winds, and hurricanes, to be expected in different latitudes. An experienced captain is not always a sufficient guarantee for good seamanship. He may be taken ill, and his place have to be supplied by an ignorant mate; or both captain and mate may find themselves, after a storm, in a latitude with which they are unacquainted. While they think the vessel secure, a current, of which there may be no indication in an ordinary chart, is perhaps carrying them upon the rocks. The work is, in short, one by which a most acceptable public service has been rendered by author and publisher, and we trust that, in its success, they will be well repaid for the labour and great expenditure of capital they must have devoted to the object.

- 10.—THE ATLAS OF PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY: constructed by Augustus Petermann, F.R.G.S., &c. With descriptive letter-press, embracing a general view of the Physical Phenomena of the Globe. By the Rev. Thomas Milner, M.A., F.R.G.S. London: Orr and Co., Amen-corner, Paternoster-row. 1850.

AN acceptable offering to those whose limited means preclude the possession of the more comprehensive and expensive Physical Atlas of Johnston and Berghaus, even in the reduced form noticed above. The maps, fifteen in number, are beautifully executed, and are accompanied by a series of annotations from the pen of Augustus Petermann, of Berlin. These, in conjunction with the maps, comprise a vast amount of valuable information upon geology, hydrography, and ethnography; while, in Mr. Milner's introductory matter, the physical phenomena of our globe are treated in a popular and attractive style, to which the numerous illustrative woodcuts lend additional interest.

- 11.—OUTLINES OF PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY, descriptive of the Inorganic Matter of the Globe, and the Distribution of Organized Beings; designed for the use of Schools. By Edward Hughes, F.R.G.S., &c. With eight maps, compiled by William Hughes, F.R.G.S. London: Longmans. 1849.

A LITTLE volume, which will be found exceedingly useful in schools and private tuition, either as an introduction or companion to the larger physical atlases, or simply as a manual for teaching the important branch of science to which it is devoted. The author, Mr. Edward Hughes, is head-master of the Royal Naval Lower School at Greenwich Hospital; and the high terms in which Her Majesty's inspector spoke in his report of the progress in geographical science

made by the lads under the charge of Mr. Hughes, is a sufficient guarantee of his abilities as a teacher, and of the care with which the descriptive portion of the volume has been executed: while the high standing in his profession of Mr. William Hughes equally ensures the fidelity of the maps, which, though small, are remarkably clear and distinct, the details being chiefly drawn from the larger maps of Berghaus and Johnston's Atlas, in combination with the observations of the constructor. We commend the work to the notice of all teachers.

12.—A REVIEW OF THE CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES OF THE MEXICAN WAR. By William Jay. Boston: Mussey and Co. Philadelphia: Hunt and Co. New York: Dodd. 1849.

THE WAR WITH MEXICO REVIEWED. By Abiel Abbot Livermore. Boston: Crosby and Nichols, 1850.

Two sensible and well-written protests against the injustice and the atrocities of the Mexican war, to the second of which the American Peace Society awarded the prize of nine hundred dollars, offered by them for "The best Review of the Mexican War on the principles of Christianity and an enlightened statesmanship." The following extract from Mr. Jay's preface applies equally to both 'Reviews,' since the objects of both are the same.

"The Review," says Mr. Jay, "has far loftier objects than those of an historical record. It aims to recommend and enforce the duty of preserving peace, by exhibiting the wickedness, the baseness, and the calamitous consequences of a victorious war, effecting all the ends for which it was waged. It seeks to warn the country against that admiration of military prowess, which, by degrading in the public estimation the virtues which conduce to the happiness and security of society, and by fostering the arts and passions which minister to human destruction, is corrupting the morals and jeopardizing the liberties of the Republic. It strives to excite the abhorrence of the good for that statesmanship which seeks the aggrandizement of the country in defiance of the laws of God; while, by presenting a true portrait of the patriot, it would fain afford some aid in detecting spurious resemblances."—p. 4.

In her contest with Mexico—the contest of the strong against the weak—the conduct of America, even as depicted in these volumes by two of her own citizens, is displayed in a light by no means creditable to a people perpetually bragging of their freedom. The documentary evidence adduced in both Reviews is sufficient to prove that the extension of her slave-holding territories was the chief motive for the Americans embarking in an unholy one-sided warfare, against a powerless and half-civilized people. And we are glad to witness, among others, Mr. Livermore's protest against the conduct of his country, as recorded in the following extract:—

"We are obliged, shocking as the statement is, and blushing for our native land, as we do, while we record it, that the paramount cause and motive of the war with Mexico, without doubt or controversy, was territorial aggrandizement, under the dominion of domestic slavery and the internal slave-trade. This cause, first advocated by a few, and afterwards entangling the nation, severed the

province of Texas from Mexico, and annexed it to the United States. This cause carried the sword in its devastating career, from Palo Alto to Buena Vista, and from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico. War has, in former times, made slaves of its captives; but it reserved to this advanced period of the world its chief exploit of seeking to convert the land of freedom, which it had conquered, into the area of slavery, and of spreading over new parallels of latitude the blight of national injustice and eternal wretchedness."—p. 31.

- 13.—RAILWAY AND COMMERCIAL INFORMATION. By Samuel Salt, Fellow of the Statistical Society of London, &c. London: W. H. Smith and Sons, 136, Strand; Longman and Co., Paternoster-row; W. J. Adams, 59, Fleet-street. 1850.

As full of information upon railways and railway matters, generally, as the former works, 'Statistics and Calculations,' and 'Facts and Figures,' by the same author. The information is somewhat similar in character to that given in the former volumes, but is brought down to the present time; it thus embraces a most eventful period in railway history. In a short prefatory review of railway events during that period, Mr. Salt justly observes that, although much of the mischief has arisen from the acts of *directors*, to the shareholders themselves is due a considerable share of the blame, in consequence of what he styles their "unaccountable apathy" in permitting that profuse expenditure which has led to the ruinous consequences that so many are now deploring. Had the counsels of the sober few been listened to, that expenditure would never have been allowed, nor would the necessity for preference shares, and other ingenious devices for "raising the wind," have arisen. In proof of these assertions, he adduces two *facts*; viz., that "railways have fully realized the expectations of their projectors;" and "that their present fearful depression is to be sought for in their puerile and improper management." At the same time, Mr. Salt is equally candid in giving directors their due, as the following paragraph will show. He says:—

"I recollect Mr. Glyn, M.P., the Chairman of the London and North-Western Railway, was blamed some years since for honestly telling the proprietors that he was not certain they could always maintain a 10 per cent. dividend. Had every railway director been equally candid, we should not have had to deplore the disasters that followed."—p. 144.

- 14.—HISTORY OF GREECE. By George Grote, Esq. Vols. VII. and VIII. Murray.

THESE volumes embrace the closing events of the Peloponnesian War, and continue the history of Athens from the peace of Nikias, in the year 421 B.C., down to the death of Socrates, 399 B.C. To this remarkable man a separate chapter is devoted, and another to an account of the Sophists.

The work increases in interest as it advances towards completion; but we wait for the concluding volumes before returning to the discussion of its merits.

- 15.—*THE HISTORY OF ANCIENT ART AMONG THE GREEKS*, translated from the German of J. Winckelmann, by G. H. Lodge. 8vo. London: Chapman. 1850.

THE Americans of late years have been working the deep mine of German literature with a zeal and perseverance that were hardly to be expected from so extremely practical a nation, towards our deeply speculative and somewhat mystical Teutonic brethren. This is no bad symptom; and if the Germans would only return the compliment, by taking a few lessons in active life from parties so competent to give them, their over-speculative leaders would receive a dose of practical wisdom, which recent events have proved that they need, and the progress of Germany would be greatly accelerated.

This American translation forms the second and most interesting volume of the large work on the history of Ancient Art by Winckelmann, whose learning, taste, and indefatigable exertions during a long life devoted to the arts, are too well known to require comment. Though some discoveries have been made since he wrote—and not a little has been thought, said, and written—this work still maintains its place, and will be read by few who will not thenceforward view Greek sculpture with a feeling and intelligence they were previously strangers to. It should also be observed that Winckelmann is wholly free from what we are in the habit of calling (justly or not) German mysticism.

The architecture of Greece, of which little, or the painting, of which nothing, now remains, are noticed briefly and incidentally, the author having devoted most of his life and work to a critical investigation of Grecian sculpture. Some slight idea may be formed of the nature of the work, from a brief extract of its heads, viz:—Causes of the progress and superiority of Greek art—the essential of art—the conformation and beauty of the male and female deities, heroes, and heroines—the expression of beauty in features and action—proportion—composition—beauty of individual parts of the body—animals.

It is not possible to give a correct notion of the work by limited extracts, as the subject is viewed in all ways, from the most general aspect to the most minute details. Thus, the dignified composure of almost all the Grecian statues (notwithstanding that the distinctive character and expression of the personage represented is perfectly preserved, and monotony and dulness are never visible), is frequently noticed, and contrasted with the opposite practice more usual in modern sculpture, which betokens a lower state of art.

"The ancient artists displayed the same wisdom in their conception of figures drawn from the heroic age, and in the representation of merely human passions, the expression of which always corresponds to what we should look for in a man of disciplined mind, who prevents his feelings from breaking forth, and lets only the sparks of the fire be seen."

Again, the statues of a Grecian divinity or hero are found to have, not only a strong general resemblance, but the features of each are remarkably like, and visibly different from those of all other characters.

These points of resemblance and difference, so little noticed by the common observer, are most of them very obvious when singled out and illustrated by the critic, though others of them would require acute and practised powers of observation to appreciate fully. The peculiarities of the statues of Jupiter alone, as described by Winckelmann, would require too much space for our insertion; but, to go no further than the hair of the head, the hair of Jupiter "is raised upward on the forehead, and parted; it then describes a short curve, and again falls down on each side," which contributes to the strength and majesty of his appearance. The singular fact is also noticed, that Castor and Pollux, Æsculapius, and the other male progeny of Jupiter, to the second generation, are represented in the Greek sculptures by hair of the same lion-like growth, thus revealing their paternal descent.

There are only a few of the least obvious details regarding the king of the gods. His forehead, eyes, mouth, and other features are taken into the account, and their peculiarities stated and accounted for as means of building up the ideal character which the Grecian artists wished to represent.

The translation appears to be fairly executed. It is illustrated by a number of plates, chiefly of heads from the antique, which are referred to in the work.

16.—ON THE SCIENCE OF THOSE PROPORTIONS BY WHICH THE HUMAN HEAD AND COUNTENANCE, AS REPRESENTED IN WORKS OF ANCIENT GREEK ART, ARE DISTINGUISHED FROM THOSE OF ORDINARY NATURE. By D. R. Hay. 4to. Edinburgh: Blackwood, 1849.

WE have noticed, on several occasions, Mr. Hay's publications on Colour and Form, which have two objects in view: one of these is to prove that beauty of form and of colour depend on fixed principles or laws, and not on the varying fancy of individuals. These laws he considers that he has discovered, and explained in his various works. His second object is to disseminate the knowledge by reducing it to the comprehension of the artisan and designer; for whose use his two smaller works on "the Laws of Harmonious Colouring, adapted to interior decorations," and "the First Principles of Symmetrical Beauty," are particularly intended. We think highly of the former of these works; less highly of the second, not being satisfied of the correctness of all his principles, especially of his adoption of the musical scale as a groundwork or foundation for form and colour.

The new treatise of Mr. Hay is an attempt to shew the principles on which the human head and countenance are represented in the Greek sculptures, and consists of an extension of the principles we endeavoured to describe in our number for October last, page 279; but the subject is too complicated to admit of brief or popular explanation, and it would also require numerous illustrations. If, as we suspect, the theory be not entirely sound, the application of it to the most complicated and delicate of forms cannot be altogether satisfactory. Still

Mr. Hay is deserving of great praise for his incessant labours in the important field to which he has devoted himself; and we regret that he has so few assistants, fellow-labourers or opponents; for the investigations of many persons will probably be required before so difficult a subject can be reduced to rules, if indeed such rules are not entirely beyond our grasp.

17.—**REPRESENTATIVE MEN.** Seven Lectures. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. H. G. Bohn.

THE subjects of these lectures are Plato, Swedenbourg, Montaigne, Shakspeare, Napoleon, Goethe, and the 'Uses of Great Men;' subjects handled by a master of language, and one of the most original-minded men of the day. The only dissatisfaction that we have with the work is, that it has been got up in the style of cheap literature, forming part of a shilling series. Not that we would grudge the poorest student the possession of a book of rare merit, in which every page is filled with new thoughts, but that we think readers, by whom its contents can be fully appreciated, will feel somewhat ashamed to see in their libraries the works of inferior authors printed on better paper, with better type, and perhaps handsomely bound, while Emerson appears in the inferior garb of a worthless and ephemeral production.

18.—**TAX ON SUCCESSION AND BURDENS ON LAND.** By P. B. Brodie, Esq. Longmans.

A TREATISE on a tax on succession to real as well as personal property, and the revival of the house-tax, as a substitute for the Income-tax. We think the house-tax might be very properly substituted for the window duties, to the sanitary evils of which Mr. Brodie's attention does not appear to have been directed; and that the Income-tax should at an early period be abolished altogether. The alterations proposed by Mr. Brodie in the present tax on successions are entitled to attention. He has bestowed much patient consideration upon an important subject, which calls for renewed discussion.

19.—**THE DRAMATIC UNITIES OF SHAKSPEARE:** in a Letter addressed to the Editor of Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine. By the Rev. N. J. Halpin, A.B., M.B.I.A. Dublin: Hodges and Smith, Grafton-street. 1849.

THIS letter relates to one of those curious coincidences which sometimes occur, and upon which we have known the most lasting feuds to be founded, especially amongst scientific men. Priority of discovery is a matter upon which every independent investigator of the realms of science and literature naturally and allowably prides himself; and when one has been slowly and secretly maturing some original idea, for

aught we know confined to our own bosom—and when we believe the honour to be almost within our grasp, what more mortifying than to have it rudely snatched by some bolder spirit, to whom the same idea had occurred, and who, by unhesitatingly rushing into print, anticipates our revelation, and is the first to proclaim the novelty!

Such a mortification befel the author of this letter on the 10th of November, 1849. Twenty years ago he made the important discovery of the *Laws of Unity* upon which Shakspeare modelled his drama; and up to a late hour on the 10th of November he laboured under the happy delusion that he was the sole possessor of a secret, which, in due time would secure to him the undisputed honour of an original and sole discoverer. "But alas!" he continues, "for human expectations. Upon the 10th inst., I read, for the first time, in the number of your Magazine for the current month, an article of great merit, entitled *Dies Boreales*, and therein, with no less surprise than disappointment, I found my secret, as I believe, anticipated, and the venerable Christopher North claiming to be the first and only discoverer of an *arcantum*, which he very properly announces, with all the weight of capital letters, to be 'an ASTOUNDING DISCOVERY,'—a discovery 'that will astound the whole world,' and demand a NEW CRITICISM of the entire Shaksperian drama." From so much of Christopher's development of the laws as he has published, Mr. Halpin believes that illustrious man's discovery to be identical with his own; and not wishing to lose the honour of being an original discoverer, even if he could not establish his claim to be the discoverer of the laws in question, within one day of his having heard or read of the publication in 'Blackwood,' he placed in the hands of his printer, for immediate publication, and "with all their imperfections on their head," certain old MSS., as a sufficient proof that long before the enunciation of Kit North's discovery, he was himself in possession of the same, or a similar idea, which he was elaborating with a view to its publication at the very time of the appearance of 'Blackwood's Magazine,' wherein his purpose was anticipated.

One of these MSS., the "Time-analysis of the Merchant of Venice," is here reprinted from the copy drawn up early in the year 1849, for the information of the author's friend, Dr. Anster. It is an unfinished fragment, and had lain quietly in the desk until the perusal of the article in 'Blackwood' reminded the author of its existence.

We think Mr. Halpin has made out a very fair case, both for the independence and the value of his own discovery; and we cordially commend his little volume to all lovers of Shakspeare, and of dramatic literature generally, since the idea appears calculated to clear up several knotty points in the works of the Bard of Avon, by which his commentators have been not a little puzzled.

- 20.—WESTMINSTER: MEMORIALS OF THE CITY, SAINT PETER'S COLLEGE, THE PARISH CHURCHES, PALACES, STREETS, AND WORTHIES. By the Rev. Mackenzie E. C. Walcott, M.A., of Exeter College, Oxford, Curate of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and Author of the History of that Church. Westminster: Joseph Marshall. 1850.

A HANDSOME volume, every page of which bears ample testimony to the author's industry; but, while we admire the amiable enthusiasm which animated him in the selection of his materials, we can but regret an evident want of the artistic skill required for the arrangement and combination of so heterogeneous a mass, brought together from so many different sources. The author had pictured in his mind's eye the *beau idéal* of a book, but in the endeavour to carry out his intentions he has signally failed; and, to quote his own words, so far at least as he himself is concerned, "The antiquities and history of Westminster still require to be disentangled from a mass of voluminous materials, to select what would prove generally interesting, if not always practically useful."

About a sixth part of the volume is devoted to "the Parish Church of St. Margaret, its Memories, Clergy, Monumental Remains, and Parochial Records." The present building retains no traces of an earlier date than the reign of the Plantagenets, though tradition records that Edward the Confessor raised the first church upon the site. Extracts are given from the churchwardens' accounts from the year, 1460: some of these are of a very curious nature. We also have a list of the clergy of the parish from the year 1484, and another of the churchwardens from 1454, together with a number of curious notices of persons and events connected with the parish from a very early period. But even this portion is typical of the whole volume; there is much valuable matter collected, which will serve as a nucleus for the labours of some future historian of the City of Westminster, who will do well to include in his pages some account of its principal feature—the Abbey Church, all notice of which is omitted from the present volume, though we are pleased to see announced a work by the same author, wholly devoted to that subject.

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- 21.—BOHN'S SHILLING SERIES. London: H. G. Bohn, York-street, Covent Garden. 1850.

UNDER the above title, Mr. Bohn has started a series of volumes, which, he says, "is to be considered rather as a correlative to the Standard Library than a new undertaking." In conformity with his announcement that the best American literature will form a principal feature of the series, the three volumes that have hitherto appeared are of American birth—Emerson's 'Representative Men,' Washington Irving's 'Life of Mahomet,' and 'The Genuine Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin.' Nothing can illustrate the relative position of America and England, with regard to copyright, more forcibly than

the history of the introduction of Irving's 'Mahomet' into this country. Originally sold by Mr. Murray, for the author, in an expensive form, the London booksellers pounce upon it, and retaliate for former free-booting, by reproducing it in the cheapest form that can possibly be made to remunerate them for the venture. It is a delightful piece of biography, and well deserves all the popularity it can attain. 'Franklin's Autobiography' is not a mere reprint of the translation from a French translation, with which we are all so familiar; it is printed from the genuine copy, first published by his grandson in 1817, several editions of which have since appeared in America; the present volume being printed from that recently edited by Mr. Jared Sparks. The additional chapters bring down the autobiography to Franklin's arrival in London on the 27th of July, 1757. It contains much interesting matter relative to Franklin's military experiences on the alarm of a war with Spain in 1744, and again in 1755. A continuation is promised.

22.—PANAMA, NICARAGUA, AND TEHANTEPEC. COMMUNICATION BETWEEN THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC OCEANS. By W. B. Liot, Capt. H. C.'s Navy. Simpkin and Marshall.

A USEFUL little publication, though some of the conclusions are not in accordance with publications alluded to in an article on Central America. We recommend it to our readers, not merely for the letter-press, but also for two admirable panoramic lithographs which give a very good idea of the bay and islands of Panama, and also of Puerto Bello, or Porto Bello, a town and harbour, which Admiral Vernon, in the reign of George the Second, "declared he would take with six ships," and the then ministry hoping to discomfit the opposition, gave him the ships, and he did it, which was thought a wonder. Probably, at that time six ships would have taken any town and harbour in South America.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A MANUAL OF EXPLANATORY ARITHMETIC. By E. Hughes. 18mo. Longman: 1849.

THIS would be a useful book in any elementary school where arithmetic is taught on the ordinary plan, though it contains nothing new or remarkable. It consists of questions to be worked by the pupil; and each rule is preceded by a brief exemplification of the manner of working it.

POLITICAL ECONOMY. By Nassau William Senior, Esq. Griffin and Co.

A TREATISE of high reputation, originally published in the 'Encyclopædia Metropolitana,' and now rendered accessible to the public at large, by appearing in a separate form—that of a small octavo volume. We could have wished to have seen it better got up; for the page is too crowded with type, and the margin stinted. But the object has been to make it range with the new issue

in volumes of the 'Encyclopædia Metropolitana;' and, from the value of the contents to all students of political economy, this will hardly be considered a drawback sufficiently serious to interfere with its general circulation.

OUTLINES OF GENERAL KNOWLEDGE; forming a Concise Introduction to every branch of Art, Science, and Literature. By Henry Ince, M.A. London: James Gilbert, 45, Paternoster-row. 1850.

It is a pity that the utility of a book should be, in a great degree, neutralized by so many ridiculous blunders as meet the eye in turning over the pages of these Outlines. Before the *thirteenth* thousand is printed—this being called the *twelfth*—the whole should undergo a thorough revision, and such passages as the following suppressed, or at least corrected:—"The elephant *genera* stands at the head of quadrupeds; *their* size and docility have made them the admiration of mankind; in their wild state they live in societies, feeding entirely on vegetables, and never attacking other animals unless provoked by violence; the power of *its* instinctive sagacity has excited great astonishment." Here *genera*, a plural noun, is made to do duty both as singular and plural; nor can the elephant be exactly said to stand at the *head* of quadrupeds. Cuvier's 4th order, Marsupialia, is omitted from the classification of Mammalia. In botany, the pistil is said to be "discriminated by a *woollen* base, which is the seed-vessel;" and the whole section is antiquated and incorrect. And in geology, it is said "the diamond has been determined by Sir David Brewster, to be a *petrified flower*." Numerous other errors might be pointed out, which should have no place in a manual intended for the use of schools, and young people generally.

THE HAND-BOOK OF GAMES; comprising new or carefully revised Treatises on Whist, Piquet, Écarté, Lansquenét, Boston, Quadrille, Cribbage, and other Card Games; Faro, Rouge et Noir, Hazard, Roulette; Backgammon, Draughts; Billiards, Bagatelle, American Bowls, &c., &c. Written or compiled by Professors and Amateurs. Edited by Henry G. Bohn. London: Henry G. Bohn, York street, Covent-garden. 1850.

THE comprehensive title, given in full above, sufficiently indicates the contents of this volume, which forms an item in Mr. Bohn's 'Scientific Library.' It is handsomely got up; and now that Hoyle has become in great measure obsolete, or imperfect, with regard to many of the principal games, the editor believes that it comprises the most comprehensive directions for playing games of skill and science, to be found in the English language.

THE STUDENT'S SELF-INSTRUCTING LATIN GRAMMAR; consisting of Twelve Progressive Lessons, wherein the Parts of Speech are exemplified in Conversations, Phrases, Fables; and Easy Sentences, with Literal Translations, are also introduced. By D. M. Aird. London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 1849.

LIKE Mr. Aird's 'Self-instructing French Grammar,' this little book is well adapted to the purpose for which it is intended. It is truly an elementary work; simple in its plan, concise and perspicuous in its execution, and eminently practical in its mode of instruction. No one who makes use of it, though previously totally unacquainted with the Latin language, can fail to attain considerable proficiency therein in a very short time, if the explanations and rules given in this Grammar are attended to.

THE
WESTMINSTER
AND
FOREIGN QUARTERLY
Review.

- ART. I.—1. *Lectures on Painting, by the Royal Academicians, Barry, Opie, and Fuseli.* Edited by Ralph N. Wornum, 8vo. London: Bohn. 1848.
2. *Vies des Peintres, Sculpteurs, et Architectes.* Par Giorgio Vasari; traduites par Léopold Leclanché, et Commentées par Jeanron et Léopold Leclanché, 8vo. Tome X. Paris: 1842.
3. *Memorie Storiche su la vita, gli studi, e le opere di Lionardo Da Vinci.* Scritta da Carlo Amoretti, 8vo. Milano: 1804.
4. *Trattato della Pittura di Lionardo Da Vinci.* 2 vols. 4to. Roma: 1817.
5. *Life of Leonardo Da Vinci, with a Critical Account of his Works.* By John William Brown, 8vo. London: 1828.
6. *Recueil de Testes de Caractère et de Charges.* Désignées par Leonardo da Vinci, Florentin, et gravées par M. le C. de C. 4to. Paris: 1730.

IT has frequently been remarked by historians and biographers that great men never exist separately, but always have correspondent minds among their contemporaries. Were we to condense the opinion into an aphorism, we should say that greatness is peculiar rather to the age than to the individual. And it must be acknowledged that every distinguished generation, every remarkable character, every empire, and, we might even say, every principality, has afforded brilliant illustrations of this aphorism. While Socrates, for example, was instilling morality into the incipient philosophy of Greece, Confucius was

founding a religion among the Chinese. While Epicurus was dreaming in the gardens of Athens, Euclid was ripening the science of geometry at Alexandria. While Cicero was intoning his voice to the sound of a flageolet, Vitruvius was planning a triclinium, or drawing the proportions of an aqueduct. Were we, in short, to survey the whole annals of intellect, we should discover only repetition after repetition of this very beautiful companionship among the illustrious. We should discover a Quintillian contemporaneous with a Tacitus; a Petrarch with a Giotto; and a Voltaire with a Gibbon. Yet the simultaneous appearance of genius is scarcely so surprising or unaccountable as the simultaneous growth of various branches of human knowledge. There have been periods in which a mysterious impulse has been given to the intelligence of mankind, when at one bound sciences have overleapt Alps upon Alps of difficulties, and the barren fields of literature have waved with golden harvests and perennial fruit, as though they had been stricken by the wand of a necromancer. Centuries of ignorance and obscurity have suddenly become pregnant with mighty truths and still mightier principles; and, in the birth of those new eras, a moral light has streamed over the world brighter than had ever before visited its inhabitants. In astronomy, this coincidence is attested by the advent of Tycho Brahe and Copernicus; in navigation, by the expeditions of Cabot and Columbus; in poetry, by the creations of Hesiod and Chaucer. It is not, however, to the progress made in any particular department of learning, nor to the development of any distinct bough upon the tree of knowledge, that the contemplation of the career and character of Leonardo da Vinci would naturally direct attention;—it is rather to the general dawning of the intelligence of modern times, of that more divine and more comprehensive intelligence than was ever perceptible in the halcyon days of antiquity, before the robust faculties of the ancients had become emasculated through over-cultivation.

If we examine the most deplorable of all the deplorable records of humanity, we find that subsequently to the incursions of the northern barbarians under Alaric and Odoacer, a Night of Ignorance gloomed once more over the Roman peninsula, and gradually extended its darkness throughout the dominions of Western Europe. The intellectual beams which had hitherto radiated from the metropolis of that vast empire appeared, in their physical subjection, to have been utterly extinguished;—and the ultimate removal of the imperial government to Byzantium threatened to enforce the blow which had been administered by the brands of savage invaders. The Genius of ancient Italy was veiled; the treasures of learning were either forgotten

or destroyed; the seeds of knowledge were trampled into the dust, and the very place of their burial was obliterated. Upon the regions sanctified by so much glory and wisdom, the desolation of eight fruitless centuries descended, and in the lapse of that dismal interval, the fate of the Italian people seemed to acquire an inexorable confirmation. According to the rotation which is observable in the phenomena of burning mountains, the old verdure appeared to be permanently covered by the irruption and incrustation of a new soil—a soil distinguished for a long while by its sterility, and at length only sprinkled with a sickly and stunted vegetation. Towards the close of the thirteenth century, however, the dormant capacities of Europe asserted their energy, and the barrenness of many preceding ages was compensated by the fecundity of a few generations.

On the capture of Constantinople, as we have already intimated, the moral and intellectual decay of Italy seemed to approach its consummation. The evil destinies of the capital and its environs appeared to be definitively accomplished by the transportation of the sovereign authority to the shores of the Marmora. Yet the consequence of that great movement was exactly the reverse of what was anticipated. Out of the very forlornness and abandonment of the population arose the means and the deeds of its redemption, just as the majestic figure of Minerva had emerged from the pangs of Jupiter. The establishment of the Byzantine dynasty proved, in fact, to be an occurrence the best calculated to ensure the resuscitation of ancient Europe. A direct intercourse was thereby restored between the Latins and the Greeks, and the effect of that renewed intercourse was the wholesome incitement of the former to philosophic enterprise and mental speculation. Under that benign influence, the aspect of the peninsula was rapidly transformed from an exhausted antiquity to a vigorous and propitious youth. The land which was still strewn with the *débris* of the colossal empire,—which was still disfigured by the devastations of the Vandals,—which, above all, was still oppressed with the oblivion of its long sorrows, gave indications of the revival of its glory and its adolescence. The obscurity of the past floated from the veiled genius of that illustrious country. The treasures of its classic erudition, like the entombed gems of the Etruscans, were restored to the daylight, ununtouched. The seeds of knowledge, trodden down and despised by insensate generations, sprouted up through that universal sterility, and gave forth a harvest and a vintage.

In order that the lethargy which ages had rendered the habitual condition of the popular mind, might be effectively dispelled, it was essential that the works of the antique writers should be

transmitted from the libraries and cloisters of Greece. Until that was accomplished, indeed, the very materials of scholarship would be wanting. The existence of such a necessity has been more than intimated by Gibbon, where he observes that "before the revival of classic literature, the barbarians of Europe were immersed in ignorance, and their vulgar tongues were marked by the rudeness and poverty of their manner."* When once, however, the movement of regeneration had commenced, its effects became manifest in achievements of the most surprising and gigantic character. Scarcely twelve months had elapsed after the day when the matchless compositions of Homer found an interpreter beyond the Alps in the person of Barlaam, when, in 1340, gunpowder is supposed to have been first employed as an instrument of destruction by Swartz, and oil-painting is supposed to have been first attempted by the hand of the ingenious Vaneck. Ninety years later Laurentius of Haarlem was inspired with the crude notion, which afterwards, under the sagacity of Guttenburgh and Schoeffer, expanded into that peaceful weapon of civilisation, the printing-press. During the interval between these astonishing innovations, the light of letters and philosophy in Italy had become at once more intense and more diffused. Petrarch had illumined his country's history with a sun-burst of poetry. Boccaccio had thrown a contemporary lustre over the age of the Hermit of Vacluse. The mendicity of the profound Leontius Pilatus had not debarred him from the hospitality of the author of the '*Decameron*,' or from the chair of Greek Professorship at Florence; while the language in which that extraordinary being was so incomparably versed, was subsequently established in the peninsula by means of the industry and erudition of Manuel Chrysoloras. The whole spectacle presented to the imagination by this most memorable epoch is one, indeed, which not only elicits our admiration, but absolutely commands our gratitude. Whether we contemplate the toil which was then apparent in the department of literature, or in that of science, or in that of art, or in that of philosophy, we behold everywhere the prognostics of a new and unparalleled enlightenment. By one simultaneous movement those bonds were riven asunder which had hitherto trammelled the mind of man, since the capture of the civilised south by the predatory bands of the Ostrogoths. A voice, as solemn as that which is said, in the beautiful legend of Plutarch, to have lamented in the solitudes of the Ægean sea, seemed to arouse the nations from their slumbers. And, at the bidding of that mysterious voice, there was a resurrection of whatever was

* '*Decline and Fall*,' &c. vol. vi. p. 431. Quarto edition, 1788.

most admirable in ancient lore : the marble again rounded into symmetry under the chisel of the sculptor ; the canvass again bloomed under the pencil of the artist ; the strings vibrated under the fingers of the musician ; the quarries tapered into columns, spanned into arches, and bubbled into domes, under the mallet of the mason and the guidance of the architect.

Indebted, as we are, to this sudden emulation for the present development and diffusion of knowledge, we should be unwise to overlook the auspice under which it was mainly effected ; and the more so because it was a sublime and a most divine auspice—it was the auspice of the Genius of Christianity. Writers of every opinion coincide upon this particular ; and the great historian already quoted has remarked, with a very felicitous accuracy of expression, that “after a large deduction for the time and talents lost in the devotions, the laziness, and the discord of the church and the cloister, the more inquisitive and ambitious minds would explore the sacred and profane erudition of their native language.”* This exceptional curiosity, it must never be forgotten, revived the principles of architecture by the construction of the basilicas ; it preserved an intermittent love for natural philosophy in the seminaries of the ecclesiastics ; it evoked the chemical discoveries and mechanical inventions of Roger Bacon, and occasionally transformed the pulpit into the rostrum of the elocutionist. The innate aspirations of humanity set at defiance the restraints of discipline, and scorned the monotony of monastic life. Hence it is that the heart of a true bard could throb under the serge of a monk (Petrarch), and the heart of a poetaster under the purple of a cardinal (Bellarmine). Hence, especially, was the Pictorial Art fostered by the munificence of the Church ; its vigour being expended in the decoration of religious edifices, and its capacities evoked in the illustration of Holy Writ. The flames of modern knowledge—those flames, which, after dissipating the darkness of barbarism, have imparted a lustre to every succeeding century—may, therefore, in all truth, be said to have been kindled by the Lamp of the Sanctuary,—a light more pure and perpetual than the fires of Vesta ! It is a consciousness of these grateful labours of Christianity, which has induced Mr. Alison to observe with such graceful emphasis, that “learning, sheltered under the sanctity of the monastery, survived the devastations of ignorance ; and freedom, nursed by devotion, acquired a strength superior to all the forces of despotism.”† And profound, it must be confessed, is the awe inspired by that Reflection—that the creed, which was once abhorred as the apo-

* Gibbon's ‘Decline and Fall,’ vol. vi. p. 416.

† ‘History of Europe,’ &c. vol. i. p. 34. Seventh edition, 1848.

theosis of a crucified malefactor, should be the means of infusing into modern society an admiration for the pagan sages; that the religion which, under the Roman emperors, had found a shelter only in the catacombs, should be the peculiar guardian and conservator of heathen literature; that the descendants of those Christians who were immolated in the gardens of Nero, and spurned like dogs in the Comitium, and devoured by lions in the unholy pastimes of the Coliseum, should revive to remote generations whatever was brightest and noblest in the memories of their un pitying persecutors. How divine was that revenge in its dignity! How sublime that retribution in its tenderness!

Extraordinary, however, as was the patronage awarded by Christianity to the different productions of the human intellect, the patronage it extended to the art of painting was, perhaps, of all the most lavish and remarkable. It was only as recently as the thirteenth century that that beautiful art was resuscitated—partially by the increased intercourse of the Italians and Grecians, partially by the contemplation of the antique *bassi-relievi*, partially by the inborn genius of the artists themselves, but principally through the countenance and encouragement which it obtained from the more discerning ecclesiastics. If any testimony were required of this, it would be discovered in the fact, that, in its infancy, the Pictorial Art was more generally engaged in the adornment of *basilicas* than of palaces; in the delineation of Madonnas than of princesses; in the limning of a *pieta* or a crucifixion, than of feasts and tournaments. The labours of painting were essentially of a scriptural character, from the crude draughts of Giunta and Margaritone to the masterpieces of the most glorious of their many glorious successors.

Without entering very elaborately into a chronological account of the artists who preceded Leonardo, it may be as well, before we adventure upon any account of that extraordinary man, to enumerate the more conspicuous of his predecessors, dating from the appearance of Giovanni Cimabue. For the name of Cimabue, we must acknowledge at once that we entertain an affection and reverence possibly disproportioned to his intrinsic merits; and this perhaps may arise, in some measure, from the circumstance of his being the first painter mentioned in the enthralling biographies of Vasari—biographies which, from their peculiar diversity and fascination, caused the late unfortunate Haydon to exclaim with enthusiasm, “If I were confined to three books, in a desert island, I would certainly choose the Bible, Shakspeare, and Vasari.”* Yet, in spite of this excusable predilection for

* ‘Lectures.’ First Series, p. 232.

Cimabue, we must perforce award to his successor Giotto the glory of being the first artist who, in modern times, evinced any very decided originality. Contemporary with Giotto di Bondone, were Buonamico, Taddeo Gaddi, and Memmi di Martino; but not one of these, not even his immediate follower Orcagna, could compete with him either in point of manual skill or of imaginative capacity. Next in eminence to Giotto was the gentle and renowned Masaccio, a man who, notwithstanding his premature decease, so immeasurably surpassed all the artists of his generation — Fra Giovanni, Fra Angelico, Benozzo Gozzoli, and Fra Filippo. Much as had unquestionably been accomplished by the men we have enumerated in asserting the dignity, and in developing the capabilities of their art, they had, nevertheless, still failed in ridding it from the harshness and formalities so peculiarly distasteful to a fastidious and cultivated age. On the appearance of Signorelli, and subsequently of Perugino, painting yet remained in a state of astonishing immaturity. One by one the prominent requisites of the artist were *indicated*—nothing more—by these fitful originators of greatness, these mines of immaturity from which came the golden riches of Giulio Romano, Giorgione, Tintoretto, Correggio, Paulo Veronese, Guido, Parmegiano, and their competitors. *Style* was hinted by Donatello, *proportion* by Brunaleschi, *perspective* by Ghirlandaio; there was the suggestion of what could be effected by *design* in the compositions of Pisano, of what could be accomplished by *expression* in the pathos of Giotto, and of what could be achieved by *colour* in the daring brilliancy of Cimabue: yet, in defiance of all these efforts to rid the pictorial art from the refrigerating and discouraging influence of Gothicism,—notwithstanding that these efforts were in most instances reiterated, and, occasionally, even simultaneous in their earnestness,—that art still languished under the effects of an unnatural restraint, and would never possibly have risen above a certain degree of exquisite mediocrity, but for the advent of three innovators, as wonderful for their audacity as for their inspiration. The fame of having established the essential principles of the pictorial art, and of carrying it, both by precept and example, to the highest point of perfection, is due to those three illustrious beings—to Leonardo da Vinci, to Fra Bartolomeo, and to Michelangelo Buonarroti. The priority in the triumvirate, and that scarcely in regard to time alone, we claim for and award to Leonardo. Possessing all the fabulous versatility of Crichton, that astonishing man seemed to concentrate in his single mind the most estimable characteristics of the most admirable painters. Insomuch so that, bearing in remembrance the “awful majesty of his manner,” the “truth and

naturalness of his delineation," the "supreme grace and purity of his style," and "the perfect symmetry of his drawing," we might, with an allowable anachronism, trace a similitude to him in those blundering verses of Agostino Carracci—

" Di Michelangelo la terribil via ;
Il vero natural di Tiziano ;
Di Correggio lo stil puro e sovrano,
E di un Rafiael la vera simmetria."

To Leonardo, indeed, the whole range of intellectual accomplishments appeared to become as much familiarized as the different kinds of precious stones are familiarized to the eye of a practised lapidary. His artistic powers constituted only one phase in his Protean character; it was only one of the many splendid dyes in the embroidery of his genius: and it is probably from the circumstance that his paintings have preserved to us the original lustre of that one phase in particular, that *it* has assumed to itself such a predominance in his memory. Otherwise, could we, as clearly as we now see his creations upon canvass, behold his colossal productions as a sculptor,—could we listen at this moment to the dulcet sounds his hand once drew from stringed instruments,—could we perceive before us the evidences of his engineering industry, the fabrications of his mechanical skill, and the innumerable graces of his carriage, we should doubtless be puzzled to decide in what department of learning he was most gifted, or in what particular accomplishment he shone the most conspicuously.

By a blunder not unusual in the biographies of remarkable men, the birth of Leonardo has been erroneously dated; the majority of his biographers maintaining the year of the Redemption, 1445, as the one in which his existence commenced. Durgenville says 1455; the Padre Resta insists upon 1467; while Pagave of Milan, followed obsequiously by Fiorillo, declares in favour of 1444, and that, too, with the dogmatism of an oracle in chronology. With all deference to the judgment of Durgenville, of Resta, of Pagave, and of Fiorillo, we must, nevertheless, proclaim it as an indisputable fact, that for nearly seven years after the date given by Vasari, namely, 1445, Leonardo da Vinci was yet unborn.* It has been established on conclusive authority by Durazzini, that the eyes of this illustrious Tuscan first opened

* See Durazzini's 'Panegyric on Illustrious Tuscans,' tome iii. n. 25. Among the most unanswerable of the arguments in favour of 1452, we may mention the genealogical tree of the Vinci family (discovered by Signore Dei among the ancient archives of Florence), which says—"Leonardo, Pittore Naturale, nato 1452."

in the summer of 1452, at the little fortress of Vinci, situate on the margin of the lake of Fucecchio, in the Valdarno Inferiore, hard by the walls of Florence. Signore Pietro da Vinci, an eminent notary, of whom Leonardo was the illegitimate offspring, appears to have been of a somewhat uxorious disposition, having been married three times—first to Giovanna di Zenobi Amadori, secondly, to Francesca di Ser Giuliano Lanfredini, and thirdly to Lucrezia di Guglielmo Cortigiani. It is from a complimentary sonnet, addressed to the last-mentioned, by Belincionni, that we discover the light in which our young Florentine was regarded by his family—the poet speaking of him as one of the habitual inhabitants of the beautiful villa of Lucrezia. The accident of bastardy was not, therefore, in his instance, punished (or shall we say, expiated?) by domestic contumelies. The natural sweetness of his temperament was not injured by that consciousness of undeserved disgrace, which is so inexplicable to the majority of children born out of the bonds of wedlock.

From the picturesque and peculiar beauties which abound in this portion of the Valdarno, it is not improbable that the infant mind of Leonardo first derived its affection for inland scenery. Even in boyhood he must have been accustomed to the grass and the boughs of solitary places, flinging pebbles into Fucecchio, chasing dragon-flies along the windings of the Arno, or watching the various characteristics of the landscape until they were lost in the grey horizon of the Apennines. Like Lorraine, he entertained throughout life an enthusiasm for Nature in all the diversities of her aspect; and like Lorraine, he must at this early period have imbibed delicious draughts of inspiration from her maternal bosom. It is pleasant to imagine to ourselves the influence exercised by creation over an intellect so susceptible as his, and that, too, at a time when it was most immaculate and most impressionable. The very joys of childhood must, to such a mind, have possessed a superior fascination; those joys which are blended with the budding and the dying of the leaves, the blooming and the shedding of the flowers, the formation and the ripening of the fruit. To the unpoetical observer, that which to Goëthe was “the paradise of morning-red,” which to Keats was “the light-wing’d Dryad of the trees,” and to Beranger was “the solace of the hermit,” would be merely day-break, a nightingale, and a sparrow*—nothing more. Around us, above us, beneath us—if we would but know it—there is an inexhaustible multitude of perfections; and when the heart remains

* ‘Faust.’ Scene II.—‘Ode to a Nightingale,’ v. 7. ‘Si j’étais petit oiseau,’ v. 14.

unmoved in the midst of them, its stupor arises from its own barrenness of perception, not from the intrinsic poverty of any one created thing. The rapture of Leonardo, therefore, must have been something indefinable, nurtured as he was in the luxuriant lap of Tuscany.

But Signor Pietro was by no means anxious to prolong the sylvan reveries of his son. When the faculties of the latter began at last to develope themselves in real earnest, he was removed to the neighbouring city, and placed as a pupil under Messer Andrea Verocchio, then enjoying a high reputation as a painter and sculptor. No arrangement could by possibility have been better adapted to foster the peculiar genius of the stripling; for, while his artistic tastes were corrected by the decorous tuition of Verocchio, his versatility was encouraged by the blandishments of Florentine society. Before many months had elapsed after his introduction to the *atelier* of Messer Andrea, it became very visible to his acquaintance that there was in the nature of Leonardo an originality and a grasp of comprehension which brooked no rules, however ingenious, and defied all restraints, no matter how formidable. Cimabue and Giotto had already dug out the foundations of the art; and Masaccio—that daring and admirable Masaccio whom Sir Joshua Reynolds has termed, with perfect truth, “one of the great fathers of modern art,”*—had materially strengthened and very considerably extended their labours. Little was it conjectured at this moment that to Leonardo was reserved the glory of constructing, upon these enlarged foundations, the fane of his magnificent art. His friends foresaw much of his after celebrity, but still of that celebrity they as yet perceived merely the skirts. But that we remember how Da Vinci, on entering Florence, abandoned himself to the pursuit of every desultory fancy, we should most assuredly marvel that the anticipations of his associates were not proportioned to the productions of his pencil. Their hesitation, however, is accountable, if we recollect that, beyond his labours at the easel, Leonardo was at one time sailing on the river with a party of madcap civilians, at another culling leaves in the hedge-rows as a herbalist; now galloping his horse over the suburban meadows, now mastering the rudiments of geometry, now loitering in the fashionable lounges, the pink of the prevailing mode; or now, again, chaunting a drinking-song at a carousal, the proverb and pattern of boon companions. Yet, diversified as his occupations were, Da Vinci was never satisfied until he had rendered himself a proficient in each of the new studies upon which,

* ‘Discourse to the Royal Academy,’ xii.

from one interval to another, he adventured. While other men would have been acquiring a knowledge of one profession, or skill in one accomplishment, Leonardo made himself an adept in thirty. And it is this wonderful faculty for conquering the difficulties of learning, which evidences the organization and capacity of his intellect.

An incident occurred about this period which augured well for the future achievements of the young Florentine as an artist. During one of his periodical visits to the paternal mansion in the Valdarno, he was requested by a neighbour (one of the *contadini* of Signor Pietro) to paint something, no matter what, upon a circular piece of figwood, a rarity in size and smoothness, which had been sawn from the stem of an old tree in his garden. The boy seems to have been tickled by the eccentric vagueness of the request. His imagination was excited to the conception of something never dreamt of before, and his hand tasked for its embodiment. Three weeks passed by, and he was still closeted in his chamber, with his brushes, his palette, and his piece of figwood. At length, one evening, after being engaged for many hours upon his friendly composition, Leonardo laid aside his implements, and we can fancy him flinging his cap up to the ceiling, and laughing till the tears glittered down his cheeks, as he did so—the painting was finished! That painting, the celebrated *Rotella del Fico*, is still we believe preserved. It is a miracle of ingenuity, and, in some sort, of power. Upon it, Leonardo exhausted every conceivable adjunct of the hideous and the repulsive. The beautiful gleams of the twilight, as they stole into the chamber in the Valdarno, are said, according to the biographer, to have revealed the form of a monster-reptile, such as man had never seen before, emerging from its den, its eyes malignant and “dead like a vulture’s,” its mouth distended, and reeking with a greenish moisture, its feet armed with talons and grizzled with hair, its loathsome body bristling with spikes, and its legs crouched as if for a spring at the throat of the spectator. The hue of the picture was of a cadaverous salmon colour. Giorgio Vasari further assures us that Leonardo summoned his father into his apartment; and that, on beholding the reptile which appeared, in the uncertain light of the evening, to be actually palpitating with life, Pietro da Vinci recoiled with an exclamation of horror. A painting of less value was presented to the *contadino* as a sort of compensation, and the *Rotella del Fico* was purchased for a hundred ducats by a Florentine merchant, and subsequently for three hundred by Ludovico the Duke of Milan. When engaged upon this singular production, Leonardo had secretly collected every description of creeping thing the place afforded—newts, and

adders, and lizards, things of the scorpion tribe, and the spider tribe, and the rat tribe; and, by a combination of them all, depicted a creature of the most detestable proportions.

He was not contented, however, with these fantastic labours. His aspirations were loftier, and his progress in the art almost equalled his aspirations. By assiduous practice, by a rigid discipline, but especially by the innate riches of his genius, he rapidly outstripped his master Verocchio in all the qualifications most befitting a painter. Insomuch was this superiority manifested that, having, on one occasion, been directed to introduce the figure of an angel into a large picture representing the Baptism of Christ, Leonardo executed his task with such consummate ability, that it made the rest of the picture look mean by comparison. From that moment Messer Andrea Verocchio altogether abandoned the brush in despair—or rather, as Vasari expresses it, enraged (*sdegnatosi*), and worked thenceforth exclusively as a sculptor. The painting is to this moment preserved in the Florentine Academy, and is an inimitable corroboration of the anecdote. In justice to Verocchio, it must nevertheless be remembered that to his tutorage Leonardo da Vinci was first consigned,—that in his studio that great mind first divulged the splendour of its inspirations, that there it first held commune with the renowned Perugino, the master of the divine Raphael,—that there, moreover, Leonardo first really established his fame by founding the third, or golden age of painting. For these things has Verocchio become to us a name for ever venerable. The first to recognise the glory of his pupil, as the mountain-top—to quote the majestic metaphor of Shelley—beholds that of “the yet unrisen sun,” the memory of Andrea Verocchio is on that account suffused, and, in a manner, actually sanctified by its reflex.

Very speedily the genius of Leonardo da Vinci became so apparent, that it was bruited about the northern principalities of the peninsula. The almost bewildering variety of his accomplishments excited such universal admiration, that his merit grew at length into an adage among his fellow citizens. It was not very difficult, therefore, to conjecture, from the peculiar character of those times, that a brilliant destiny was dawning upon the young painter. A passion for intellectual cultivation had, about that epoch, become prevalent throughout the different states of Italy—not as an ephemeral fashion, but as a part of the national character. Much of this enthusiasm for the revival of literature and art was traceable, undoubtedly, to the munificence and enlightenment of the Medieis; and the illustrious Cosmo was just at that period being more than emulated—being absolutely surpassed, in expenditure and enterprize, by the magnificent

Lorenzo. Whether it arose from a sentiment of jealousy, or from a spontaneous affection for knowledge, it is certain that, immediately upon the commencement of these exertions at Florence, a similar course was followed by most of the neighbouring municipalities. They vied with each other in the decoration of their public edifices, in imparting a classical air to their civic festivities, and in assembling together, within their walls, the most erudite scholars, the most refined artists, and the most profound philosophers, who could be seduced thither by flattery, or retained by pecuniary encouragement. Among these Leonardo now assumed a very distinguished position. His services were courted by many princes, who became solicitous to number among their retainers a man of such precocious celebrity, and to swell the sum of their treasures by the productions of his easel. Notwithstanding the splendour of the offers made to him by these supreme magistrates, Leonardo rejected them all, without distinction, as insignificant, and, with characteristic independence, made his own selection. The singular letter forwarded by him to Ludovico in 1483, is still visible in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, and shows the delicate quaintness with which a man may become his own panegyrist without degenerating into egotism.

Ludovico, surnamed *Il Moro*, not from the darkness of his complexion, but from the circumstance of his having chosen a mulberry-tree (*moro*) as his heraldic device, was then reigning as Regent of Milan during the minority of his nephew, the Duke Giovanni Galeazzo. He accepted the proposition of Da Vinci with alacrity; and the latter was speedily established in the Milanese court, with a yearly salary of five hundred scudi. The exact period at which Leonardo made this important movement in his profession has been rendered the subject of considerable discussion. By the majority of the historians of art, it is erroneously dated at a little before the close of the fifteenth century; but we are satisfied that Monsignore Sabba da Castiglione is not much at fault, when in his *Ricordi* he states 1483 to be the year of the removal, firstly, because of the date of the application already mentioned; and secondly, because as early as 1485 we find Leonardo founding an Academy of Arts in Milan, being himself invested with the dignity of its president. Another mis-statement has likewise crept into several of the biographies of our artist, to the effect that he was engaged by Ludovico rather as a musician than as a painter—a blunder so enforced by repetition, that it is generally regarded as incontrovertible. Fuseli, for example, was so unconscious that the matter was in any respect doubtful, that he has flippantly attributed the change from Florence to Milan, to the circumstances that Leonardo had constructed a lyre, and that

Ludovico was "a dilettante in music!"* when it is indisputable that not one syllable is mentioned about Da Vinci's skill as a votary of Euterpe, in that long catalogue of his acquirements with which he tempted the representative of the house of Sforza, and the original of which letter is, as we have already remarked, still preserved in manuscript. The assertion, however—originating in no lesser authority, it must be confessed, than Vasari himself—has been for ever set at rest by the satisfactory and conclusive arguments given by the most recent of Da Vinci's biographers †—arguments which are not the less valuable or definitive from being written with a strictly logical sequence.

On his arrival in the capital of Lombardy, Leonardo had just entered upon the fourth *decade* of his existence, and consequently the seventeen years during which he continued at Milan, under the patronage of *Il Moro*, must be considered as doubly memorable—memorable because they embraced the period when his body and his frame were in their ripe maturity, and memorable because they witnessed the most remarkable of his many extraordinary achievements. Among the first, as it certainly was among the most unprecedented of these labours, undertaken by Da Vinci at the instigation of the Regent Ludovico, was the equestrian statue of Francisco Sforza, which he projected and, what is more, actually commenced. From the colossal proportions of this monument, it was regarded by the more scientific of his contemporaries as a hopeless effort endeavouring to cast it in bronze. Yet the daring mind of the artist was undeterred by these clamours—he proceeded. Luca Paccioli, who exclaims elsewhere of Leonardo that "he excelled in every way both Apelles, Myron, and Polycletes," assures us that the statue of Francisco was ultimately fabricated, although measuring no less than seventy-two feet in height, and weighing no less than two hundred thousand pounds. Notwithstanding the ingenuity of the reasons given by Paccioli to account for the total disappearance of a piece of bronze-work of such enormous dimensions, namely, that it was broken up and melted after the revolution of 1499, we cannot but regard the whole statement as improbable and incredible. According to the majority of the memorialists, it is maintained that the scheme never proceeded further than the model, from the disinclination of the local government to attempt an enterprise which was certain to require such costly disbursements. And the correctness of this statement is only the more assured by a passage which occurs in the *Ricordi* of Sabba da Castiglione, describing how that nobleman had beheld the bowmen

* Fuseli's Works. Edition 1831. Vol. iii. p. 191.

† Brown's 'Life of Leonardo,' p. 38.

of Gascony using the model of the colossal horse as a target for their arrows. However much Leonardo's intentions may have been frustrated in this instance, it is indisputable that he found numberless opportunities for the display of his powers; and that, with the adroitness of a courtier, as well as with the facility of a versatile and cultivated intellect, he employed those opportunities, precisely as occasion required, for the use of his fellow-citizens, or for the amusement of his benefactor.

A beautiful incident occurred in 1489, which evinced the poetical imagination and the mechanical science of Leonardo da Vinci in a striking manner. It was upon the marriage of the young Duke Giovanni Galeazzo to Donna Isabella of Arragon. Among the various pageantries with which that ceremony was enlivened, one outshone all the rest in magnificence and singularity, and it was conceived by the fertile fancy of the renowned Florentine painter.

Happily, the details of this inimitably graceful *fête* have been recorded by the contemporary pen of Monsignore Sabba da Castiglione. A sort of elder Pepys in his way, Sabba da Castiglione has preserved to us, in all the freshness of quotidian memoranda, whatever was most agreeable, or most worthy of remembrance, in connexion with the brilliant court of Ludovico. His *Ricordi*—so minute, so garrulous, so exquisite in its particularity—may almost be regarded as the *Morning Post* of the fifteenth century. From the authentic pages of the Monsignore, therefore, we acquire a vivid conception of this, among many other gorgeous festivities. * * * * * Late on the evening of the day upon which the august nuptials had been celebrated, according to our reporter of Castiglione, the nobles and dames are summoned by the sound of bugles to an open theatre, constructed after the fashion of the ancient amphitheatres, attached to the Ducal Palace of Milan. Silver tripods, bearing vessels of porphyry, are disposed at intervals between the benches; under the tripods are torches of cedar-wood; in the vessels of porphyry are burning aromatic gums and incense. By this arrangement of the decorations, as well as by the gradual closing in of twilight, a subdued and fluctuating light is produced, which not only renders the jewellery and costume of the spectators unusually picturesque, but materially assists the illusion. A buzz from the assemblage—a pattering of rose-blossoms upon the arras carpeting—it is the bridegroom leading the bride to the seat of dignity—both of them robed in white velvet, slashed with violet silk, and cinctured with cloth of gold—both crowned with flowers. Another murmur rises from the assembly—it is Leonardo, seated under one of the tripods, holding in his hand a golden lyre of

his own construction, shaped like a horse's skull, upon which, say the Italian chroniclers, he played with such ravishing melody as to be accounted the finest extemporaneous performer of his age. His fingers are upon the strings—there is a deathlike silence—his hand strays over the instrument deftly, playfully, winningly, as though he would decoy the wandering spirits of the air;—there is a modulation in the melody—it is sorrowful, it is weeping: and now it rolls upwards—higher—it gains enthusiasm—it soars! Brightly twinkle the stars overhead. A cry of wonder bursts from the assembly—one of those stars seems to forsake its place in the heavens—it rushes downwards—it approaches them—it is a moon. The orb floats over the theatre to the rippling of the strings upon the golden skull. The globe opens, and the god Mercury is revealed in its centre—his feet winged, his caduceus in his hand—he chaunts a bridal song—the epithalamium of Giovanni Galeazzo. The planet closes and is replaced by another—from it emerges Venus, girdled with the zone of love—her tones are more impassioned and sapphic. After Venus, Mars, with the god in his battle harness—his bridal verse is chivalrous and lusty. Then the Father of Olympus, grasping his baleful thunderbolts—his voice being solemn and majestic. And lastly, after Jupiter, Saturn, the sad and venerable. Then, while the planets are revolving in concentric circles above the theatre, like five gigantic moons,—while the golden lyre is breathing like an anthem under the fingers of its master,—a bright light illumines the whole city, a thousand bonfires are ignited, the bells in the turrets are ringing, their clamour is drowned in the acclamations of the multitude, and the optical delusion of Leonardo is completed. * * * * * So much for Sabba da Castiglione, the Pepys of Tuscany; and so much, also, for that *Ricordi* which we have termed the *Morning Post* of the fifteenth century.

While carrying out this exquisite and eccentric spectacle, the artist was aided only in one particular—the poetry being the effusion of his friend Belincionni. By such devices he contrived to diversify the more durable and splendid achievements of his intellect; or, as has been oddly, but we think happily, said of him, "If he could talk preeious stones, like the princess in the Arabian tale, he could also talk brilliant and evanescent blossoms." A recent commentator upon the character of Shakspeare, Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, has observed that the Bard of Nature could accomplish "great things greatly,—little things subordinately." The same may be said of Leonardo. If he penned a treatise, it was marked by sobriety and acumen. If he built a toy, it was a toy—gaudy, dazzling, and perishable.

Much as our artist achieved in affording entertainment to the Milanese, the period of his official sojourn amongst them was, nevertheless, marked more especially and particularly by the useful employment of his abilities. Besides imparting a novel kind of grandeur to the ceremonials of the court, he completed many works substantially advantageous to the citizens. He contrived, moreover, by a felicitous arrangement of his exertions, to gratify at the same moment the homely ambition of the community, and the princely appetite for luxury which characterised Ludovico. While he assisted, for example, in effecting an improvement in domestic architecture, by the revival of the Grecian style and the rejection of the Gothic, he propitiated the affections of the Regent by his inimitable portraits of Cecilia Gallerani and Lucrezia Crevelli. Instead of evincing his pleasure at the masterly manner in which the features of his two beautiful favorites had been delineated, by a pecuniary reward such as might be bestowed upon a journeyman, *Il Moro*, as a graceful token of regard, presented the painter with a small estate situated near the Porta Vercellina. And Leonardo had worthily merited this munificent donation. Not satisfied with enriching the city with the productions of his *atelier*, he beautified it with enormous structures, and increased its salubrity by the manner in which he caused those structures to be employed. During the very year which was rendered memorable by the death of Lorenzo de Medici, namely, in 1492, Leonardo da Vinci achieved a victory in the science of engineering hitherto deemed impracticable, by connecting together the canals of Tesin and Mortesana. By the construction of this celebrated aqueduct, a channel extending to the length of two hundred miles conveyed the waters of the river Adda to the battlements of Milan, and thereby, and in perpetuity, conferred a boon beyond all price upon its inhabitants. Encouraged by the successful issue of this undertaking, Leonardo projected works of yet greater magnitude; he proposed to deepen the bed of the Arno, and propounded a scheme by which he pledged himself to lift up the whole bulk of the cathedral church of San Lorenzo, while the foundations were being strengthened. With the exception, however, of the plan by which he rendered the navigation of the Adda between Brizzio and Frezzo more practicable, his abilities as an engineer received, just then, no further encouragement.

It was in the forty-eighth year of his age, otherwise in 1497, that Leonardo da Vinci realized the glorious auguries of his youth, by commencing one of those rare masterpieces of human invention, which defy imitation, while they ensure for the memory of their creators an universal and almost unbounded homage.

Probably before the twelve months had elapsed, this memorable production was finished, and the moist glories of the fresco painting of the "Lord's Supper" beamed in all their original perfection from the inner wall of the monastery. The subject was treated by the command of Ludovico il Moro, and at the time of its completion was the largest painting that had ever been attempted. It caused the renown of Leonardo to travel over the civilised world, and raised him to the very pinnacle of his profession. Standing now within the refectory of the Dominican convent of the Santa Maria della Grazia, and beholding only the shreds of the superb picture, which mildews have blotched, and ignorance has mutilated, and accident has ravaged, it is still possible to descry glimpses of that beauty, which, in the very worst of the random copies taken before the original was destroyed, demands and obtains our admiration. It is still possible to authenticate those copies by the comparison of them with the fragments yet unobliterated; and it is possible, while lamenting the erasure of such consummate excellence of form, and hue, and expression, and grouping, and dramatic narrative,—and of such unutterable grandeur of treatment, because of such exquisite simplicity of conception,—it is possible, even then, to find a solace in the crumbling plaister and the curling paint, seeing that they testify how assuredly the memory of a great artist will survive, without diminution, the destruction of his masterpieces. They declare to us that the genius of art is independent of all perishable things, as far as its perpetual celebration is concerned; that canvass may rot thread by thread, that marble may be splintered into atoms, that walls may become prostrate, and pigments fade away like bruised flowers; but that the spirit of the genius which has been lavished upon those materials shall remain unforgotten, in defiance of the friction of time and of the corrosion of the elements. They proclaim, moreover, that artistic genius has about it such an indestructible vitality, that it shall renew itself, and multiply the sureties of its immortality in the mere transcripts of others—that its very shadow or reflection shall be a guarantee of its remembrance.

Although we have said that glimpses of the original painting may be detected to this day, by the more vigilant spectator, it must, nevertheless, be acknowledged that those glimpses are little better than microscopic. So complete has been the destruction of this wonderful picture, that it is absolutely impossible to decide whether it was originally produced in oil, fresco, or tempera. And the causes of this wholesale obliteration were, most certainly, more than sufficient to account for its rapid and permanent disappearance. To the defective character of the stucco which

formed the tablet of Leonardo, must be added the unlucky experiments of the artist himself, in the colours employed upon its execution. How far those experiments interfered with the preservation of the "*Last Supper*" may be conjectured from the circumstance that, while the work was completed in 1498, it was almost entirely effaced as early as 1540, and that, too, by the simple operation of the atmosphere.

Leonardo is said to have painted the heads of the apostles immediately after pencilling the outlines of the composition, reserving the countenance of Christ till the end. Upon the features of the more conspicuous of the disciples, however, he exhausted all his notions of the majestic; insomuch that on coming to the allotted climax, he could not form to himself an idea sufficiently grand and beautiful for the visage of an incarnate God. Even his imagination, stirred as it ever was with "the divine afflatus" most requisite in grappling with the sublime, even his imagination shrank abashed and confounded before the memory of a Redeeming Deity—before the thought of those loving eyes which had turned reproachfully on Simon Barjonah; of that brow, awful in its placidness, which had rained a bloody sweat in the garden by the brook of Cedron; of those lips, which had cried aloud on Golgotha, "*Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?*" Before that tremendous ideal the adoring mind of Leonardo confessed its impotence. He had not the audacity to attempt any elaborated portraiture; but, yielding to the advice of his friend Bernardo Zenale, contented himself with lightly sketching in the features which his presumption had once dreamed of perfecting. The adroitness with which he thus slurred over the arch-difficulty in the fresco has been compared, not inaptly, to the famous subterfuge of Timanthes in veiling the face of Agamemnon, in his representation of the sacrifice of Iphigenia. Still, the little which his hand dared to depict of the head of Jesus Christ is so admirable, as to have induced Richardson to remark that "the part remaining visible is wonderfully finished;"* though pre-eminently noble as was the expression of that august visage, Da Vinci himself, if we may credit the assertion of Gio Ghirardo de Rossi, pronounced it to be "imperfect." The brush of Bellotti, who in 1726 renovated (?) the entire production, presumed to tamper with that solemn and merely hinted countenance.

Already there have been so many, and such inimitable, descriptions of the "*Last Supper*" by Da Vinci—(called strangely enough by Mr. Addison, the "*Marriage of Canaan*," and by Mr. Roscoe, less erroneously, the "*Institution of the Sacrament*")—already there have been so many commentaries upon the peculiar

* '*Treatises on Painting.*' Vol. iii. p. 36.

manner of its treatment, that we abstain from giving an analysis which might, not unreasonably, be regarded as superfluous. Whosoever may be solicitous to scrutinize the picture through the magnifying glass of professional criticism, or may be anxious to appreciate the extraordinary art exhibited in the arrangement of the composition, will do well to refer to the elegant classification penned by Ghirardo de Rossi, the annotator mentioned in the last paragraph; or, supposing that catalogue to be unattainable, to peruse the admirable lecture by Barry, in which he particularises, one by one, the different merits of the fresco; the genius displayed in the portraiture of the several apostles; and, most of all, the power evinced in the delineation of the Redeemer. It must be remarked, moreover, that these observations of Barry derive a particular interest from the circumstance that he was possibly the last Englishman who saw the original painting before it was irrecoverably scraped away by the blundering knife of Pietro Mazzi.* Everyone who has hitherto commented upon this great production—the greatest of all the achievements of Leonardo!—has enlarged upon the extraordinary animation expressed in the grouping, upon the equable distribution of the lights and shadows, upon the absolute completeness of the picture as a design, and especially upon the marvellous depth and variety of emotions indicated in the thirteen physiognomies. Yet, when the intense and unwearying application of the artist is borne in mind,—when it is remembered that the very subordinate items in the fresco were the result of the most profound deliberation,—when due consideration is given to the minute and scrupulous devotion with which the master-hand of Leonardo was applied to the undertaking, the wonder will cease, and the enigma will appear no longer inexplicable.

As an illustration of the earnestness with which he devoted his whole intellect to the completion of his *chef d'œuvre*, may be adduced the accounts furnished by the different biographers, of the manner in which the head of Judas Iscariot was portrayed. According to these authorities, Da Vinci was determined to express in the features of the traitorous disciple, the utmost amount of villany and turpitude of which the human visage is susceptible; he resolved to render that one face the concentration of meanness and depravity,—the mirror, so to speak, of the most abysmal atrocity. To accomplish this, the artist saw that it was necessary to surpass his imagination by appealing at once to Nature, or rather, by appealing to that distortion of Nature which is discoverable in the more infamous localities of a populous city. Impressed with this conviction, he explored the rookeries of

* 'Barry's Lecture on Design.' Bohn's Edition, p. 128.

Milan, searching everywhere for a visage sufficiently treacherous and execrable to be accepted as a model for the betrayer. For days, for weeks, the search of the painter was ineffectual; he found no face which, to his exacting fancy, appeared to be capable of representing the monster of humanity. He in vain made expeditions into the prisons and penitentiaries of the Milanese, penetrating into the vilest quarters—the Saint Gilese and the Whitechapels of Tuscany—nowhere could he discern the expected double of the Iscariot. Meanwhile the refectory of the Dominican convent was littered with the implements of the studio, and disfigured with the unsightly beams and cords of a temporary scaffolding. The brethren became impatient at the discomfort thus prolonged into the pleasant hours of their refectation. Asceticism was proof against any annoyance but that which disturbed the serenity of their appetites, obstructed the dining-room, and endangered their cookery. The Prior became the mouthpiece of this monastic indignation. He waylaid Leonardo and importuned him with remonstrances. Looking upon the picture as a thing merely requiring time for the laying on of so much pigment upon so much plaster, the ecclesiastic became irritated whenever the artist paused from his labours, his eyelids closed, and the palette strung upon his thumb, in one of his intervals of reverie or inspiration. Argument was futile: the scaffolding was there—the fresco was unfinished—the refectory was in confusion: those facts, incontrovertible in themselves, amounted, in the estimation of the Prior, to a stupendous grievance. At length the latter, in the extremity of his impatience, complained of the procrastination to Ludovico. On hearing of this ungenerous proceeding, Da Vinci whimsically bethought himself of an expedient whereby his future tranquillity might be ensured. In a conversation with *Il Moro*, he explained the actual reason for his delay, and threatened to relieve himself from the chance of further annoyance by tracing the likeness of the Dominican superior in the character of Judas Iscariot. Dreading the possibility of such a retaliation, and abashed by the derision excited against himself by the threat, the Prior became very speedily reconciled to the delay, and to, what was worse than the delay, its consequence—the scaffolding. In this circumstance has originated the tradition, that Leonardo actually delineated the friar as the criminal apostle. But, beyond the fact recorded by all contemporary writers, that the countenance of the Dominican was about the very last Da Vinci would have chosen as the countenance of an Iscariot, the thing was literally impossible; for, in order to have acted thus, vindictiveness was necessary, and vindictiveness was not in the nature of Leonardo.

A signal act of reverence to the genius which had evoked this wonderful painting, occurred in 1796, in the refectory of Santa Maria della Grazia. During his immortal campaigns in Italy, Bonaparte entered that chamber, gazed with profound interest upon the ruins of the fresco, and there, upon his knees, wrote an order of the day, directing that the apartment should be held sacred from military occupation. Although that beautiful incident did not prevent the French cavalry from stabling their horses in the dining-room, or from firing their bullets at the apostles, and even at the dim effigy of the Redeemer, it so far mitigates the blame attached to the invading army, that we can almost listen with amazement to the foolish vagueness with which Mr. Brown observes, that "the brutality of the soldiery soon completed what the ignorance of the priesthood and the ravages of time had commenced."* When it is borne in recollection that the feet of Christ and of several of the disciples had been cut away by the Dominicans for the purpose of increasing a doorway, and that the whole surface of the wall was flecked with blotches of damp, it must be acknowledged that time and the priesthood had left but little enough for "the brutality of the soldiery" to obliterate. Beyond the extenuation afforded to the military profession by this anecdote of Napoleon, it must not be forgotten that, in 1807, Prince Eugene Beauharnais, then viceroy of the kingdom of Italy, engaged Giuseppi Bossi to take an accurate copy of the "Lord's Supper" in mosaic—a proceeding the more laudable from the scarcity of the copies by Lomazzo, by Oggioni, by Luino, by Monsignori, and by Santagostino, as well as from the costliness of the celebrated engravings by Frey, by Wagner, and by the Chevalier Raphael Morghen. Among the ruthless spoliations of warfare, the care thus manifested for the preservation of a single painting, and that painting very nearly effaced, becomes to us an act peculiarly worthy of commendation. It would seem as if, after a lapse of three centuries, and in a period of political conflagration, the genius which was imprinted upon the wall had extended its *Ægis* over its decaying ruins, and had transformed a *cœnaculum* into a sanctuary.

Shortly after Leonardo had established his supremacy as an artist by the completion of the marvellous composition in which the lips of the Incarnate God appeared to be articulating those solemn and pathetic words, "*Amen, dico vobis quia unus vestrum me traditurus est*"—his fortunes were altogether changed by a series of military and political catastrophes. The excessive ambition of Ludovico Il Moro proved to be not only the destruc-

* 'Life of Leonardo,' p. 88.

tion of himself, but the misfortune of Tuscany. Desirous, without doubt, of rivalling Lorenzo the Magnificent by the splendour of his marital alliances, the Regent, in 1493, negotiated a marriage between his niece, Bianca Maria Sforza, and the Austrian Emperor, Maximilian. During the subsequent year, King Charles VIII. of France descended upon Italy, and soon afterwards Giovanni Galeazzo, the youthful Duke of Milan, suddenly expired. Notwithstanding the insinuation of Guicciardini, we are by no means disposed to credit the assertion that Ludovico caused his nephew to be assassinated by the administration of poison, especially as that assertion is uncorroborated by anything like well authenticated evidence. The suddenness of the demise of Giovanni, coupled with the circumstance of its occurring at such a marvellously convenient juncture, seems at first, it is true, to justify suspicion; but the thought that on no other occasion has crime of any sort been attributed to Il Moro, and the reflection that, from the distinguished position occupied by himself in the government, there was virtually no utility whatever in branding himself with the guilt of homicide, induce us to regard the imputation as altogether unproven, and to dismiss the mere idea of it as improbable. However this may be, immediately upon the decease of his unfortunate nephew, Ludovico assumed the ducal crown; and, in consequence of his usurpation, war was at once declared against him by King Louis XII. of France, who had shortly before succeeded to the throne, his predecessor, Charles VIII., having died without children. The *casus belli* advanced by the former monarch, was the declaration of a claim to the Duchy of Milan by virtue of his grandmother, Valentina Visconti, a lineal descendant from the founder of the Sforza dynasty. One campaign was sufficient to subvert the power of Ludovico Il Moro. His army was overwhelmed by the superior forces of his antagonist; he himself, after a number of vicissitudes, was captured and imprisoned in the Chateau de Loches, in Touraine; and there the accomplished and once puissant prince ultimately perished in the wretchedness of captivity.

On the discomfiture of his protector, Leonardo was formally introduced to the conqueror; and, as the readiest means of propitiating the favour of Louis, presented him with the portraits of two virgins, subjects which he always treated with a touch of matchless beauty. As a token of his pleasure, the French sovereign settled a pension upon the artist; and, in addition to that, presented him with certain rights of property in those canals of the Mortesana which his industry had so materially improved. It was upon the entrance of Louis XII. into the vanquished city, and not in celebration of an interview with his successor, Francis I.,

that Da Vinci displayed his cunning as a mechanician, by the fabrication of his celebrated automaton. The illusion is thus described by historians: As the king, say they, was crossing the vestibule of the palace, a lion of vast proportions emerged from behind a curtain at the extremity of the hall; it advanced deliberately towards the porch, paused, fawned upon the feet of Louis, raised itself upon its buttocks, and, tearing open its breast, revealed a carved escutcheon emblazoned with the flower-de-luce. By such costly and elaborate compliments, did the Florentine enforce the fascination of his personal address, and extend his reputation as a courtier.

Although Leonardo was subjected to considerable annoyance from the prolonged occupation of Milan by the French soldiery,—and although he was frequently compelled, by the casualties of the hour, to change his residence, and sometimes even to seek repose beyond the fortifications of the city in the little Melzi Villa, situated at Vaprio, half way on the road to Bergamo,—he was nevertheless particularly addicted, at this period, to the indulgence of one of his most characteristic whims. We allude to his passion for studying the variations of the human countenance under every species of circumstance—whether agitated by emotion, inane with imbecility, grotesque, odd, grave, lugubrious, fantastic, or, what was most agreeable of all to our painter, bewitching from its exceeding comeliness. Such was his enthusiasm in this scrutiny, that he occasionally walked beside the tumbrils in which the criminals were being dragged to execution, noting, either in the pallor or distortion of their features, the workings of horror or remorse, or, that most appalling of all expressions, the expression of conscious depravity. Sometimes, again, he would loiter through the streets, on the alert for every whimsical and eccentric physiognomy, smothering his merriment whenever he encountered a face peculiarly droll or *bizarre*, and retiring into a doorway to sketch it on his tablets in the first flush of his hilarity. Marvellous as it may appear when we consider the grandeur, the majesty, the purity, and the almost sublime holiness of the style of this great painter, it is, nevertheless, true that he was one of the most inimitable of caricaturists. Those who have never glanced through a portfolio of his comic drawings, faithfully transcribed from the original either by the anonymous Frenchman, M. le C. de C., or by the congenial pencil of Wenceslaus Hollar, those who only know him by his *Madonna upon the knees of Saint Anne*, by his *Madonna with the Dewy Flowers*, by his cartoon of *Adam and Eve in the moment of Temptation*, by his *Magdalene*, his *Leda*, his *Pomona*, his *Medusa*, or his *Daughter of Herodias*—those especially who are only familiar with his

artistic powers through the exquisite picture of *Christ disputing with the Pharisees*,* which is preserved in the National Gallery (No. 18), can have no conception of the extravagant drollery of his caricatures—faces gluttonous, lecherous, truculent, mincing, inflamed, attenuated, supercilious, cringing, bloated, cadaverous, and always to a monstrous exaggeration—faces Quixotic in expression and Hudibrastic in form—faces as odious as those of Yahoos, and as unhuman as those of Houyhnhnms; bottle-nosed, beetle-browed, full and carbuncular in chin, prodigal of eye, and casually devoid of some perfectly indispensable feature. It is impossible to open one of these portfolios without poring over its pages, as we have pored over them, until the whole heart has been sunned and mellowed with laughter. Du Fresnoy acknowledged the excellence of the practice which produced these inimitable and preposterous outlines, where he commends that same practice to his professional readers, bidding them mark the features of the passers-by in a crowded thoroughfare:—

“Perque vias, vultus hominum, motusque notabis
 Libertate sua proprios, positasque figuras
 Ex sese faciles, ut inobservatus, habebis.”†

Another amusing practice of Leonardo was to watch the numberless distortions of the visage caused by excessive gaiety. For the better gratification of this pleasant conceit, he would now and then invite a company of boors to a merry-making in his orchard, presiding himself at their rustic banquets, and tickling his guests into risibility by the drollest anecdotes, the broadest jokes, and the most amiable absurdities. Often may he have sat thus enjoying the blithe looks of the peasantry, sprawling back perchance upon the grass to pelt the ripe apples from the boughs, and noting, between whiles, the progressive effects of the facetious. In this affection for natural merriment, we can detect something more than idle pastime; we can perceive in it the indications of a genial and sinless heart. Besides which, Leonardo invariably turned these quaint carousals to advantage; he gathered from them materials to be afterwards revived in his more serious

* By some unaccountable blunder, the late gifted artist, Mr. Haydon, took it into his head, while writing the analytic and historical article on “Painting,” in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (vol. xvi. pp. 693-730), to call this picture, not “Christ in the Synagogue” but “Christ and the Doctors;” and thereupon he asks, in a tone of the most supercilious impertinence, “why Christ, who disputed with the doctors at twelve years of age, should be larger in person and head than the doctors, who are sixty?” A fault there is, unquestionably, but it is a fault on the part of Leonardo’s commentator—the old men in the background being neither doctors, nor apostles, nor evangelists—but pharisees.

† M. Charles Alphonse Du Fresnoy’s ‘*Arte Graphica*,’ v. 469.

avocations, turning the commonest things into the most precious by a species of mental alchemy,—as Nature, that true Rosicrucian, resolves the excrescence of the oyster into a pearl.

From the disturbances which unhappily ensued among the Milanese in consequence of the French invasion, Leonardo was at length compelled to forsake Lombardy, and on the dawning of the sixteenth century had again established himself in Florence. He was welcomed to his birthplace, with the honours due to his celebrity, by the chief magistrate, Pietro Soderini, who, on the banishment of Pietro de' Medici, had been nominated Gonfaloniere Perpetuo. Almost immediately upon his arrival, Da Vinci was formally commissioned by the Senate to decorate a portion of the council chamber with allegorical and historical paintings. His companion in the undertaking was a young man just then rising in public estimation—Michelangelo Buonarroti. Here it was, possibly, that the genius of Leonardo da Vinci shone forth with its utmost brightness, for here it was that that genius was brought into direct rivalry with one of the grandest intellects God ever vouchsafed to mortal. And Leonardo passed, without any diminution to his fame, through the ordeal of that rivalry with Buonarroti—a circumstance the more extraordinary, considering that the former was approaching his sixtieth summer, whereas the latter was scarcely thirty. Nothing, indeed, was wanting to excite emulation in these remarkable competitors,—the one possessing originality in its very lustihood, the other having cultivated his powers to their utmost maturity;—the one solicitous to preserve the precedency which he had already obtained, the other ambitious of acquiring renown by snatching the crown from his venerable predecessor. Out of this noble competition came those two celebrated cartoons which elicited the admiration of their contemporaries, but which were unhappily destined to a very early destruction. The cartoon of Michelangelo was illustrative of an episode in the siege of Pisa by the Florentines; it represented, in fact, a party of soldiers surprised while bathing, and was marked by the vigour which afterwards became manifest in his more gigantic compositions. The most conspicuous excellence appears to have been the introduction of several naked figures of infinite grace and of surprising power. The cartoon of Leonardo, originally intended to adorn the Palazzo Vecchio, was an equestrian combat, portraying the discomfiture of the famous Italian soldier, the Condottiere Niccolò Piccinino. It was characterised by a robust energy and a masculine animation. One group of infantry and cavalry wrestling for a banner,—a group pyramidal in design and singularly forcible in conception—has been rendered familiar to posterity by countless

engravings taken from the sketch by Rubens, or from the antique prints of Veneziano, Antonio, or Edelynck. In the representation by Antonio, called among the dealers in art *Les Grimpeurs*, it will be perceived that the horses themselves are participating in the struggle, their teeth and hoofs vying with the swords and lances of the human antagonists. Both these inimitable productions were unfortunately destroyed during the intestine wars which ravaged Tuscany; but it is certain, from the unanimous assurances of those who were lucky enough to behold them while exhibiting at Florence, as well as from the simple but significant fact that the opinions of those spectators were balanced as to their superiority, that they must have been masterpieces worthy of that majestic emulation. It was a renewal of the Virgilian conflict between Dares and Entellus—between the athlete, venerable alike from his age and his victories, and the gladiator, dauntless at once from the ripeness of his manhood and the supremacy of his ambition. The one powerful in retrospect, the other in anticipation; the one unconquerable in repute, the other unassailable in vigour.

“ Ille, pedum melior motu, fretusque juventâ,
Hic, membris et mole valens.”*

It is by such rivalries that the miracles of human valour, and wisdom, and cloquence, have been, on different occasions evoked; that the voluptuous Edward IV. and Warwick the King-maker were aroused to a display of prowess as terrible as that of the Grecian demigods; that Burke and Sheridan were inspired with oratory not unworthy of Demosthenes; that Newton and Leibnitz were animated to such profound and successful researches as eclipsed even the most brilliant achievements of preceding philosophers. In the instance of Leonardo and Michelangelo, the emulation was enhanced by its peculiar publicity as well as by the historical character of their joint undertaking. Florence was the amphitheatre; the civic council-chamber was the arena; the municipal government were the judges of the competitors; the most enlightened among the inhabitants of Tuscany were the spectators. That the result of this extraordinary contest was beyond the expectations even of the more sanguine citizens, is testified by the boundless and unexceptionable applause awarded to the cartoons. The casualties of a civil commotion have prevented posterity from deciding for themselves as to the justice or injustice of that universal approval; but contemporary writers have afforded it the most decisive corroboration by their candid and spontaneous panegyrics. Benvenuto Cellini has gone so far as to

* ‘Æneid,’ V. 430.

designate these drawings "the school of the world"—*la scuola del mondo*,* an expression more pregnant with praise than the most studied eulogium. Baldinucci goes still further, maintaining† that after their production, the works even of Masaccio were scarcely worthy of remembrance. And, in addition to this may be cited the emphatic declaration of M. Quatremere de Quincy, who observes, that the cartoon of Buonarroti, and his "Holy Family" at once established his reputation as the first artist in designing,—"*Acquirent alors à (lui) la reputation du première de tous les dessinateurs.*"‡ This last commendation, it must be observed, is, moreover, an indirect panegyric upon the equestrian combat of Da Vinci, seeing that it was in no way outshone by its juxtaposition with such an astonishing original.

During his residence at Florence, according to a very general belief, Leonardo was visited by the immortal Raphael d'Urbino. Dating their interview at 1503, the latter must then have been in his twentieth year, a period particularly fitted for the reception of those opinions by which the whole of a man's after career is coloured. Whether, indeed, this personal intercourse between Raphael and Leonardo is actual or merely supposititious, it is altogether beyond dispute that Raphael owed much of his own development as a painter to the contemplation of the works of Leonardo. The fact has been recorded by Barry, where he observes, that "from his (Leonardo's) works, Giorgione and Fra Bartolomeo formed their beautiful style of colouring and relieve, and Raphael his taste for the expressive, and for diversity of character;"§ and it has, in addition to this, been admirably expressed in a single sentence by Sir Joshua Reynolds: "Raphael," says he, "began by imitating implicitly the manner of Pietro Perugino, under whom he studied,—he soon imitated the grand outline of Michael Angelo,—he learnt the manner of using colours from the works of Leonardo da Vinci and Fra Bartolomeo.||" It was not merely in the use of colours, however, that the Florentine tutored the divine and inspired mind of Urbino, as the remark of Barry has already partially indicated. In delicacy of expression, in purity of sentiment, in vividness of delineation, his mind became as a chalice, from which Raphael imbibed the nectar of inspiration. Nor could he have made a happier selection. As a competent authority has well remarked, among the creations of all his contemporaries, those of Leonardo were

* 'Vita di Benvenuto Cellini.' Lib. i. cap. ii. p. 46.

† 'Opera di Filippo Baldinucci.' Vol. vi. p. 230.

‡ 'Biographie Universelle.' Tom. xxviii. p. 579.

§ 'Barry's Lectures.' Bohn's edition, p. 127.

|| 'Reynolds' Lectures.' Dis. vi.

his fittest model: "*Il semble que si Raphaël avait eu à se donner un seul modèle parmi les ouvrages de ses contemporaines, il aurait choisi les œuvres de Leonardo.*"* Thus is it that one intellect in its adolescence acquires a precocious ripeness from accumulating the nourishment of example from its predecessors; thus is it that one artist produces more mellowed and perfected compositions, by inoculating himself with the more estimable peculiarities of another; thus is it that he frequently rises above his master in the splendour and multiplicity of his works, as the grafting of a shoot upon a young and naturally exuberant stock ensures a still more flavorful and prolific fruitage.

Circumstances succeeded each other about this time which gradually estranged Leonardo from the Florentines, and induced him ultimately to forsake his birth-place. The death of his father, in 1504, rendered even the Valdarno less attractive than it had been hitherto; besides which, the progressive rise of Buonarrotti in the estimation of the citizens filled his proud and sensitive nature with misgivings as to the possibility of being eclipsed. Something like jealousy—not jealousy itself, but something akin to it, for we have reasons, which shall be afterwards explained, for coinciding with the English biographer when he observes of Da Vinci, that "the rust of envy never corroded his noble heart;"† something, we say, like jealousy had been evinced towards his aspiring competitor, when, in their first interview, he addressed Michelangelo in these haughty words, "I was already famous before you were in existence!" Not that he was incapable of appreciating the excellencies of another; but that his great soul revolted at the notion of not being appreciated himself. The dread of this at last impelled him to seek an addition to his glory by entering the intellectual arena of Christendom.

About mid-day, on the 24th of September, 1514, Leonardo set out for Rome in company with Giuliano di Medici, intending to witness the installation of that nobleman's brother, the Cardinal Giovanni, in the pontifical chair, under the title of His Holiness Pope Leo X. During the journey, the versatile mind of the old man was assiduously occupied in striving to accomplish some odd contrivance for the entertainment of his fellow-traveller. Among other devices, he fabricated a nest of automaton birds, which fluttered round the carriage and re-entered at the window. As a sort of corollary to this ingenious trick, it may here be mentioned that Leonardo, in one of his literary compositions, maintains the practicability of mankind, at some future time, being enabled to navigate the air in conveyances, a notion embodied a few years

* 'Biographie Universelle,' tom. xl. p. 383.

† Brown's 'Life of Leonardo,' p. 74.

since in an eccentric speculation. Notwithstanding the doubt expressed by M. Duppa, in his biography of Buonarrotti, as to whether Da Vinci ever visited the Eternal City during the pontificate of Leo, we are satisfied, by a preponderance of evidence, that such was not only the case, but that he was honored by a private audience with that accomplished Pontiff. Our opinion is the result of a very simple series of deductions. Before any circumstance is adduced in reference to this particular journey, it must be remarked that Leonardo is acknowledged by every authority indiscriminately to have travelled to and fro, at some time or other, into almost every important city in the northern and midland portions of the Italian peninsula. Much uncertainty no doubt exists as to the exact period of these peregrinations, but the fact of them has hitherto remained indisputable. No one, for example, has evinced any incredulity whatever as to the truth of the assertion that, somewhere about 1494, Leonardo proceeded to Pavia, where he studied anatomy under the celebrated Marc Antonio della Torre; on the contrary, the anatomical drawings made by the Florentine in red chalk* are universally regarded as unanswerable proofs of his sojourn in the Genoese University. Again, it is considered by almost every writer as altogether undeniable, that, during Leonardo's second residence in Florence, he repeatedly made excursions, at one time to Urbino, at another to Pesaro, to Rinucei, to Cesena, and so on, at fitful intervals, traversing the whole of Romagna, and ultimately settling down in the capital of Tuscany. Upon these particulars, annotators, chronologists, and antiquaries, have been unanimous without one exception. But Rome!—*There*, indeed, has been the point of divergence. Directly the elevation of Cardinal Medici to the popedom has been mentioned in recording the adventures of Leonardo, Italian annalists have paused in bewilderment, English commentators have scratched their heads and hesitated, and French encyclopædiasts have shrugged their shoulders with the genuine shrug of scepticism. Now, looking at the matter with the calmness of the most profound indifference, and defending ourselves by that means from all those blunders of judgment which are the certain concomitants of predilection and partisanship, it is impossible not to perceive at once that the journey from Florence to Rome in the suite of Giuliano de Medici, is one of the most fully authenticated of all the incidents in the career of Leonardo. Whatever arguments can be adduced by M. Duppa, or by those who coincide with M. Duppa, in regarding the anecdote of the interview with Leo X. as apocryphal, are

* Some of these drawings are still preserved in the Royal Library in London, and were mentioned in terms of panegyric by the immortal anatomist, Hunter.

only arguments of a singularly partial and inferential character; whereas the proofs by which those doubts have been opposed are as singularly direct and positive. The truth of this can be recognised in a few sentences. All the authorities which M. Duppa can enumerate in favour of his supposition, are such writers as Borghini, Sereno, Baldassare, and Roscoe. Now the corroboration derived from those authorities reduces itself to a very insignificant compass, when we discover that Borghini simply *omits the story*, that Aurelio Sereno *omits it*, that Baldassare da Pescia *omits it*, and that Mr. Roscoe, following in the footsteps of his predecessors, *omits it*. Not that they demonstrate the impossibility of such a journey by proving an *alibi*, neither that they explain its improbability by any novel revelation of facts; but simply, they *omit* any record of the occurrence. On the opposite side the authorities are such men as Vasari, as Fabroni, as Marietti, as Du Fresnoy, and as Amoretti; and they all speak emphatically and unanimously to the point without the shadow of a prevarication. Nothing, indeed, could, by any possibility, be more explicit than the announcement contained in the pages of Vasari, that Leonardo journeyed to Rome with the Duke Giuliano di Medici to witness the installation of the Pontiff Leo. "*Andò a Roma*," says the chronicler, "*col Duca Giuliano de Medici nella creazione di Papa Leone*," &c.* Mariette† repeats the assertion in like manner; and so after Fabroni;‡ and so after Du Fresnoy;§ and so after Amoretti,|| until the latest biographer¶ becomes so fully impressed with a conviction of its authenticity, that he mentions the fact of the visit to the metropolis, without any allusion whatever to its being of a dubious character. That our intelligent countryman was justified in this opinion, we think is clearly demonstrated by the foregoing arguments—arguments which, until now, we believe have never been grouped together from the works of the different authorities.

* 'Le Vite de piu Eccellenti Pittori,' &c., 4to. Bologna: 1647. Vol. ii. p. 12

† 'Lettere Pittoriche,' No. 84.

‡ 'Life of Leo. X.,' p. 219.

§ See the biographic introduction prefixed to Du Fresnoy's poem, 'Della Pittura.'

|| 'Memorie Storiche,' &c. p. 105. Speaking of Giuliano, Amoretti here observes:—"Che ben sapea quanto Lionardo valesse non contento di far conoscere in patria in qual conto lo tenesse egli, seco il condusse a quella metropoli, mentre colà portavasi ad assistere alla incoronazione del Pontifice." Supposing, however, that Amoretti stood alone in this statement, we should not, most certainly, have adduced *his* remark as conclusive testimony; for in a preceding part (p. 93) he coolly takes for granted, without any sufficient authority, that Leonardo went into France for a little while in 1506, mentioning the circumstance as not improbable—*non è improbabile!*

¶ Brown's 'Life of Leonardo,' p. 135.

Leonardo, therefore, *did* accompany Giuliano to Rome, and obtained an audience from the sovereign Pontiff. It is strange to learn, nevertheless, that this introduction was productive of scarcely any advantage to the painter; for, excepting a single commission from the Pope's *dotario* or almoner, Baldassare da Pescia, and an unfulfilled commission from Leo himself, the artistic abilities of Da Vinci were not called into requisition during his sojourn in the capitol. Chagrin at this undeserved neglect ultimately compelled him to seek encouragement elsewhere. Some commentators have attributed the coolness of His Holiness to the malignant insinuations by which his mind had been prejudiced against our adventurer; and have even asserted that those insinuations proceeded from the immediate partisans of Buonarrotti. This is more than improbable, however, from the disfavour with which Michelangelo was himself invariably regarded by the same pontiff. We are disposed to view the indifference manifested towards these gifted beings by Pope Leo, as originating in one of those unaccountable antipathies by which the loftiest judgments are occasionally warped; and our conjecture is borne out by a singular and authentic anecdote.

It was the custom of Leonardo da Vinci, as it afterwards became that of Titian and Sir Peter Paul Rubens, to receive his more important visitors in his studio. There, surrounded by the half-finished creations of his fancy, he appeared to be invested with a majesty which enhanced the habitual nobleness of his aspect; and there, clad, according to his wont, in the costliest velvets, his fingers sparkling with jewels, his neck cinctured with a golden collar, his head covered with a cap of wadded satin, cut in a grotesque but becoming fashion, he pursued his avocations undisturbed by the presence of princes and ambassadors; for his ardour admitted of no abatement in his search after the Beautiful.

One morning, so we are told by contemporary writers, Da Vinci was seated in his Roman *atelier* at an earlier hour than ordinary. The incident has been depicted with such an earnest vividness by Vasari, and repeated with such an agreeable gusto by Amoretti, that every detail and accessory starts out upon our imagination like a reality. We can picture to ourselves even the pencil of sunlight which must have stolen in through the lattice at that early hour, and quivered upon the square of canvass upon which the artist was about to commence his painting for the Sovereign Pontiff. We can imagine the confusion of rare manuscripts, then more than ever precious, scattered negligently over the tables. We can see the embroidered saddles, the daggers from Damascus, the *herbariums* of Morocco, and those other appurtenances of the chase and the laboratory which Leonardo loved as the implements

of his volatility, and which were always either hanging in abundance against the wainscot, or peering from the tapestry of his apartments. On this occasion he was busy in the mixture of certain chemical ingredients for the composition of a new description of varnish; and we can conjecture how his attention must have been divided between his different occupations, his eyes glancing now towards the compound boiling over the chafing-dish, now towards the canvass lit up by the sunbeams, and now, again, to the attendants occupied in preparations for the day's labour—one cleansing the palette, another arranging the flasks and sponges, another polishing the stone for grinding colours. As the liquid bubbled over the flames, we can fancy to ourselves the artist stirring it monotonously round and round with the horn ladle, humming to himself, may be, some old crusading roundelay. Pleasant thoughts perchance gladdened his bosom in the sweet morning—pleasant memories, delusive anticipations of the future. And still, without doubt, the sunshine glittered on the canvass; still the liquid bubbled over the chafing-dish; the horn ladle still went round and round; the artist still hummed the old roundelay.

Leonardo is said to have started from his reverie on hearing the rustle of a garment in the doorway, and the pressure of a satin shoe upon the floor. On looking up, he hurriedly uncovered his head, and bent his knee with an air of homage—for he recognised His Holiness, Leo X. The Pontiff, continue the biographers, followed by his retinue, advanced composedly into the chamber, until arrested by the odour of the boiling varnish, when a sneer glimmered over his cheek. "Aha!" said he, sarcastically, speaking in tones sufficiently audible, "this man will never finish anything, since he thinks of the end before he has made a beginning—*Oimè, costui non è per far nulla dacchè comincia a pensare alla fine innanzi al principio dell' opera.*" The coarseness of a sarcasm so unusual to the refined Leo, must have struck a poignant sorrow to the heart of Leonardo. Turning his solemn and reproachful eyes from the countenance of his august visitor, his thoughts must on the instant have reverted to the glory of his past achievements; and the recollection of those peaccful deeds by which he had already ensured his immortality, floated, perhaps, as a solace before his imagination, though the harshness of the words of Leo must have jarred upon his memory during the remainder of their interview. Such acts of insolence, immeasurably more even than the atrocities of tiara'd demons, like Alexander VI., have provoked upon the heads of the Sovereign Pontiffs the opprobrium of many successive satirists; and they are the more profoundly to be regretted when we remember that it was this accidental irony of Leo X. which, more than any-

thing, embittered the declining days of Leonardo, and changed the last trickling sands of his life into grains of poison.

Of itself, it was to our Florentine a most distasteful occupation to be dallying in the ante-chambers of an ecclesiastical court. Gifted, as he was, with a winning deportment and persuasive tongue, he was altogether incapable of "coining his cheek to smiles" for the purchase of an unwilling patronage. In the maturity of his intellectual strength, and in the plenitude of his accomplishments, he found himself standing upon the hill of the Quirinal, isolated amongst all the competitors in art, science, and literature. At length, with his disposition partially soured by neglect, Leonardo hurriedly left Rome, in his anxiety to depart from its uncongenial atmosphere. Age was now creeping upon him perceptibly—stiffening his limbs, blanching his hair, and chilling his enthusiasm. The whole peninsula was before him; but no home. There is something inexpressibly forlorn in the recollection of how this great man wandered forth in search of a resting-place, at a period when he most required repose,—yearning for sympathy without a response, and for friendship almost without a companion. After paying a casual visit to Toscanella, he proceeded to his birth-place, and thence onwards to Parma and Milan. On reaching the latter city, the happy thought occurred to him, of presenting himself before the French sovereign, and obtaining shelter under his protection. Pavia was then the headquarters of Francis I.; and Da Vinci, returning thither with all eagerness, was fortunate enough to obtain an instant admittance to the monarch, by whom he was received with the utmost consideration. Nor was this cordiality a merely gracious illusion—fairy gold, glittering in the hand for a moment, and then melting away like snow. Leonardo was permanently established in the household of his new benefactor. He formed, indeed, one of the retinue upon the occasion of the interview, which shortly afterwards took place at Bologna, between Francis and the Sovereign Pontiff. In addition to these honorary privileges, he obtained no less than four thousand crowns for his famous picture, "*Lisa del Giocondo*," in the production of which he had been occupied merely four months, and not so many years, as some have erroneously asserted.

Towards the close of January, 1516, the venerable Italian reached Fontainebleau, and was immediately afterwards conveyed, by the direction of Francis, to a suitable residence in the Palace of Cloux, situated at about a mile's distance from the city of Amboise. Here the serene anticipations of his youth seemed to approach their realization. Everything that luxury could suggest, everything that affection required, everything that ambition

dreamed of attaining, united to console the sensitive temperament of the artist for the ingratitude, or rather, we should say, the indifference, of that country from which he had been driven forth almost as an alien. With splendid apartments in one of the government buildings, and an annual salary of seven hundred crowns, Leonardo had no longer any reason to feel anxiety in regard to his expenditure. The almost preternatural scope of his intellect, and the excessive beauty of his artistic creations, found for him an ardent and even extravagant admirer in the person of his royal protector. Francis, indeed, placed such price upon the productions of his pencil, as to have at one time meditated the transmission of the "Last Supper" from Milan to Paris; having been, in fact, only deterred from so doing by the perishable nature of the materials, and the brittleness of the plaister. After the final settlement of the Florentine within the dominions of France, the young sovereign continued, without any abatement, to evince the zeal of his partiality, and frequently made especial journeys to Amboise for the purpose of visiting his illustrious dependant.

Unhappily for Leonardo, this golden epoch of his existence was as brief as it was flattering and consolatory. The fatigues of the protracted journey from Bologna, and the influence of a more northern climate, acting upon a constitution already exhausted by exertion and solicitude, produced in the end a fatal prostration of energy. Such was the effect of this debility, that Da Vinci was only enabled to complete the portrait of "*La Belle Ferronnière*," the mistress of Francis I., and to commence the construction of a canal in the vicinity of Ramorantin, during his sojourn in Touraine. The pressure of years gradually manifested itself in his physical and mental decline, and obtained the mastery over his frame before the allotted period of man's existence had arrived. Who shall forget the incidents connected with the departure of Leonardo da Vinci into the land of mysteries? Who shall remain unmoved before the spectacle which that memory discloses? Who shall depreciate the glory of that solemn interview?

Evening was around the palace of Fontainebleau, whither Leonardo had been conveyed for the purpose of superintending its decoration—a beautiful evening on the 2nd of May, 1519—such an evening, we may conjecture from the language of Mariette, as those on which the throstle still warbles in the brambles, when the nightingale wakes into song among the chestnuts,—an evening like that apostrophised by a congenial and almost contemporaneous poet—

"Sweet day so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
Sweet dews shall weep thy fall to-night,—
For thou must die!"

Again the voices of the old biographers—the voices of Borghini and of Aurelio, of Baldassare and of Du Fresnoy, of Mariette and of Vasari—speak to us, together, in one language.

A light is burning already in the chamber of the king's painter—a feeble light that flickers like a mockery from the casement. There is a deep stillness in the upper rooms of the building. A bell tinkles, its sound approaches, a taper comes glimmering up the staircase, the attendants are kneeling—it is a priest, with his acolytes bearing the *viaticum*. As the procession winds out of sight, a young man descends the oaken stairs; he is weeping—it is Francisco Melzi, the favourite pupil of Leonardo. Twilight is increasing rapidly—the thrush has ceased—the nightingale is in full concert. Within the sleeping chamber of the artist there has been a different music—the music of eloquent and thrilling litanies. Laying his head upon his pillow, Da Vinci is falling into a lethargy, when his ears are startled by the sound of trumpets in the court-yard. His hands are toying convulsively with the coverlet—that ghastly contraction of the fingers which always carries sorrow to the watchers by the bed. There is a movement among the serving-men and physicians—a noiseless opening and shutting of the door—the tapestried screen is shaken—and the King of France approaches the sufferer. By a violent effort to rise into a sitting posture, the artist has hastened the crisis of his malady; his visage becomes prematurely damp with the sweat of dissolution. “*Bon dieu*, noble heart!” cries the monarch. The silver beard and hair of Leonardo are floating over the king's hunting vest—he is gasping on the bosom, in the arms, of Francis—he is dead! Without, the voice of the nightingale trills on under the shadow of the copse—its throat is gurgling with melody as the moonlight showers down among the foliage of the chestnuts.*

Thus expired Leonardo da Vinci, in the sixty-seventh year of his age,† in the maturity of his intellect and on the breast of the enlightened Francis. A death-scene more affecting, or altogether

* See the ‘*Lettere Pittoriche*’ of Mariette; the ‘*Vite de Pittori*,’ of Vasari; the introduction to the poem ‘*Della Pittura*’ of Du Fresnoy. See also the narratives of Borghini, Baldassare and Aurelio; the sketch by Paccioli; the *Memoirs* by Mr. Brown, pp. 170–175; the English ‘*Biographical Dictionary*’ of Chalmers, vol. xxx. p. 392; the biography written by M. Fabien Pillet in the ‘*Biographie Universelle*,’ tom. xlix. pp. 156–157, &c. &c., from each of which is culled one or other of the details in the foregoing description.

† By an almost universal consent among the writers on pictorial history, beginning with Vasari and ending with Mr. Wornum, 1519 is mentioned as the year of the death of Leonardo. Yet such is the carelessness of Fuseli as a chronologist, that at one time he says that the year was 1517 (*Works*, vol. ii. p. 81), and at another that it was 1519, (*ibid.* vol. iii. p. 189.)

more majestic is not recorded in the history of peaceful Genius. It is an incident fraught with many grand and moving thoughts, and Ménageot well understood the dramatic energy of the occurrence when, shortly before 1781, he produced his fine painting of the Death of Leonardo. Much doubt has, nevertheless, been expressed as to whether his decease took place precisely as hath been related, notwithstanding those decisive expressions of his earliest biographer, that the "divine spirit" of Da Vinci, conscious that a greater honour could not be attained on earth, expired in the arms of the monarch—"lo spirito suo, che divinissimo era, consoendo non potere havere maggior honore, spirò in braccio à quel Rè."* Still, we can scarcely feel amazed that suspicions were entertained of the reality of this coincidence, when we find the annotators at variance as to the very locality in which he perished. For example, the French editors of Vasari mention the Palace of Cloux as the scene of the occurrence, without adducing a single fact to substantiate their statement;† and, in a similar spirit we hear Carlo Amoretti remarking in a sceptical and almost derisive manner, that many writers describe Leonardo's death as transpiring at Fontainebleau—"leggesi su molti scrittori che Leonardo sia morto a Fontainblò."‡ Neither is it surprising that, having, as he imagines, detected one mis-statement in the original story, Amoretti should become altogether sceptical as to the remainder. Yet, to our thinking, the old narrative is too venerable and beautiful to be discarded upon such questionable arguments—upon the discovery of a hypothetical blunder, or upon the insufficient supposition that Francis was, in all likelihood, on the 2nd of May attending his queen, then in childbed at Saint Germain-en-Laye. As to the minor embellishments given by the more credulous historians, we feel comparatively indifferent. It matters little to us whether the courtiers regarded the proceedings of their master with sarcastic astonishment, or whether Francis reproved them for that unseemly expression of countenance, by saying, "I can, at pleasure, create nobles and most puissant seigneurs, but God alone can create a man like this!" We should be, indeed, loathe however, to witness the precipitate rejection of an account, investing with such grandeur the departure from life of a mortal so virtuous and gifted: "*Cette homme*," says M. Landon, "*aussi recommandable par ses vertus que par ses talents*."|| Besides which, as Fabian Pillet has delicately observed, we can readily admit the veracity of a tradition so

* 'Vasari,' Bologna ed. vol. ii. p. 16.

† 'Vasari,' Leclanche's ed. tom. iv. p. 30, note.

‡ 'Mem. Storiche di Leonardo' p. 119.

|| 'Vies et Œuvres des Peintres,' p. 5.

doubly meritorious—"On pouvait sans inconvénient admettre comme vraie une tradition faite pour honorer à-la-fois un roi de France et un grand artiste."* It is impossible to prove the correctness of the original narrative, it is equally impossible to prove its incorrectness. A doubt having been expressed, therefore, as to the authenticity of the tradition, we reverse the legal custom in its application, by giving the tradition the benefit of the doubt—especially as, in the naïve expression of M. Pillet, we can do so without inconvenience.

In accordance with a request contained in his last will and testament, dated Amboise, April 23, 1518, the body of Leonardo lay upon his deathbed undisturbed during the three days subsequent to his decease, and was then interred with much ceremony at St. Florentin d'Amboise. Through the generosity of King Francis, Da Vinci was permitted to dispose of his French property among his Italian relatives, leaving his library and artistic instruments to a Neapolitan gentleman, named Francisco Melzi, who, together with another disciple, called Andrea Salajno (better known in England as Solario), had long attended upon him with filial affection and enthusiasm.

Nothing now remained of this marvellous man, it is true, saving an emaciated corpse, but his spirit had already diffused an immortal memory over the earth, and his name was for ever afterwards to be chronicled among the illustrious.

Regarding an individual of such boundless capacities—one who, according to the phrase of Paccioli, was universally endowed, "*di tutti virtù doctato*"—some curiosity is naturally excited as to his personal characteristics and appearance. Leonardo da Vinci seems to have excelled others, almost as much in his corporeal as in his intellectual endowments. With features exquisitely chiselled, and a complexion tawny, like an apricot "the side that's next the sun," he combined a lofty stature, and a winning expression of countenance. Venerable as he was in his declining years, and solemnly as he is generally depicted to us, with an ample beard, and eyes of a peculiar pensiveness, it is indisputable that in his youth, and even in the commencement of his manhood, he was animated and beautiful. From the symmetry of his proportions, as well as from the discursiveness of his tastes, he was enabled to participate with zest in every species of pastime. His sinewy flexibility enabled him to become skilful in wrestling and archery; his lithesome figure was admirably adapted to render him a proficient in fencing and horsemanship; and his muscular energy was so remarkable that, at pleasure, he could twist a horse-shoe

* 'Biographie Universelle,' tom. xlix. p. 157.

as easily as though it were composed of lead. To these qualifications, Leonardo added a joyous temperament, and an insatiable passion for magnificence. Surpassing others in loftier objects of emulation, he appeared to be solicitous even to outshine his contemporaries in the splendour and costliness of his dress. Enhanced as all these external attractions were by the suavity of his manners, the sweetness of his wisdom, the eloquence of his tongue, the purity of his habits, and the unaffected elevation of his nature, it is, in truth, bewildering to think that he never so much as indicated an inclination for marriage. It cannot be attributed to any incapacity for appreciating the loveliness of woman, for his brush delineated both virgin and matron with a piquancy and spirituality which have never been exceeded. Nor can his unwedded condition be traced to any deficiency in his address, for he is described by Giorgio Vasari as having attracted all hearts towards him, by the fascinating charms of his conversation,—“*era tanto piacevole nella conversazione, che tirava à sè gli animi delle genti.*”^{*} It seems as though the thought of his nuptials had never crossed his imagination.

So universal was the genius of this great man, so numberless were his accomplishments, and so diversified his studies, that we hesitate as to the sequence in which they should be enumerated. No science was too profound, no art too elevated, no practice too trivial, no handicraft too mean, for the application and mastery of Leonardo. His genius was essentially, as Richardson has happily termed it, “capricious but vast.”[†] It was capricious and *mobile* as a cloud of Cossacks, hovering, glancing, scattering, vanishing, and returning upon the flanks of an embattled science: it was as vast, as compact, and as triumphant in its conquest of intellectual difficulties, as a phalanx of Pyrrhus. Unlike the mere buccaneers of knowledge, who vanquish the obstacles of a language, or the rudiments of an art, for the pleasure of adorning themselves with its dead and mutilated fragments, as a red man forms his necklace of sharks’ teeth, and decorates his belt with scalps, Leonardo penetrated the mysteries of every new study for the pure enjoyment of its beauties. Whatever he attempted, moreover, he mastered; insomuch so, that we may say of him what said of others would be merely hyperbolic compliment. If he had stood before the gates of Macedon, he would have tamed Bucephalus. If he had been seated upon the magic throne of Comus, he would have broken the wand of the demon. If he had seen the chariot of the King of Phrygia, he would have

^{*} ‘Belle Vite de Pittori,’ vol. iii. p. 9.

[†] ‘Discourses on Painting,’ vol. ii. p. 202.

unravelling the Gordian knot. Every fresh effort of his mind only revealed more plainly its vigour and variety. He could dance as deftly as Chancellor Hatton; he could improvise on the lyre like Timotheus; he could match Laertes as a swordsman; he could contrive machines as surprising as those of Archimedes; he could draw caricatures as humorously as Cruikshank. In geometry, in metaphysics, in philosophy, in botany, in hydraulics, in chemistry, in optics, in mechanics, in architecture, in all of these he was equally a proficient. That he was a practical mathematician of no mean order is manifested by his aqueduct of Mortesana, and other works of a similar character, which effected in a great measure the irrigation of Lombardy. He was sufficiently skilful as an anatomist to dissect the bodies of men and horses with considerable facility; besides which, he wrote an elaborate treatise on "Anatomy," as well as other treatises on the "Anatomy of the Horse," on "Hydraulics," on "Light and Shade," and on "Perspective."* In military engineering he acquired such eminence as to be employed in that profession by the execrable Cæsar Borgia, otherwise called the Duke Valentino, immediately upon the decease of Ludovico Sforza. That he fully comprehended the requirements of handicraft, is shown by his invention of the ingenious instrument termed the turning-box, an instrument which has since proved so serviceable in the productions of the lathe. Yet, notwithstanding the brilliant evidence which was thus afforded by Da Vinci that his talent as a mechanician was not altogether restricted to the puerilities of tricks or automata, there have been men who have derided his skill in this department of natural philosophy, and have turned into ridicule his efforts to combine science with amusement. In this manner, Fuseli has observed, in a tone of rather impertinent flippancy, that "the birds of paste, the lions filled with lilies, the lizards with dragon's wings, horned and silvered over, savour equally of the boy and of the quack;"† and Roscoe, in a congenial mood, has remarked, that "whilst Raphael and Michelangelo were ornamenting Italy with their immortal labours, Leonardo was blowing bubbles to fill a whole apartment, and decorating lizards with artificial wings."‡ As if Da Vinci had never accomplished anything beyond the construction of a pasteboard *Policinello*! As if his many admirable models of watches, of presses, and of

* Several of these treatises, never yet printed, are still lying among the manuscript treasures of the Ambrosian Library. What daring hand will rescue them from dust and destruction, and give them to the world either in the original or as a translation?

† 'Fuseli's Lectures.' Bohn's edition, p. 380, note.

‡ 'Life of Leo X.' vol. iv. p. 259.

windmills, were not of themselves some extenuation of his eccentric and occasional puzzles! As if those very puzzles were not the result of his moments of recreation—directed to the amusement of the people and the entertainment of his benefactors! Turning, however, from these rather prudish exceptions to the less important labours of Leonardo, we may mention the somewhat dubitable rumour that we are indebted to him for the original introduction of engraving upon wood and copper, as another testimony of the practical tendency of his investigations.

Extraordinary as were his capacities for the acquisition and the application of the liberal sciences, and vigilant as he proved himself to be in exploring the miscellaneous bye-paths of knowledge, there was, nevertheless, one field in which the intellect of Leonardo da Vinci asserted its supremacy, and soared almost beyond competition. Art was the goddess of his adoration. He worshipped her as a mistress; he revered her as Telemachus revered the disguised Pallas; he devoted to her the freshness of his boyhood, the aspirations of his youth, the ardour of his prime, and the unquenched enthusiasm of his decrepitude. At her shrine he sacrificed the discursiveness of his ambition. She was at once his exoteric solace, and his esoteric inspiration. She endowed him with the creative powers of a Deucalion. He flung stones behind him, and they grew up into statues; he scattered pigments on the canvass, and they resolved themselves into pictorial masterpieces. How far Leonardo succeeded in embodying his artistic dreams may be discerned from the compositions still preserved in the public structures of Florence, in the principal cities of Italy, in the palaces of France, and in the private galleries of England. As a sculptor, he demonstrated that he was very far removed from mediocrity by his inimitable figure of S. Tommaso in the Orsanmichele at Florence, and by the Marble Horse in the Church of Saints John and Paul at Venice; though he has, unfortunately, left nothing, in addition to these, beyond some *bassi relievi*, and a noble model of Christ at the age when he lived obscurely at Galilee obedient to the carpenter.

As a painter, however, Leonardo, has acquired his principal celebrity, and deservedly as a painter. Before his advent the art languished under an incubus of formalities: it was crude—*jeune*—cramped into a very deformity. Although his predecessors had broken through the ground and pronounced the incantation, they were unable to penetrate the mysteries of the hidden treasure. He it was who became their Aladdin; he it was who lifted the ring, who descended into the garden of art, who returned laden with the spoil of its precious fruitage, bearing in his hand the lamp which was to evoke the genius. The first among modern

painters to form any conception of the true sentiment of the Beautiful, Leonardo availed himself so well of that priority, that in the opinion of Winckelman, he has surpassed all others in the expression of ideal beauty. Nor did he aid in the development of the art solely in regard to its spirituality. His inventive mind was directed to the meanest point of its manipulation, and invariably with a beneficial consequence, as is testified, for example, in the little circumstance of his being the first to lay it down as an axiom that "verdigris is evanescent unless it be immediately varnished;" an axiom which has been recently commemorated in the intelligent pages of Mr. Eastlake.* That Da Vinci should become liable to certain subordinate blemishes as an artist is but natural, considering his amazing impetuosity and discursiveness. But it can never be forgotten, that while he evinced an occasional poverty in his design, while his execution was sometimes marred by his abruptness, while his flesh-tints were too frequently empurpled and over-polished—to him we are indebted for the science of *chiaroscuro*; to him we owe that delineation of dramatic energy of which he was considered by Giraldo Cinthio to be the master; to him, especially, we owe that sprightliness and vivacity of portraiture which has drawn from De Piles the observation, that his expressions are singularly lively and *spirituelle*.† The admiration of De Piles for his artistic powers was so enthusiastic, indeed, that he considered him as upon an equality with Titian, as superior in several respects to Correggio, and, in one or two particulars, as beyond even Buonarroti.

Eminent and notorious as are the benefits conferred upon art by the written precepts and the painted examples of Leonardo, their value has nevertheless been latterly questioned and depreciated. The malapert spirit of cultivated mediocrity has risen with ingratitude against its most venerable benefactor. Any allusion to this ingratitude would have been beneath the consideration of criticism, had not the late unfortunate and ambitious Haydon sanctioned it by his voice, when he remarked that Sir Joshua Reynolds "first brought the principles of art into something like consistency; and, though greatly indebted to Coypel, he first rescued it from the trash of De Piles, the common-place receipts of Leonardo, great man as he was, and all the old bewildered theorists."‡ Why, Leonardo was to Reynolds what Cadmus was to Augustus Mathiæ; he created the very alphabet of the art of which Reynolds was only the ingenious expounder; he created the very language of the art, and Reynolds, by a precise

* 'Materials for the History of Oil Painting,' p. 87.

† 'Balance des Peintres,' p. 165. ‡ 'Lectures.' First Series, p. 321.

and laborious classification of that language, rose no higher than to become its grammarian. As well might we rate the first type-founder now living as superior to Guttenberg; as well might we give precedence to a Glasgow engine-builder over the immortal Watt; as well might we regard a modern optician as worthy of more veneration than Newton or Galileo!

It is evident that the sarcasm of Haydon is directed against the celebrated treatise, '*Della Pittura*.' That composition is, in itself, a brilliant contrast to the sneer. But artists of unquestionable genius have afforded a counterpoise to the contemptuous allusion of Mr. Haydon, by the panegyrics which, both in conduct and expression, they have pronounced upon that renowned treatise. '*Della Pittura*' was the *vade mecum* of Nicholas Poussin. On first beholding a manuscript copy of the work, Annibali Carracci lamented that he had not perused it before, declaring it to be his conviction that it would have saved him twenty years of assiduous toil. Not to mention the eulogium passed upon the *trattato* by the competent judgment of the Count Algarotti, there is a sufficient guarantee that its chapters cannot consist of merely "common-place receipts," in the extreme caution which characterised the intellectual researches of Leonardo. In reference to this cautiousness, M. Saint-Germain distinctly asserts that our artist was more engaged in investigating the theory of his art, than in labouring upon his pictures:—"Il employait à la théorie de son art beaucoup plus de temps qu'il n'en mettait à l'exécution de ses tableaux;"* or, as the Abate Luigi Lanzi has otherwise expressed it, in his eloquent '*History of Painting in Italy*,' Da Vinci was more solicitous to improve the art than to multiply his pictures:—"Piu a migliorar le arti, che a moltiplicarne gli esempi;"† and hence his easel was less prolific than those of his distinguished contemporaries. Another analytical writer has elsewhere penned a sentence which would almost seem to have been a predestined climax to the foregoing quotation. Summing up the qualifications of Leonardo as a painter, Andre Felibien declares that, as a theoretic artist, he remembers no one who has evinced such wisdom—"Je ne sçay pas mesme si depuis luy il y en a eû d'aussi sçavans dans la théorie de cét art."‡ Though we would by no means imply that the judgment of Saint-Germain and Felibien are to be considered as infallible, we are satisfied that their opinions are, at the least, admissible against the platitudes of Mr. Haydon.

Beyond all his other avocations, it must be recorded that

* '*Guide des Amateurs de Peinture*,' p. 79.

† '*Luigi Lanzi*,' vol. i. p. 101.

‡ '*Entretiens sur les Vies des Peintres*,' tom iii. p. 177.

Leonardo was an earnest cultivator of literature in its various departments. By Crescimbeni, he is accounted as among the resuscitators of Italian poetry. One of his sonnets is still in existence, beginning

“Chi non può quel che vuol, quel che può voglia,” &c.,

but it is merely remarkable for the disagreeable chinking of the diction. Already we have enumerated some of his pretensions to distinction as a scientific writer; and it is almost superfluous to observe that those pretensions are, even to this day, recognised as valid. When the caricatures of Da Vinci are borne in recollection—those caricatures which we have previously alluded to, and of which the historian of art has declared that there are none superior*—it will not appear surprising that he likewise evinced a decided tendency to the humorous in some of his literary compositions. In testimony of this, we may mention his ludicrous description of the naked limbs portrayed by preceding painters. “They look,” said he, “for all the world more like a bag of nuts than the human superficies, or rather more like a bundle of radishes than naked muscles—*un sacco di noci piuttosto che superficie humane, ovvero un fascio di ravanelli piuttosto che muscoli nudi*.”† Equally characteristic is that facility possessed by him of infusing an indescribable gusto into a few syllables, as where he is complaining, in a letter to his steward Zanobi Boni, of the inferiority of the last vintage. “*Sapete*,” he writes, “*che dissì etiamdio che sarebbe a cuneimare la corda quando posa in el macignio con la maceria di calcina di fabriche o muralie dimoliti, et questa assiuga la radicha, e lo stello, e le folie, dall aria attranno le substantie conveniente alla perfezione del grapolo*.”‡ What exquisite particularity in the directions! What zestfulness in that expression, “preserving a germinant warmth in the roots, and the stem, and the leaves!” What an appreciation of nature in that other phrase, “extracting nutrition from the atmosphere!” And then, what lusciousness in the climax, “the accumulation of the substance most conducive to the perfecting of the grape!” From such passages one would almost feel disposed to doubt the abstemious habits of Leonardo, and to regard him as somewhat of a *bon-vivant*. All accounts, however, describe him as a man of moderate appetites, so that we must attribute his dainty diction rather to his taste as a scribe, than to his overweening love for potatoes. Whether it was for the gratification of an eccentric

* “Nous les avons encore ces charmantes caricatures, et ce sont les meilleures qui existent.”—*Histoire de la Peinture en Italie*, tom. i. p. 164.

† MS. in the Ambrosian Library, quoted by Mr. Brown, p. 58.

‡ Another MS. quoted by Mr. Brown in his *Appendix*, p. 241.

fancy, or for the better concealment of his thoughts from his attendants, Da Vinci never wrote otherwise than after the fashion of the Persian calligraphers, that is to say, inversely from right to left, so that his manuscripts are illegible until held before a mirror. A considerable number of these enigmatical papers came into the possession of Francisco Melzi as a portion of his bequest, and, after passing through divers hands, were scattered and forgotten. Through the industrious exertions of the Chevalier Pompeo Leoni, aided by Mazzenta, they were collected into a large folio volume, containing 1750 original designs, besides a large assortment of curious writings. This remarkable book, commonly known as the *Codice Atlantico*, ultimately became the property of Count Galeazzo Arconanti, to whom, according to Mr. Addison,* three thousand pistoles were offered for it by King James I. of England. The munificent tender of the sovereign having been refused, the book was, with equal munificence, presented by Count Arconanti to the Ambrosian Library, whence it was transmitted, in the year 1796, to the National Institute of France, on the first conquest of Lombardy by Napoleon. Most of the documents were then found to be authenticated by the favorite cipher of Leonardo—a D interlaced with a V and an L, all in capitals. In the essay produced during the following autumn, by Venturi, the precise nature of these manuscripts was explained, and the astonishing versatility, as well as the profound knowledge of their author, revealed and eulogised.

On reviewing the character and achievements of this wonderful man, it is scarcely possible to refrain from employing, in reference to him, expressions which, applied to others, would be mere bombast and exaggeration. Our own Hogarth is said to have invariably mentioned him as "the great Leonardo:"† and great he had undoubtedly rendered himself by the vivid delineations of his pencil, by the sweetness of his immaculate disposition, by the multiplicity of his endowments, and by the scope and ripeness of his eclectic wisdom. This it is which justifies Opie in terming him "one of the most extraordinary of men;"‡ and this it is also which imparts such piquancy to the scholastic pun of the Padre Luca Paccioli, who declared that Da Vinci in painting, in casting bronze-work, and in sculpturing marble, verified his name—"*Il Vince in scoltura, getto, e pittura, con ciascuna il nome verifica.*" All biographers of Italian genius have coincided, without one exception, in becoming the panegyrists of Leonardo. "He was a marvel," writes M. Duppa, "that overstepped the bounds

* 'Works of Joseph Addison,' vol. ii. p. 15.

† Even at the present day, the portrait of the illustrious artist is pointed out at Florence as *Il dio della Galleria*—Leonardo da Vinci being known popularly by that magnificent designation.

‡ 'Opie's Lectures.' Bohn's edition, p. 259.

of every department of knowledge which limited the researches of his predecessors.”* And remembering that, according to Mr. Ralph Wornum, “he anticipated both Fra Bartolomeo in tone and Michelangelo in grandeur of design;”† remembering that to the guiding influence of his prior compositions much of the glory of Buonarroti and Urbino is traceable;‡ remembering the deeds and the traditions by which he still emulates their vast and beautiful renown; we can the more readily assent to the opinion of his recent panegyrist, that “it must generally be allowed, if they were the greater artists he was the greater man, without derogating from the high character of either.”§ Were it objected that Leonardo evinced an unbecoming jealousy of those prophets of a later civilization, let the exquisite sentence of Felibien Pillet be repeated in extenuation, where he explains that apparent jealousy to have arisen from a susceptibility of self-love, by which he paid his tribute to humanity—“*Il payait son tribut à l'humanité par une susceptibilité d'amour-propre qui ressemblait quelquefois de la jalousie.*”|| Besides which, the virtues of meekness and indifference to applause are incompatible with the progress and elevation of Art. Emulation ceases with the birth of any fear to wound another by surpassing him, and Art ceases with Emulation. To no illustrious painter, however perfect his character may otherwise be, can we address the panegyric of the Younger Pliny upon Trajan:—“*Tuam vero magnanimitatem, an modestiam, an benignitatem prius mirer? Magnanimitas fuit, expetito semper honore abstinere: modestia, cedere: benignitas, per alios frui.*”¶ Magnanimity, modesty, and benignity, as there indicated, are beyond the attainment of an aspiring intellect. While, however, Leonardo betrayed a disrelish to peril the diminution of his own importance, he had, to employ the words of Paolo Lomazzo, such a perfect appreciation of truth and charity—“*della gloria profonda della verità, e della carità, regina di tutte le virtù*”**—that he readily acknowledged the capacities of his competitors; and acknowledged them, moreover, with a cordiality similar to that with which he himself is lauded by Rubens, where Sir Peter Paul avows that no commendation of him can be excessive, and that all imitation of him would be hopeless.††

* ‘Life of Michelangelo,’ p. 52. † ‘History of Painting,’ p. 226.

‡ ‘Raphaël et Michel-Ange lui doivent une partie de leur gloire; ils ont commencé à former sur ses ouvrages.’—*Recueil de Testes de Caractère et de Charges*, p. 9.

§ Brown’s ‘Life of Leonardo,’ p. 147.

|| ‘Biographie Universelle,’ tom. xlix. p. 157.

¶ Pliny: ‘Panegyricus, Nerva Trajano,’ n. lviii.

** ‘Idea del Tempio della Pittura,’ cap. xii. p. 41.

†† ‘Par un effet de ses profondes spéculations, il est arrivé à un tel degré de perfection, qu’il ne paraît comme impossible d’en parler assez dignement, et encore plus de l’imiter.’—*De Piles: ‘Abrégé de la Vie,’* &c. p. 167.

Viewing him as a philosophic student, as a votary of pleasure, as an athletic civilian, as an aspiring artist, or as a man of catholic tastes and boundless capacities, we must ever regard him as a splendid phenomenon. And a phenomenon he unquestionably was, if for nothing else, for the dazzling but harmonious contradictions of his character. Perhaps no other man, either before or since, ever combined so intimately, and yet with such an exquisite preservation of individuality, the incongruous attributes of the natural and the artificial. Such was his appreciation of the purely natural, that he could paint a blossom spangled with the dew of morning (as he has done in one of his Madonnas), so that you would mistake for a reality both bloom and moisture. Yet he disdained not to participate in the frivolities of fashion and the coteries; he could dally over a brodered glove, and discern beauties in the texture of a jewelled tissue. Osric might have found sympathy in him for all the punctilios of etiquette, and yet he might have lamented for the flowers of Proserpine with an earnest tenderness like that of Perdita. His whole soul was a living antithesis of predilections—verging in one direction towards the city and the palace, and in another towards the woods and the wilderness—singing pæans to the society of the gay and the *débonnaire* with Catullus, and exclaiming, in his rapt admiration of Nature, as the American philosopher has since exclaimed, with a voice awe-stricken and yet exultant—"Every day, the sun; and, after sunset, night and the stars: ever the wind blows; ever the grass grows!" Such was Leonardo when he wandered by the ripples of Fucecchio, or frittered away his leisure in the saloons of Florence. A child, with all the poetry of childhood, when he was in the meadows of Bergamo; he was a gentleman, if not a *petit-maitre*, and a worldling, when mingled amidst the throng of courtiers in the palace of Tuscany. It is this contrariety of sentiment and bearing which imparts so much of zest and fascination to his memory, investing it with the double graces culled from nature and civilization; it is this which constitutes the originality of his idiosyncrasy, colouring it with a variable splendour of antitheses, like the sheen which fluctuates on the plumage of those oriental birds described by the ornithologist as "*damson-hued and silver, according to the variations of light.*" And precisely as the light of circumstances shone upon Leonardo's temperament, were the contrasting shades of that temperament revealed. At a pageant, he was a musician or a necromancer; at a conclave, an orator or a philosopher: whenever any one faculty was calculated to be most effective, that faculty was, at once, by a sort of admirable fatality, developed by the Florentine. Nor did these sudden transformations arise

from any inherent inconsistency in his principles; they originated, on the contrary, in the marvellous flexibility and elasticity of his genius—a genius which adapted itself to every emergency, which obeyed every demand, and which only succumbed at last under the pressure of physical prostration. That this genius was remarkable for its almost miraculous versatility, is attested not only by treatise, and picture, and statue, and aqueduct, and axioms, and implements, and automata, and sonnets, and criticisms; it is proved beyond denial, not only by sketches by Edelynck, and engravings by Morghen—not only by the *Lisa del Giocondo*, or the *Belle Ferronnière*—not only by the saint of Orsanmichele and the arches of Mortesana; it is displayed in every detail of the vicissitudes of that illustrious artist whose fame retained one luminous and equable lustre, under the golden sway of Lorenzo the Magnificent, under the liberal pomp and patronage of Ludovico il Moro, under the infamous Borgia, and the gorgeous Leo, and the munificent Francis. Whoever could contrive to enhance his reputation, in defiance of such diversities of fortune, must, in all truth, have been sustained by a rare and inexhaustible versatility. That versatility is the secret of the glory of Leonardo da Vinci. It enabled him, by a consummate effort of volition, so to distribute and apportion his ardour throughout life, that he scarcely left a single field for intellectual cultivation unexplored, and in none of them were his labours either superficial or unproductive. He was not only the *salt of art*: he was also, in a great measure, so to speak, the leaven of modern knowledge.

ART. II. — *The Expedition for the Survey of the Rivers Euphrates and Tigris, carried on by order of the British Government, in the Years 1835, 1836, 1837.* By Lieut. Col. Chesney, R.A., F.R.S., &c., Commander of the Expedition. Four vols. Vols. 1 and 2. London: Longman and Co. 1850.

IT will be remembered that, in the year 1835, an expedition, under the command of Col. Chesney, left England for the purpose of surveying the river Euphrates, in compliance with the terms of a parliamentary vote, consequent upon the report of a Committee of Inquiry instituted the previous year, upon the relative advantages of the routes to India by way of the Red Sea and the Euphrates. The expedition, consisting of two flat iron steamers, built expressly for the purpose, quitted England on the 10th of February, 1835; and, on the 16th of March in the fol-

lowing year commenced the survey of the Euphrates at Bír, a town on that river, 133 miles from the Mediterranean, and 117 from the Persian Gulf. All the objects for which the expedition was undertaken were successfully accomplished; the practicability of the navigation, both of the Euphrates and the Tigris, was satisfactorily demonstrated: and the work before us, which is at present incomplete, has been undertaken with a view to exhibit those detailed particulars of the result, which the public have been long expecting.

It would, perhaps, have been an arrangement more generally satisfactory, had the narrative portion of Col. Chesney's elaborate work taken precedence of the geographical and historical divisions, to which the two volumes now published are devoted; but the present instalment of a book of great value, and one which reflects the highest credit upon the author, will be received with pleasure by every student of history and the physical sciences; and we doubt not that the appearance of the subsequent volumes will be looked for with more than ordinary interest.

The work contains a vast mass of information upon the sources, tributaries, and courses of the principal rivers of the country lying between the Nile and the Indus, together with interesting historical notices of the various nations by whom the wide tract watered by those streams have been peopled from a remote period of antiquity. In the execution of this portion of his book, the author has shown the possession of an amount of scientific and historical knowledge, of really artistic tact, and of powers of description of a very high order. The physical features of the country explored, its natural productions, the manners and customs of the inhabitants, and their religious peculiarities, are described in a pleasing and graphic style.

The first volume is devoted to a geographical account of the four great rivers of Western Asia,—the Kizil-Irmák or Halys, the Aras or Araxes, the Tigris, and the Euphrates, and of the countries through which they flow. These rivers have their origin in an elevated plateau, or table-land, extending from the base of Mount Ararat into Northern Armenia, Kurdistán, and part of Asia Minor; the Black Sea, the Caspian, and the Arabian Gulf forming their estuaries: and these, with their numerous tributaries and ramifications, afford an easy communication between Armenia, as the centre of a great continent, and the several nations of Europe and Asia. An extensive mercantile intercourse being also maintained with the same regions by means of caravans, which, in some degree, serve to connect the present with the past, seeing that the same country has been traversed by similar caravans, as Colonel Chesney observes, "since the time of Abraham at least."

In the first, second and third chapters the author gives a general comprehensive description of the four rivers above mentioned, and the succeeding chapter of this volume he devotes to the countries in their neighbourhood,—Írán to the eastward, and Arabia to the westward of their courses. A remarkable similarity prevails in the geographical features of the whole territory, stretching from the Euphrates eastward to the valley of the Indus, and westward to that of the Nile; and the whole of the countries comprehended in this tract, having been at one period subjected to the sway of one mighty monarch, are thus connected historically as well as geographically. The empire of Darius Hystaspes “extended from Libya on the west, to India on the east, or from 30° to 70° E. longitude; and from Scythia on the north, to the Indian sea on the south, or from 45° to 25° N. latitude. It thus formed an immense parallelogram, containing nearly 800 square degrees, with its extremities bordering upon four remarkable seas; the Black and Caspian being on the north, the Mediterranean on the west, and the Indian Ocean on the south.” The most striking objects of this territory are the mountains, several great branches of which “quit the elevated plateau about the springs of the Euphrates, Tigris, &c., and take different directions; but chiefly eastward, southward, and westward, from the summit of Ararat. Two of these, the Zagros and Elburz, gradually diverge, in distinct lines, as far as the eastern limits of ancient Persia; whilst the no less striking arms of the Taurus proceed to the opposite extremities, and preserve the same bold features, as they spread their numerous ramifications over Asia Minor, Syria, northern Mesopotamia, and Arabia.”

According to Xenophon, the younger Cyrus observed, that in his father’s dominions “people perish with cold at the one extremity, whilst they are suffocated with heat at the other;” and this is almost literally true of the same territory at the present day. For, as Colonel Chesney remarks,

“In a wide expanse of territory, stretching, with various elevations, at least 25° from north to south, such extremes may be looked for as will bear out the remarkable description of the younger Cyrus. Thus, the northern and central portions of the *plateaux* of Írán and Arabia, as well as a great part of Asia Minor, enjoy a temperate climate; whilst an intense cold prevails in the northern parts of Afghánistán, in nearly the whole of Kurdistán, and on the elevated mountain ranges and high valleys on both sides of Ararat. Yet, notwithstanding this difference of climate, throughout the whole a great similarity prevails in the vegetable and animal worlds; and in these respects the valley of the Nile, the plains of Mesopotamia, and those of Arabia southward of Mecca, together with the central and southern parts of Írán, have much in common.”—p. 64.

All the works of nature in this extensive stretch of country are on a gigantic scale, and more especially the mountain ranges and elevated *plateaux* interspersed among them, which are all minutely described, together with the various natural productions—animal, vegetable, and mineral. A general sterility seems to be the prevailing characteristic of Irán; and everything indicates a considerable diminution in the population, with a corresponding increase in the proportion of desert and uncultivated land, as will be manifest from the following extract.

“Of the higher table lands, filling up the space inside of the great chains,” says Colonel Chesney, “only a small portion is at present cultivated: and, from the number of ruined cities, villages, and Kanáts, it is manifest that desert tracts have increased very much during the last two centuries. The gradual diminution of fixed inhabitants, who might irrigate and cultivate the ground, accounts for this change in the appearance of the country; about two-thirds of which are, from the absence of water, reduced to a desert. The nature of the surface, however, varies considerably, the soil being, in many places, suited to the wants of a pastoral people; whilst, in others, it consists of a deep and moving sand, which seems doomed to hopeless sterility, and such is the worst part of the Bálúchistán desert. In other places, the ground consists of pebbles and flints, with a dark, burnt appearance, destitute of grass, or only showing a few stunted tamarisks and other shrubs, together with a sprinkling of leafless, purple-coloured lilies, which have forced their way through what otherwise would be an impenetrable crust.

“Most generally, the country presents to the eye of the traveller only a monotonous, dry, cracked soil, encrusted with nitrous particles in the warm season; and covered with brackish marshes, in the low parts, during the winter. This, though unfit for the permanent abode of man, is not altogether destitute of vegetation, but bears the soap-plant, camel-thorn, tamarisk, bebul, and other stunted shrubs, of which there are sufficient for the support of the camels.”—p. 77.

Elsewhere Colonel Chesney speaks of Irán and its natural productions, mountains, plains, fields, rocks, animals and reptiles, as presenting a dreary, monotonous, reddish brown colour; and even in the most favoured districts, “the fields which have yielded an abundant crop are so parched and burnt before Midsummer, that if it were not for the heaps of corn in the villages near them, a passing stranger might conclude that a harvest was unknown in that *apparently* barren region.”

Among the domestic animals of this region, the horse and camel necessarily hold a high place; the horse the highest: and of this there are four distinct breeds in Irán:—

“First, the original Turkomán breed, a large, powerful, enduring

animal ; second, the yauboo, or common carrying hack, which is stouter and rather larger than our galloway. Then the smaller Arabian breed (first introduced by Nadir Sháh) ; and lastly, a fourth, between this animal and the Turkomán horse, the *bid pái* (wind-footed), which, being the most prized by the Persians, is almost always among the horses of a great man's retinue. It is not the custom of the country to crop or mutilate this noble creature ; but the tails, manes, bellies, and legs, particularly of their white and dapple horses, are frequently dyed ; and the favourite colours are orange, red, and yellow. With the exception of that derived from the Arabian breed, the ass is, in these countries, an inferior animal ; but there is an unusual proportion of mules, which, though small, are very much used for caravans. This surprising animal seldom goes so few as thirty miles in a day, though carrying a load of almost three cwt., and passing over such Kuttáls, or passes, as would appal even a Spanish muleteer."—p. 81.

In his account of Kurdistán, in the sixth chapter, the author speaks highly of the hospitality of the natives, especially of those inhabiting the mountains ; and says "they will readily share their house and its rough fare, such as bread made of acorns, &c., with those who chance to become their guests for the night." Their villages are small but numerous, and generally placed on the sides of hills ; the houses are roofed with ponderous logs of wood, covered with several feet of earth, and contain three or four dark rooms on the ground, communicating with each other, and tenanted separately by the family, their cattle, sheep, and goats ; this mode of construction having remained unchanged since the famous retreat of the Ten Thousand through this very country.

"The Kurdish houses, being formed in the sides of the mountains, possess a degree of comfort, as to temperature, which could not be obtained in ordinary buildings. After sunset, a bright lamp and a large wood fire supply that light which is sparingly admitted during the day through one or two small windows, usually closed with oiled paper instead of glass. The Kurdish women do not cover their bodies so much with apparel, nor do they keep so much by themselves, as in other parts of the East. Cooking and other domestic duties devolve upon them, as usual ; but at intervals they join the guests and the rest of the family circle, round the blazing hearth."—p. 127.

The eleventh chapter is devoted to a description of the present mode of government and social state of Persia. The inhabitants are divided into two great classes—those who labour and those who subsist by other means. To the inferior class belong shepherds, cultivators of the soil, mechanics, artisans, and shopkeepers ; to the superior belong the mirzas, magistrates, lawyers, merchants, physicians, ecclesiastics, and courtiers. In the days of Cyrus, and even to a much later period, wisdom, justice, and sobriety formed the leading objects of the education of the Persian princes

to the age of fourteen; now, all the external forms of decorum and religious ceremonies are taught, together with courses of grammar, logic, sacred law, and philosophy, succeeded by riding, field sports, and martial exercises, which complete their educational career. The following extract will show that the Persian character has not improved since the time of Herodotus.

“To the Persian have been attributed many of the worst qualities of human nature; and his thoughtless extravagance is of itself a root from which many evil branches cannot fail to spring. He is notorious for a total disregard of truth, and for the fraud with which his ordinary dealings are conducted. He is devoid of shame in private life, and as insensible to disgrace in public; and, provided he can escape punishment, the most dishonest artifices are viewed as legitimate means of accomplishing his ends. He is guilty of the most shameful debauchery, and superstitious as well as hypocritical in religious matters. He is also faithless in friendship, subject to strong prejudices, and of a revengeful disposition. His minor faults are garrulity and a love of vain display, to which last even personal comforts and cleanliness are too often sacrificed; he is remarked for a dogmatical and egotistical bearing, and a haughty demeanour towards inferiors, with, as usual in such dispositions, the utmost servility towards those above him.

“This dark picture is not, however, without brighter spots. Owing to his politeness towards strangers, and an apparently hospitable disposition, the first meeting with a Persian usually makes a favorable impression; though the offer of his house means no more than the Spanish compliment in like cases. He is, moreover, quick-sighted, sociable, witty, and affable; buoyant in spirits, well acquainted with the forms of politeness, and, to a certain extent, inquisitive in matters of science and art; and, it may be added, of a tolerant disposition in religious matters, unless when his prejudices against the Sunnies happen to be awakened. Though not now confined to water and the simple diet of the time of Cyrus, the Persian is moderate in his food, and not only capable of changing the sloth of his harem for most active exertions, but likewise of continuing them under the greatest privations. The courage of the Persian is not of the higher order, but it is far from being defective when brought to the test. The profession of arms, as in ancient times, still occupies the first place in the estimation of a Persian; and, if any particular trait might be selected to designate a character which cannot be trusted, and yet ought not to be despised, it is his application to the exercises of the field, and plundering forays against neighbouring tribes.

“The Persian, like the modern Kurd and Turkomán, is almost always mounted; and, having been trained from his infancy, he is one of the most expert horsemen in the world. He is, in fact, quite unrivalled in his skilful management of the animal when ascending the steep sides of rocky mountains, which by most persons would be considered altogether inaccessible for a horseman. The Bakhtiyári

and other tribes, maintaining a kind of half independence in the mountains, are also very expert riders; but every Persian, man and boy, is a finished horseman, and particularly skilful in loading and firing from the back of the animal. Like his Parthian ancestors, he can turn round when pursued, and fire his long gun directly to the rear. He then gallops off at full speed, hanging down from his saddle on the off side in such a way that the greater part of his body is covered by the horse. It is not an uncommon thing to see a Persian, whilst going at a brisk pace, stoop down, take a sheep, or even a much smaller object from the ground, and carry it off with unrelaxed speed."—p. 246.

The author gives an instance of the facility with which this feat is accomplished, by stating that on one occasion, a fowling-piece, belonging to the party of Lieut. Lynch, of the Tigris, was thus taken up from the ground, but was saved by the timely use of the rifle.

A large proportion of the whole military force of Persia is supplied by a wandering tribe named I'lyáts, who, with their flocks, live apart in the very heart of the community, of which they form the principal constituent. They do not claim descent from the old Persian stock, but believe themselves to be descended from strangers, who had formerly been attracted to the country by desire of conquest.

In the twelfth chapter of the first volume, the author favors us with a disquisition "On the supposed seat of Paradise," which, with other writers, he would place in the country about the sources of the Euphrates and the Tigris. In the great plateau around Ararat, four noble rivers take their rise, one of them at the present time bearing the name by which one of the four rivers of Paradise is distinguished in Scripture. The Tigris, again, in different parts of its course, is variously called Hiddekel (another Scripture name), Dekel, Dijel or Diglath, and Tigris. The Halys is presumed to be identical with the Pison of Scripture, since it encompasses a large portion of Asia Minor, including Colchis, the supposed Havilah; and the Aras, or Araxes, has been referred to the Gihon by Roland, Calmet, and many other biblical authorities. Into this vexed question, however, we must not enter. Col. Chesney is not a biblical critic; and his orthodox interpretation of different portions of the Old Testament narrative is sometimes at variance with that of the philosophical historian.

The portion of the work devoted to the geography and social condition of Asia Minor, commences with an elaborate description of the rivers and mountain ranges of that interesting scene of so many important historical events. From the account of the

northern branch of the Taurus, we extract the following sketch of the present appearance of Mount Olympus, so celebrated in classic lore :—

“ The Bithynian Olympus, like that of Paphlagonia, is chiefly of limestone, and covered with timber ; its successive groups carry the line westward, along the borders of Bithynia to the banks of the Sakáryáh or Sangarius, and from thence, under the name of the Kudje Tágh or Demír-ji range, into Mysia. This great arm is, as will be presently seen, connected on one side by the Murád Tagh, with the Southern Taurus, whilst on the other it sends out the celebrated branch of Ida, other offsets, towards the shores of the Propontis ; the highest and most remarkable being that which takes a north-west direction, along the southern side of the Bithynian capital. Splendid oriental planes shade the houses and walks at the foot of Mount Olympus, and the sides of the latter present groves of large chestnut and walnut trees, which, in ascending the mountain, are succeeded by the oak, fir, spruce, and near its bare crest, the juniper ; this crest, at an elevation of nearly 5,000 feet, overlooks the city of Brusa and the rich mulberry plantations of the surrounding plain. The northern side of the plain is shut in by spurs and offset branches from the main chain, whose sides, clothed with myrtle, broom, heath, the Valonia oak, and a profusion of arbutus, are reflected from numerous fresh lakes, and the picturesque inlets of the Sea of Marmora.”—p. 258.

Considerable attention is bestowed by the author upon the Páshálik of Gaza and Damaseus, a district abounding in towns and sites which, for historical interest, are not perhaps to be surpassed in any other part of the world. The principal mountain ranges are those of Carmel and Gilboa to the north ; the first making from the sea “ a southern sweep, which is prolonged by the second into the valley of the Jordan, near Sukkot (Succoth) ; and it sends out towards the same valley the groups of Samaria and Nábulus, which, as well as those of Judea, are prolonged southward.” A succession of rocky rounded hills, separated by gorges and valleys, characterises the territory of Judea almost from the shores of the Mediterranean to the desolate mountains bordering the Dead Sea, and part of the Jordan. Mount Zion, which is the southernmost and smallest of the four belonging to the ancient city, is described as completing the “ remarkable *coup-d’œil* which is formed by the houses, convents, churches, gaudy domes, and graceful minarets, of Jerusalem, these being thrown out with a clearness which belongs to nature only in that region.”

Upon the plain of Hamath, about midway between Tyre and Babylon, “ are the remains of a city no less remarkable for its commercial importance than its antiquity, having been founded by Solomon, whose name will ever be associated with that of

Tadmor in the Wilderness. The ruins of this city, now Palmyra, are thus described :—

“Palmyra does not consist of a mere heap of mounds, like the ruins of Akkad, Babylon, Chalne, Nineveh, Sus, and Troy, with some of which it was no doubt contemporary; for having been reconstructed with durable materials, the principal buildings yet remain to attest its ancient grandeur. The City of Palms has not, however, the striking boldness of Ba'albek, nor the unique character of Persepolis; nor is its general aspect equal to the *coup-d'œil* of Jerash from the great temple; yet, from its situation, touching a wide-spreading wilderness on the one side, and a mountain range rising like a huge wall abruptly from the plain on the other, it produces, in some respects, an effect beyond that of the cities just mentioned. It displays ruined colonnades, temples, and arches, extending about a mile and a half westward of the Temple of the Sun, with a wilderness of columns in every state, from the most finished specimens of art to that of complete destruction. A closer examination is not, however, free from disappointment, in consequence of the mixed nature of the architecture, and the columns being of different ages and various sizes.”—p. 523.

The castle, the colonnade, the necropolis, sepulchral towers and aqueduct of Palmyra, are all described in detail. Among these remains of antiquity, the sepulchral towers of the necropolis are surely not the least remarkable, and form the western extremity of Tadmor.

“These singular tenements of the dead occupy the gorge, and, indeed, part of the slope of the hill below the Saracenic castle; some are tolerably perfect, but the greater part are quite in ruins. The towers are square, with two, three, and sometimes even four stories. In the centre of each was a space about thirty feet long by ten feet wide, with some busts in *basso-relievo* at the farther end of the chamber; and sometimes on the ceiling are half-length heathen deities painted on a blue ground. From the floor to the ceiling, on both sides, are a number of recesses divided by shelves into compartments more than six feet long by two feet wide, but rather less in depth, so as to give the requisite space in each for a mummy; and when tenanted, the aperture was closed by means of a stone or marble door.

“These towers generally have flat roofs, but, in some few instances, they terminate with a stone pyramid. The buildings are of red sandstone; apertures like windows light each story, and on the top there is a bold cornice; the rest of the exterior, however, is quite plain.”—p. 525.

But a place of even higher interest than Palmyra is Damascus, one of the most ancient cities in the world, having been in existence in the days of Abraham, and perhaps the only one that has continued to flourish from its foundation. Damascus, judging from the description of its beauties given by Colonel Chesney and other travellers, seems to retain at the present day all that

striking aspect of loveliness which caused Mahomet to pause at its gates, it being, as he said, too delicious to be entered. We quote our author's description.

"This city, to which are applied the epithets 'Eden of the Muslim,' 'One of the Gates of the Kaaba,' and the 'Eye of the East,' occupies the centre of a tract of productive fields and luxuriant garden ground. Like a pearl in the desert, it is situated near the eastern slopes of the Anti-Lebanon, and its territory forms the principal part of the territory of El Gutha, a district containing about eighty villages, which probably represents the ancient and limited kingdom of Aram or Syria of Damascus. With the exception of the suburb of Salahiyáh, a mile and a half to the north-west, the City of Praise and the City of Joy, as it has been designated, occupies level ground; and the view from the suburb, as well as that from the opening of the hills beyond, is strikingly beautiful. The mass of the town forms a triangle, one side of which extends nearly three miles N.W. by W. from Salahiyáh; and another almost an equal distance N.E. by N. It is surrounded by the remains of its ancient walls, and within is a castellated citadel, besides the usual proportion of kháns, baths, seráis, sparkling cupolas, and tapering minarets; it is embosomed in flower and fruit gardens, dotted here and there with numerous kiosks shaded with trees; the whole forming a wooded belt at least thirty miles in circumference, which terminates on one side in an almost boundless wilderness. The interior of the city is not unlike, but on the whole it is rather superior to its younger sister, Grand Cairo, and its character is more peculiarly oriental; perhaps more strikingly so throughout than even Baghdád or Ispahán."—p. 527.

In his account of Arabia, the author controverts the opinion generally entertained of the universal sterility of the interior of that country. With the exception of the mountains of Yemen, those of Nedjd, and the ridges and shallow passes which intersect the country, the surface seems to be generally level, while the soil produces a sufficiency of pasturage for the numerous flocks of the Bedawíns. We quote the description of the interior of Arabia.

"The impression so generally prevails that the interior of Arabia is covered with deep moving sands, like those in the deserts of Libya and Zahara, that it is with some hesitation an account very different in this respect is now about to be presented to the reader. It is true that, as in the case of the extensive territory of Irán, the cultivated land is by far the smaller proportion, and the remainder presents, in different places, the four descriptions of desert already noticed; but happily the worst and most forbidding portion forms the exception. The deep sand which characterizes this kind of desert is found at certain places in 'Omán and Tehámeh, and again in the level tract near the upper part of the shores of the Red Sea, also in some spots about

the lower Euphrates, likewise in El 'Asha and probably at intervals in the deserts of Ahkaf and Roba-el-Khali. In these tracts nature denies all verdure and every kind of tree or shrub, with the exception of the date-tree, whose roots, in some spots, find moisture.

"Another kind, which presents a hard baked surface of flints and pebbles caked together and seemingly quite impenetrable, also forms part of the surface of Arabia. This is scantily supplied with verdure, but it displays a few hardy shrubs, and now and then some deep purple-coloured lilies, which are almost leafless.

"A third description, the salt desert, is more common. Saline tracts with a brittle cracked surface are met with eastward of Palmyra, and in other parts of Arabia Deserta; also in El 'Asha and Nejd, and doubtless in Roba-el-Khali. In these parts of the territory are found the soap-plants, sheinan and el kali, with occasionally the rhetem, or camel-thorn, and even the leafless purple iris. Somewhere towards the eastern side of the Roba-el-Khali, an extensive plain covered with a quicksand of great depth, has recently been met with by Baron Von Wrede, who was unable to find a bottom with a line of sixty feet.

"These unpromising tracts have probably given rise to the belief that Arabia is merely a vast arid desert, either interspersed with spots of fertile ground or almost entirely a desert; whereas the greatest part is of the fourth kind, called Barr by the Arabs, which, in fact, is merely an uncultivated land, diversified with hill and dale, like the Dorsetshire downs. It bears the liquorice plant and some aromatic shrubs; and thousands of sheep feed upon a thin short grass, which grows in almost every part of the country at present known to us. Moreover, we learn from sacred as well as profane history, that the Ethiopians, the Assyrians, the Hebrews, and the Egyptians crossed the wilderness of Arabia at various times with immense armies, and consequently the country could not have been then a barren desert: the practicability of such movements was evident to me in my two journeys from and to Damascus. During the first, which was towards the end of the autumn of 1830, the coolness, even in the day time, rendered a cloudless sky desirable, whilst we suffered severely from frost at night. In the second journey, which was in the summer of 1837, the heat was very oppressive during the greater part of the day, but the nights were most agreeable. We were gratified also from sunset to day-break, and more especially in the evenings and mornings, by the sweetly cheering notes of the nightingale, issuing from the liquorice bushes, which generally covered the plain; but as we approached the lower temperature, at the foot of the Syrian mountains, we no longer heard this unexpected tenant of the wilderness. Malte-Brun mentions this bird as being met with in that portion of the peninsula which is so generally considered altogether desert, and where most certainly there is but little cultivation."—p. 573.

The author speaks in highly favorable terms of the purity of the air and the salubrious climate of Arabia; and adduces in confirmation the case of the officers and men of the expedition,

when returning from Baghdád under Lieut.-Colonel Estcourt. "Tried as they had previously been," he says, "by hard work and exposure, the journey was regarded with apprehension; but scarcely was it commenced, when an improvement was perceptible; and before the wide-spreading wilderness was exchanged for the verdant suburbs of Damascus, every individual found himself greatly improved in health, if not entirely recovered." In the towns and villages bordering on the shores of the Persian Gulf, and in some other places near the Red Sea, the climate is very insalubrious, a clammy heat pervading the atmosphere in summer, even at night, which is hardly supportable. Earthquakes are frequent in some parts, and violent storms occasionally occur; but the author states their effects to be much overrated in popular works. The deadly simoom, however, appears really to be attended with fatal consequences to all who are unable to obtain shelter.

The accounts of the effects of whirlwinds raising columns of sand, which envelope whole caravans, appear to have been greatly exaggerated. It is stated by native sheikhs, who have traversed the desert for upwards of thirty years with caravans, that "they never heard of a caravan, nor even of a single animal or man, being buried alive in the sand raised by a whirlwind," since, "generally speaking, the surface soil in the countries which they traversed would not admit of being raised in columns sufficiently dense to inflict such a calamity; and that, whatever may have occurred in the African desert, nothing of the kind, to their knowledge, has taken place in Arabia." They, however, agree in describing the effects of the simoom as fatal to those who are unable to shelter themselves from its influence.

A very interesting account is given of the wild and domestic animals of Arabia, including, as a matter of course, the camel and the horse; the former holding the chief rank in point of utility, though not held in so high estimation as the latter. Indeed,

"The camel is in every way constituted to be the chief comfort of man, and one of the choicest gifts he could have received from a beneficent Providence; for, without his assistance, the countries in which he is chiefly used must have been almost without any commercial intercourse. Indeed, the Bedawin could no more traverse his native country without the assistance of this animal, than a maritime people could cross the seas without ships; and this invaluable creature has, in consequence, been happily designated a living ship, or the ship of the desert."—p. 581.

The camel accomplishes very long journeys without water, and upon no other food than a kind of dough called maabouk, and

the grass and other plants occasionally met with in the desert. The maabouk consists of chaff and barley, or barley-meal and chopped straw, with the occasional addition of cotton-seeds. This is made into a sort of loaf about three pounds in weight, and forced down the camel's throat. Two kinds of camel are in use, the Bactrian, with two humps, and the Syrian with one. The average burden of the Bactrian is between ten and fifteen cwt.; of the Syrian about 800 lbs. The author states that he travelled 958½ miles, from Basrah to Damascus, with four camels, in nineteen days and a few hours, the average rate being more than fifty-four miles in twenty-four hours, the camels having no other food than what they picked up in the wilderness.

We have previously mentioned the horses of the Kurds, and we must here be allowed to quote a description of that noble animal, as he exists in Arabia. The author observes that—

“ Elsewhere, individuals of this species may be more showy, and even more powerful, but it is only in Arabia that the horse is found in a state bordering on perfection. Here he is remarkable for a small head with pointed ears, peculiarly clean muscular limbs, a corresponding delicate slender shape, rather small size, and large animated eyes, expressing that intelligence which, as in the dog, is the consequence of being constantly with the members of his master's family; in fact, he generally shares their meals. He is frequently allowed to frolic through the camp like a dog, and at other times he is piqueted at the entrance of the tent; he is exposed to the weather at all times, and compared with the treatment of his species in Europe, he is scantily fed. A meal after sunset, consisting of barley in some parts of the country, and camel's milk in others, or a paste of dates and water, which in Nedjd is mixed with dried clover and other herbs, constitutes his usual sustenance; but on any extraordinary exertion being required, flesh is frequently given, either raw or boiled.

“ The Bedawins count five noble breeds of horses, all, it is understood, derived originally from Nedjd, viz., the taneyse, the manekeye, the koheyl or koklani, the saklúwye, and the julfa; of which the last and the koklani are particularly prized. The julfa, a small active animal, capable of enduring great fatigue, belongs to the province of El Ah'sá; the other, which is larger, is from Yemen, or more properly Nedjd, and is most valued. Of the choice breeds there are many branches; there are besides, other breeds, which are considered secondary, and every mare of noble blood, if particularly swift and handsome, may give rise to a new stock. The catalogue of distinct breeds in the desert is therefore almost endless, and the pedigrees of individuals are verified by certificates which are handed down from father to son with infinite care, and not unfrequently they belong to more than one family, for there is often a co-partnership in mares, and hence arises the difficulties attending the purchase of one. It is, however, certain that the Arab horses deteriorate when taken elsewhere, although both

sire and dam may be of first-rate breeds ; by the latter, and not the former, as with us, the Arabs trace the blood. The prevailing colours are a clear bay, sorrel, white, chestnut, gray, brown, and black ; but the number of horses in Arabia is comparatively few ; their places, for almost every purpose in life, being supplied by camels."—p. 585.

The pearl fishery, in connexion with various places on the Persian Gulf, has been carried on from times of great antiquity. The pearls of Borgo and Kharrack are the finest, but are the most difficult of attainment, in consequence of the depth of water at those places ; the oyster-banks near Bahrein are the most productive, and the pearls are nearly equal in quality to those of Kharrack and Borgo. Colonel Chesney's account of the mode of procuring the pearl oyster is interesting, and in some few particulars differs from that pursued at Ceylon and other fisheries.

"The fishery at the latter place [Bahrein] has in a great measure become a monopoly in the hands of a few merchants, who manage to secure almost the whole of the profit, whilst the hard-working divers are in general miserably paid. The owner receives one-eleventh of all that is fished up, and 100 per cent. on his advances for the support of the crew. The latter consists of five divers and five pullers to each boat, of which there are at Bahrein alone about 1,500 ; and there are about as many more elsewhere. There are two seasons for collecting the oysters : the first, which is short and cold, is in June, when diving is practised only in the shallow water along the coast ; but it is not before the intense heat prevailing from July to the middle of September, when the water is as warm as the air, that this trying occupation can be pursued without causing intense suffering from the cold. The diver is provided with a net tied round his waist to contain the oysters, then his ears being stuffed with bees' wax, and his nostrils compressed with a piece of horn, he is lowered into the water, the descent being facilitated by means of a cord with a heavy stone at the extremity ; on this he stands, holding the rope, and after working hard for a period which probably averages less than two minutes, he shakes a cord attached to the boat as a signal to be drawn up ; but his stay under water frequently does not exceed thirty-five or forty seconds. The operation takes place on an empty stomach, and under favorable circumstances as to temperature ; the task is repeated twelve or fifteen times in a day, without being considered injurious to the constitution. Some precaution is, however, necessary, and when the diver is overcome by fatigue, he must abstain from food till he has been refreshed by sleep ; but notwithstanding all his bodily exertion, a favorable season seldom gives him more than a clear profit of from thirty to fifty Spanish dollars. The pearl-fishery has rather declined of late years, but the produce is still considerable ; two-thirds of it, when taken out of the shells and dried, belong to the merchants at Bahrein ; the pearls are sized by sifting them."—p. 648.

The concluding chapter of this volume is devoted to an account

of the people of Arabia, their social condition, religion, language, manners, and customs. The dress and occupation of both men and women, the arrangement and conduct of caravans, and the manner of making war, and concluding treaties of peace, are all described in detail. The fixed inhabitants constitute by far the smaller portion, and the nomades the larger part of the population. The latter, by way of reproach, designate the former, dwellers in houses of clay, or in the rocks; they are, however, far behind the fixed inhabitants in everything connected with civilization. Very few can read or write; but their wants being few, they do not feel the lowness of their condition, whilst their vanity suggests that their race is the first on the earth. The dwellers in the desert have the advantage over the people of the towns in all that concerns their physical condition. The liberality, kindness, and charity of the Bedawins have been spoken of in the highest terms by more than one traveller of credibility; and Colonel Chesney confirms, to a great extent, the favourable opinions given of these children of the desert in more than one particular, and especially with regard to their fidelity in the performance of any engagement into which they may enter, whether it be for the transport of valuable merchandise, or for any other service. He states this from personal knowledge,—stores of all kinds, of many thousand pounds' value, having been frequently entrusted to the Bedawins during the expedition, without the least breach of faith having occurred; and even when paid in advance for their services, as they generally were, the money was invariably returned if prevented from fulfilling their engagement by any unforeseen occurrence.

"Some writers," says the author, "have ascribed to the Arabs every vice which disgraces human nature; while they have acknowledged in them very few of the virtues which ennoble it; and others, by dwelling too largely on their virtues, have fallen into the opposite extreme. Both parties appear to be equally wide of the truth; and it may be more justly asserted that, in the character of this people, good and evil nearly equally prevail. It has, at least, been the lot of the writer of this work to witness, in the Arabs, the extremes of both these qualities during the voyage down the Euphrates, as well as during the extensive journeys which he had previously made among them."—p. 700.

With the exception of the three concluding chapters, the second volume is entirely historical. Commencing with the antediluvian period, about which the author is as much in the dark as his readers, Colonel Chesney gives a minute description of every historical event that has occurred in the countries of Western Asia, the theatre of the labours of the expedition, down

to the Russian war of 1828 and 1829; concluding this portion of the volume with an account of the present state and limits of Turkey. The sixteenth chapter describes the intercourse which has been carried on between Europe and Asia, from the settlement of the Indo-Chinese and Egyptian races, to the proposed expedition of Napoleon to the mouth of the Orontes, and his subsequent plan of combined operations against India. In the seventeenth chapter is given a history of the literature and science of the East during four distinct historical periods. The eighteenth is devoted to ancient and modern commerce; the nineteenth to the architecture, sculpture, and other arts of Irán; and in the twentieth are given some interesting particulars relative to the boats and hydraulic works of the East. The historical compilation must have cost the author an immense amount of labour and research, but it is of interest chiefly in reference to its connexion with the scene of his exploratory undertakings. The portion wherein literature and science, the ancient and modern commerce, and the arts of the East are treated on, is much more generally interesting, and is elaborated with great care; and the chapter wherein the author traces the gradual progress of navigation amongst a primitive people, from the construction of rafts similar to those in use in the earliest ages, up to the building of junks and other large vessels among the Chinese, contains numerous instructive details, both as regards this subject, and the modes of conveyance of water and irrigation of land in ancient and modern times. From this chapter we must quote a description of the method of boat-building practised on the Euphrates and Tigris at the present day.

“A remarkable kind of boat is constructed at Tekrít and in the marshes of Lamlúm, but more commonly near the bituminous fountains of Hít. At these places the operation of boat-building is an every-day occurrence, and extremely simple. The self-taught shipwrights have not, it is true, the advantage of docks, basins, or even slips, yet they can construct a vessel in a very short time, and without employing any other tools than a few axes and saws, with the addition of a large metallic ladle to pour out the melted pitch, and a wooden roller to assist in smoothing it. The first step in this primitive mode of ship-building, is to choose a level piece of ground of suitable size, and sufficiently near the edge of the water; on this the builders trace out the size of the vessel's bottom; not with mathematical precision, it is true, but still a line is used and a certain system followed, the floor or bottom of the boat being the first object. In the space marked out, a number of rough branches are placed in parallel lines, at about a foot distance; other branches are placed across them, at similar distances, and interlaced. These, with the addition of a sort of basket-work of reeds and straw, to fill up the

interstices, form a kind of rough platform, across which, to give the necessary stability, stronger branches are laid transversely, from side to side, at distances of about eight or twelve inches. The bottom being in this state, the work proceeds to its second stage, by building up the sides. This is done by driving through the edge of the former, upright posts, about a foot apart, of the requisite height; these are filled up in the same way, and the whole is, as it were, consolidated by means of rough pieces of timber, which are placed at intervals of about four feet from gunwale to gunwale. All parts are then coated with hot bitumen, which is melted in a hole close to the work, and reduced to a proper consistency by a mixture of sand or earth. This bituminous cement being spread over the framework, the application of a wooden roller gives the whole a smooth surface, both within and without, which after a brief space becomes, not only quite hard and durable, but impervious to water, and well suited for navigation. The usual shape of the boats thus constructed is much like that of a coffin, the broadest end representing the bow; but others are of a neater shape. Such a boat, 44 feet long, 11 feet 6 inches broad, and 4 feet deep, drawing 1 foot 10 inches of water when laden, and only 6 inches when empty, can be constructed at Hit in the course of one day.

"This kind of boat is generally used to carry bitumen, salt, and lime, to Hilláh, Basrah, and even to Baghdád, sometimes through the Sakláwiyah, but more generally through Háicanat. When arrived at her destination she is broken up, and the bitumen with which she was coated is sold, as well as the cargo."—vol. ii. p. 365.

From the tenacity with which Eastern nations cling to ancient habits and customs, it is by no means an unreasonable supposition that this mode of boat-building has been handed down from generation to generation for many ages past. The Hit boats of the Euphrates and Tigris, may not unreasonably be regarded as the modern analogues of the ark; since, like it, they are built of wood, perhaps even of *Gophir* wood, and are "coated within and without with pitch." Besides these, round boats formed of willow, and coated with leather, similar to those described by Herodotus, still float on the waters of the Euphrates and Tigris.

In our notice of these volumes, we have done little more than indicate the varied and interesting nature of their contents, which everywhere bear testimony to the talent and extensive researches of the author. He appears to have consulted every book which at all bears upon the subject of his own labours; and has, in all cases, acknowledged the authority for statements not resting upon his own observation. An admirable index is appended to each volume; and an atlas of charts and maps gives every facility to the reader for tracing the progress of the expedition.

ART. III.—*Schiller's 'Wallenstein.'* Translated by S. T. Coleridge. Standard Library. London: H. G. Bohn, York Street, Covent Garden.

DOCTOR JOHNSON, in his criticism on Milton's 'Samson,' justly observes, that it is useless to be dragging names from obscurity for no other purpose than to sport with their disgrace; but when the name of an author, known and held in estimation, is used as the kind of authority which renders error venerable, the incorrectness, carelessness, or inadvertency of such a writer becomes a proper subject of investigation.

'Wallenstein' was the first dramatic production in which the genius of Schiller appeared in a state of maturity, and is admitted by all qualified to form an opinion on the subject, to be one of the noblest dramatic poems in existence. It was translated by Mr. Coleridge, as our readers are aware; and, as many in this country believe, with great success.

An extract from a popular periodical prefixed to the edition now lying before us, places Mr. Coleridge "in the very first rank of poetical translators;" and describes him as "perhaps the solitary example of a man of very great original genius submitting to *all* the labours, and reaping *all* the honours of this species of literary exertion."

In Mr. Joseph Gostick's publication bearing the title of 'The Spirit of German Poetry,' the author says, page 65:—

"Of this drama of 'Wallenstein' we need say nothing more, as it is one of the very few poems which have been so well translated, that it matters little whether it be read in English or in German."

Although this opinion has been generally accepted by the public, it is a mistaken one, as we shall endeavour to show. Misconstructions, vapid paraphrases, omissions, and spurious additions, abound in Mr. Coleridge's translation, to an extent which would certainly not meet with the approbation of any one who thoroughly understands the original.

The genius of Schiller belongs to mankind. It should therefore be displayed in its native dignity. Translators should content

themselves with trying to give their author as they find him : mutilations and pseudo "improvements" we hold to be utterly unpardonable ; and unfortunately, as will be seen, some of those attempted by Coleridge border upon the ludicrous and grotesque.

'Wallenstein' is a dramatic poem, in three parts ; consisting of "Wallenstein's Camp," "The Piccolomini," and "Wallenstein's Death." The first part is in one act ; the other two parts contain five acts each. "Wallenstein's Camp" shows the state of the soldiery that composed Wallenstein's army ; provincial bands, speaking different dialects, generally addicted to the gross vices of gambling and carousing, but all unconditionally devoted to their general.

The phraseology of the dialogue is therefore peculiar, and characteristic of the speaking persons, as may be remarked especially in the stilted conversation of the *Wachtmeister*, and in the castigatory declamation of the Capuchin. It consists of a play upon words, which the poet indulged in, probably as much for his own amusement as for that of the reader. The same thing has been done by English authors ; but it is always difficult to render puns from one language into another, and quite impossible when they are connected with provincialisms.

The first of the two principal pieces, "The Piccolomini," opens with a conversation of some general officers assembled at Pilsen, a town in Bohemia. The scene is at an old hall of the senate-house, decorated with banners and other insignia of war. The whole of the dialogue here is distinguished by a simplicity characteristic of men who passed their lives in camps, bivouacs, and battles, and is remarkable rather for a straightforward frankness, verging on bluntness, than for that verbosity by which Coleridge's version of the poem is distinguished, and which is wholly uncongenial with the subject. The very first line of his version contains a serious error : "*You come too late*," is an expression which sets the reader inquiring for what purpose it was they had come too late ; but no such idea was intended to be expressed by Schiller. The meaning of the original is, "You are late in coming, but better late than never."

Passing over some misconstructions in close connexion with the above, we come to a speech of Isolani, which may thus be rendered :—

"Max Piccolomini here? Oh, take me to him!
I see him yet,—as when, ten years ago,—
We were at Dessau combatting with Mansfeld,—
He made his steed leap from the bridge, and dash'd
Through the impetuous current of the Elbe
To aid his father, then in extreme peril.

A hero, with the down upon his chin;
Now, as I hear, the perfect warrior.”*

The following is Coleridge’s version of this passage:—

“Max Piccolomini here? O bring me to him.
I see him yet (’tis now ten years ago,
We were engaged with Mansfeld, hard by Dessau),
I see the youth, with my mind’s eye I see him,
Leap his black war-horse from the bridge adown,
And t’ward his father, then in extreme peril,
Beat up against the strong tide of the Elbe.
The down was scarce upon his chin! I hear
He has made good the promise of his youth,
And the full hero now is finish’d in him.”

Here the phrase, “I see him yet,” is twice repeated, which no doubt was done to bring in “the mind’s eye” of Hamlet; but such tautology not only destroys the vigour of the passage, but is totally out of keeping; for Isolani, instead of being a sentimental personage, is a rough soldier, whose bluntness amounts to eccentricity. The inserted line, “He has made good, &c.,” is open to the same objection.

OCTAVIO (*still at a distance*).

“How? Yet more visitors? You must confess,
My worthy friend, nought less than this sad war
Could bring so great a number of renown’d
Heroes within the limits of a camp.”

What objection the translator could find to this passage, and the subsequent lines, which he omits, we are at a loss to con-

* DIE PICCOLOMINI.

Erster Aufzug. Erster Auftritt.

ISOLANI.

Max Piccolomini hier? O, führt mich zu ihm!
Ich seh ihn noch—essind jetzt zehen jahr’—
Als wir bei Dessau mit dem Mansfeld schlugen,
Den Rappen sprengen von der Brück’ herab
Und zu dem Vater, der in Nöthen war,
Sich durch der Elbe reizend Wasser schlagen:
Da spross’t ihm kaum der erste flaum ums Kinn
Jetzt, hör’ ich, soll der Kriegsheld fertig seyn.

jecture; but he has totally altered them, and substituted for the original of Schiller* the following strange motley:—

OCTAVIO (*still at a distance*).

"Ay, ay! more still, still more new visitors!
Acknowledge, friend, there never was a camp
Which held at once so many heads of heroes.
Welcome, Count Isolani!

ISOLANI.

My noble brother,
Even now I am arrived; it had been else my duty—

OCTAVIO.

And Colonel Butler? Trust me, I rejoice,
Thus to renew acquaintance with a man
Whose worth and services I know and honour.
See, see, my friend!" &c.

We need say nothing about the unwarrantable liberty thus taken with the author; but it may be observed, that a translator who could deem such an alteration an improvement, must have entertained singular notions of dramatic composition, however sound his judgment on other subjects, or remarkable his genius.

A curious error of the translator occurs in the conversation of the before-named officers with the imperial envoy, Questenberg. Isolani, stating how, at Vienna, he endeavoured in vain to effect

* *Zweiter Auftritt.*

OCTAVIO (*noch in der Entfernung*).

Wie? noch der Gäste mehr? Gestehn Sie, freund,
Es brauchte diesen thränenvollen Krieg,
So vieler Helden ruhmgekrönte Häupter
In eines Lager's Umkreis zu versammeln.

QUESTENBERG.

In kein Friedländisch Heereslager komme,
Wer von dem Kriege Böses denken will.
Beinah' vergessen hätt' ich seine Plagen,
Da mir der Ordnung hoher Geist erschienen,
Durch die er, weltzerstörend selbst besteht,
Das Grozze mir erschienen, das er bildet.

OCTAVIO.

Und, siehe da! ein tapfres Paar, das würdig
Den Heldenreihen schließt. Graf Isolani
Und Obrist Butler. Nun, da haben wir
Vor Augen gleich das ganze Kriegeshandwerk.
(*Butlern und Isolani präsentirend*)
Er ist die Stärke, Freund, und Schnelligkeit.

QUESTENBERG (*zu Octavio*).

Und zwischen beiden der erfahne Rath.

the remounting of some regiments of cavalry, and how the Duke afterwards obtained for him, in three days, what he could not himself effect in thirty at the capital, Questenberg answers:—

“Very true!

The item was found in the Duke’s account;

I recollect the whole is not yet paid.”*

Here the translator has mistaken *der posten* for *die post* (*fahrpost*), and so put the following ludicrous construction on the passage:—

“Yes, yes! your travelling bills soon found their way to us;

I well know we have still accounts to settle:”

viz., accounts of charges for travelling.

But, making charitable allowance for these and similar errors, shortcomings and misconstructions, and admitting that the translator did his best, what palliating circumstance can be admitted as an excuse for the omission by Mr. Coleridge of whole pages belonging to the scene from which the last quotations have been made? Was it listlessness in the undertaking? If so, the translator should have abstained from the enterprise. Was it inability? Butler’s address to Questenberg, unceremoniously struck out by the translator, is of essential importance to the poem: important, because it gives us, at a single glance, a complete view of the state of Wallenstein’s army, upon which all the incidents of the drama turn.

In the conversation of the Piccolomini, father and son, and Questenberg, Max Piccolomini says, respecting Wallenstein,

“He was not made pliantly to conform to another’s will.”†

Here the translator has mistaken *geschmiedet* (forged on an anvil) for *geschmeidig* (pliant); and accordingly has put his author on the anvil:—

“Heaven never meant him for that passive thing,

That can be struck and hammer’d out, to suit

Another’s taste and fancy.”

Octavio Piccolomini says to Questenberg, respecting his son,—

* QUESTENBERG.

Ja, ja! Der Posten fand sich in der Rechnung;
Ich weiß, wir haben noch daran zu zahlen.

† MAX.

Er ist nun einmal nicht gemacht, nach andern
Geschmeidig sich zu fügen und zu wenden.

"You may as well submit with a good grace;
With him there, you will never gain your point."*

Now, what a strange mystification the translator has made of this very plain and very simple passage:—

"Hush! suppress it, friend!
Unless some end were answered by the utterance,
Of him there you'll make nothing."

After this, another whole page is omitted.

Again, Max says,

"Gladly would I exchange the blood-stained laurel
For the first violet in the month of March,
The balmy pledge of renovated nature."†

This has been rendered by Mr. Coleridge,

"Most gladly would I give the blood-stained laurel
For the first violet in the leafless spring,
Pluck'd in those quiet fields where I have sojourn'd."

Here the incongruous epithet of the "*leafless* spring," and the gratuitous addition of "*quiet fields*," where he "*sojourned*," are no compensation for the omitted—"duft'ge Pfand der neuverjungten Erde."

Octavio says to Max,

"Peace thou hast never seen."

Upon which Max answers,—

"Peace I have never seen? Father, I have,
And thence am I come hither, even now."‡

Here we have another of Mr. Coleridge's additions:

"Peace have I ne'er beheld? I have beheld it,
From thence am I come hither. *O! that sight,
It glimmers still before me like some landscape
Left in the distance, some delicious landscape!*"

* OCTAVIO—(zu Questenberg).

Ergeben Sie sich nur in Gutem, freund,
Mit dem da werden Sie nicht fertig.

† MAX.

Den blut'gen Lorbeer geb' ich hin mit freuden
Fürs erste Veilchen, dar der März uns bringt,
Das duft'ge Pfand der neuverjungten Erde.

‡ MAX.

Ich hab' den Frieden nie gesehn?—Ich hab' ihn
Gesehen, alter Vater, eben komm' ich
So eben davon her.

We wonder the translator did not give full scope to his luxuriant imagination, and people the landscape with bleating flocks and piping shepherds, dressed in pea-green and pink, with silken love-knots on their crooks. It would have been still more Arcadian, and would not have been more heterogeneous to the subject than the "delicious landscape glimmering in the distance." Again—

"The ramparts all around with multitudes,
With peaceful multitudes are throng'd, that fill
The air with their rejoicings."*

The following is Coleridge's construction of this passage:

"The ramparts all are fill'd with men and women,
With peaceful men and women, that send onwards
Kisses and welcomings upon the air,
Which they make breezy with affectionate gestures."

Making the air 'breezy with affectionate gestures,' is what we are quite at a loss to understand. Perhaps it means, "raising the wind."

And here, seriously,

"I vow—for him, for this same Wallenstein,
I'll shed my heart's blood, shed it drop by drop,
Ere you shall be rejoicing in his ruin."†

It has been often observed that there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous; and here we have an instance of it. Coleridge has rendered this passage:—

"And here make I this vow, here pledge myself,
My blood shall *spurt out* for this Wallenstein;
And my heart drain off, drop by drop, ere you
Shall revel, and dance jubilee o'er his ruin."

Coleridge's Version of Schiller's 'Wallenstein' has been reprinted in Mr. Henry G. Bohn's 'Standard Library,' and the publisher states in the Preface:—

"The Piccolomini' and 'Death of Wallenstein,' which form the second and third parts of this great dramatic trilogy, are the admirable

* MAX.

Von Menschen sind die Wälle rings erfüllt,
Von Friedlichen, die in die Lüfte Grüßen.

† MAX.

Und hier gelob' ich's an, verspritzen will ich
Für ihn, für diesen Wallenstein, mein Blut,
Das letzte meines Herzens, tropfenweis', eh dasz
Ihr über seinen Fall frohlocken sollt.

version of Mr. Coleridge, completed by the addition of all those passages which he had omitted, and by a restoration of Schiller's own arrangement of the acts and scenes. It is said, in defence of the variations which exist between the German original and the version given by Mr. Coleridge, that he translated from a prompter's manuscript, before the drama had been printed, and that Schiller himself subsequently altered it, omitting some passages, adding others, and even ingrafting several of Mr. Coleridge's adaptations.

We have often heard the unfounded statement that the public are indebted to the "benignant influence of Göthe's friendship" for Schiller's noblest inspirations; but the assertion that Schiller ingrafted on his poem several of Mr. Coleridge's adaptations, is a new absurdity, and equally incorrect. Even the assertion that Schiller, subsequently to Mr. Coleridge's translation of the work from a prompter's copy, altered it, is totally without authority. It is well known that 'Wallenstein' is the very work on which the poet bestowed most time and pains. It was not brought on the stage in a crude or unfinished state; and it does not appear that, subsequently to its having been performed, he has altered a single line in the whole poem.

On this subject Mr. Bohn says:—

"However this may be, the publisher considers it advisable to give every line of Coleridge's version, without the least alteration, especially as it contains more than one fine passage not to be found in the printed editions of Schiller."

In reply, we have only to observe that it would have been better for the poet, for the reader, and for the credit of the translator, had Mr. Coleridge refrained from meddling with the work, or confined himself to the task of a faithful interpretation.

In the commencement of the second act of "The Piccolomini," the Duke asking the Duchess how she was received at court, and the Duchess answering that a change has taken place, says, in continuation, that—

"At other times the Queen of Hungary was in the habit always of addressing me as her dear cousin, and at my departure used to embrace me."

And Wallenstein asking: "Did she not so now?" the Duchess, wiping her tears, answers, after a pause:—

"She did indeed embrace me; but not till
I had already taken leave, the door
Approaching; when in haste she followed me;

As though something she had forgot, and clasp'd
Me to her breast," &c.*

Here the translator did not distinguish the dative from the nominative case, and so put the following construction:—

"She did embrace me,
But then first when I had already taken
My formal leave, and when the door already
Had closed upon me, then did she come out
In haste," &c.

Surely a moment's reflection would have been sufficient to convince the translator, that a queen would not be guilty of so gross a breach of etiquette as to hasten after a lady on whom the door had already closed, to embrace her in the ante-room, among pages and chamberlains. We presume this is one of the "adaptations" mentioned above; but Schiller has certainly not "ingrafted" it on his poem in later editions.

Wallenstein is saying to Max Piccolomini, who escorted the Duchess and the young princess:—

"Until now,
It was the Emperor who rewarded thee
At my hands. This day thou hast put the father,
The happy father, under obligation,
And this debt Friedland must himself discharge."

The latter answers,

"Indeed, my prince, thou hast requited me
Right speedily. I scarcely had arrived,
Deliver'd mother and daughter to thy arms,
When there was brought to me, from thine own stables,
A splendid hunting-stud, richly accoutred," &c.†

The latter part of this passage has been rendered by Coleridge:—

"But there is brought to me, from your equerry,
A splendid, richly-plated hunting-dress."

* Zweiter Aufzug. Zweiter Auftritt.

HERZOGIN.

Sie umarmte mich,
Doch erst, als ich den Urlaub schon genommen, schon
Der Thüre zuing, kam sie auf mich zu,
Schnell, als besänne sie sich erst, und drückte
Mich an den Busen.

† Dritter Auftritt.

MAX.

So wird aus deinem Marstall, reich geschirrt,
Ein prächt'ger Jagdzug mir von dir gebracht.

We wonder what a "richly-plated hunting-dress" is made of.
In the third act of "Wallenstein's Death," the same hunting-stud is mentioned again, Illo observing to Wallenstein,

"The stud of hunters which you gave to him
But recently, I saw, a few hours back,
Led o'er the market-place."

The translator has said nothing about it.

The Duchess remarking to her daughter, soon after their arrival in the camp,

"My dear, you hardly would have recognised
Your father. You were scarcely eight years old
When last you saw him ;"

Thekla answers,

"Yes, mother—at first sight.
Time had not changed my father in the least ;
His image has been ever in my mind ;
Just as I pictured him he stands before me.

THE DUKE (*to the Duchess*).

The dear child ! how judiciously remarked,
And how discerning !"

From which we may infer that the martial chief was not altogether indifferent to his personal appearance, and fully knew how to appreciate a compliment on that score ; but what has the translator made of it ?

"The voice of my child !"

and on the entrance of Max, immediately afterwards, the Duke says :—

"Max, I bid thee welcome ! Thou
Wast evermore to me the happy bringer
Of some fair joy. As the propitious star
Of morn, thou art to me the harbinger
Of my life's sun."†

A figure quite in character with one who believed in astrology. The translator, however, has made short work of it :—

* WALLENSTEIN (*zur Herzogin*).
Das holde Kind ! Wie fein bemerkt und wie
Verständig !

† *Vierter Auftritt.*

WALLENSTEIN.

Sey mir willkommen, Max ! Stets warst du mir
Der Bringer irgend einer schönen freude,
Und wie das glückliche Gestirn des Morgens,
Führest du die Lebenssonne mir herauf.

"Max, welcome! ever welcome! Always wert thou
The morning-star of my best joy!"

More important is a passage in the Duke's conversation with Terzky, that follows soon afterwards. Terzky, Wallenstein's relative and confidant, says respecting the Swedes:—

"Nay, let them
Obtain some trifling portion of the land,
'Twill be no diminution of thine own.
If thou art only certain of thy game,
What matters it whose be the cost?"

Upon this, Wallenstein replies,

"Off with them!
Questions like these come not within thy grasp.
No one shall ever have to say of me,
That I divided land with foreigners;
Betray'd my country, with a view of gaining
A portion of it for myself. The realm
Shall honour me as its protecting friend.
Proving myself a patriotic prince,
I will sit down with princes of the land,
A worthy member of their company.
I will not have a foreign power strike root
In Germany, and *these* Goths least of all—
These hungry interlopers," &c.

This passage also, which so well displays the personal character of the hero—a trait of character that elicits our admiration—the translator has omitted.

In his conversation with Questenberg, the imperial envoy, Wallenstein says:—

"I received this staff
From th' Emperor, it is true; but now I hold it
As chief commander of the Confederation,
For the good of all, for th' interest of the whole—
No longer for th' aggrandisement of one."*

In rendering this passage, Coleridge has mistaken *das Reich* for realm, but the sense is, *the Confederation*; and in consequence of this mistake, the translator makes Wallenstein utter the language, to the imperial envoy, of an avowed traitor:—

* *Siebender Auftritt.*

WALLENSTEIN.

Vom Kaiser freilich hab' ich diesen Stab;
Doch führ ich jetzt ihn als des Reiches feldherr,
Für Wohlfahrt Aller, zu des Ganzen Heil,
Und nicht mehr zur Vergrößerung des Einen.

"From the Emperor, doubtless, I received this staff";
 But now I hold it as *the Empire's General*,
 For the common weal, the universal interest—
 And no more for that one man's aggrandisement."

Had the translator used a moment's reflection, he must have seen that this construction could not be correct; because, were it correct, Wallenstein would have been immediately impeached for treason.

The Countess says to Thekla—

"You do amaze me, niece. Oh fie, for shame!
 You force yourself upon him. Oh, believe me,
 You ought to be more distant in your bearing!"

THEKLA.

What mean you, aunt?

COUNTESS.

Forget not

Who you are; who *Piccolomini* is," &c.

Upon which Thekla says, "*Was denn?*" two monosyllables which have been rendered by Coleridge, "*What then?*" But the English word *then* is a very different term to the German *denn*. The latter is a conjunction, and the English word *then* is an adverb. The grammatical incorrectness, however, is here of little importance; but the misconstruction of the sense is enormous. Coleridge's construction renders Thekla a pert, forward woman, because the question implies,—Well? and suppose I do force myself upon him, what then? But Thekla is *not* a pert, forward woman; though quick-sighted, she is so innocent that actually she does not understand her aunt, and literally asks for more explicitness.—*But what?—to what can you be alluding?*

The fifth, sixth, and seventh scenes of the fourth act Coleridge has rendered in prose, although the original is in verse. It is said respecting Virgil, that in his *Georgics* he tossed dung with dignity; and we may say respecting Schiller, that even in the homely conversation of a butler and several footmen, his poetical genius does not forsake him, and is not in a single instance obscured; but whether in prose or verse, obscurity and misconstruction are the rule of Mr. Coleridge's version. The butler narrating,

"How since the battle of Prague, in which Count Friederich,
 The Palatine, at once lost crown and realm,

Our holy faith has been deprived again
Of pulpit and of altar.*

The translator says:—

"And after the battle of Prague, in which Count Palatine Friederich lost crown and empire, *our faith hangs upon the pulpit and altar.*"

We may give a few more samples of Mr. Coleridge's additions—"fine passages not found in the original." In the conversation between the steward and footmen the following occurs:—

"SECOND SERVANT, (to the Runner, to whom he gives secretly a flask of wine, keeping his eye on the Master of the Cellar, standing between him and the Runner).

"Quick, Thomas! before the Master of the Cellar runs this way—'tis a flask of Frontignac! Snapped it up at the third table. Canst go off with it?"

The footman Thomas, or some other of the class, must have brought a flask of Frontignac to the translator, for there is no other conceivable explanation of such trash (of which the original is wholly guiltless), being introduced into the text of Schiller. Again:—

OCTAVIO.

"You are a stranger here—'twas but yesterday you arrived. You are ignorant of the ways and manners here. 'Tis a wretched place. I know at our age we love to be snug and quiet. What if you moved your lodgings? Come, be my visitor. (Butler makes a low bow); For a friend like you I have still a corner remaining.

BUTLER (coldly).

"Your obliged humble servant, my Lord Lieutenant-General."

Now, of all this, and more, there is not a syllable in the original; and we ask in vain why Schiller has been made to father such fustian? Perhaps it was as an indemnity for the mutilations so recklessly perpetrated in other parts of the translation. If so, as the friends of Schiller, we must beg leave to disown the obligation.

The fifth act of "The Piccolomini" contains the important interview between son and father—Max and Octavio. In this scene the true characters of both parties are fully revealed, and

Vierter Aufzug. — (Fünfter Auftritt).

KELLERMEISTER.

Nach der Prager Schlacht,

Wo Pfalzgraf Friedrich Kion' und Reich verloren,
Ist unser Glaub' um Kausel und altan.

"The Piccolomini" is brought to a close. Coleridge, however, has extended "The Piccolomini" a long way into "Wallenstein's Death;" which is taking the same liberty with an author as a modern builder might do with the works of an architect, if he should pull down the dome of St. Paul's to add it to Westminster Abbey.

We pass on to where the translator, after omitting twenty-six lines, palms the following "fine passage" on the reader,—Wallenstein saying to Countess Terzky :—

"Set not that tongue upon me, I entreat you—
You know it is the weapon that destroys me.
I am routed if a woman but attack me :
I cannot traffic in the trade of words
With that unreasoning sex."

The fair readers of Coleridge's "admirable version" ought to be much obliged to the translator for so gallant a compliment, which is altogether his own.

Another such gratuitous addition. The Countess says to Wallenstein :—

"Art thou in earnest? I entreat thee, canst thou
Consent to bear thyself to thy own grave,
So ignominiously to be dried up?
Thy life, that arrogated such a height,
To end in such a nothing! To be nothing
When one was always nothing, is an evil
That asks no stretch of patience—a light evil;
But to become nothing, having been," &c.

The following is from the original :—

WALLENSTEIN.

"Ere I should be confounded with those wretches
That suddenly to greatness rose, and fell
As suddenly to insignificance,—
Ere such a state of things should come to pass,
The world and late posterity shall utter
My name with detestation, and Duke Friedland
Shall be the watchword for each deed of horror."

In rendering the above passage, Coleridge has mistaken *Losung* (watchword) for *Erloesung* (redemption); a mistake that renders the whole sentence a jumble of words without any positive meaning. He says,—

"Ere the world confuses me with those
Poor wretches, whom a day creates and crumbles,
This age, and after ages, speak my name

With hate and dread, and Friedland be *redemption*
For each accursed deed."

The Germans frequently have been charged with being fond, over fond, of tales of horror, and have been told that cheerfulness and gaiety are unknown to them; but we fear some horrors have been fastened on them which they never even dreamt of. As an instance, we may here adduce some six or seven lines introduced by Coleridge, which no one would deem to harmonise with Schiller's genius, who entered into the spirit of his poetry:—

" Art thou bid
To murder? With abhorred, accursed poniard
To violate the breasts that nourished thee?
That *were* against our nature, that might aptly
Make thy flesh shudder, and thy whole heart sicken.
Yet not a few, and for a meaner object,
Have ventured even this—ay, and perform'd it.
What is there in thy case so black and monstrous?"

It is said that the devil, who has got everywhere two horns, is in Germany supplied with an additional one; but here the additional horn is not of German make—it is of the translator's own manufacture.

A little further on there is another addition, though of a somewhat different complexion. Wallenstein says,

" Once was this Ferdinand so graciously
Disposed tow'rd me, he loved, he cherished me
In his esteem—I stood next to his heart.
What prince has he been honouring like to me?
And thus to end!"

Here we have the translator's adaptation:

" Once was this Ferdinand so gracious to me,
He loved me, he esteem'd me—I was placed
The nearest to his heart. *Full many a time*
We, like familiar friends, both at one table,
Have banquetted together, he and I;
And the young kings themselves held me the basin,
Wherewith to wash me. And is't come to this?"

Let it not be thought that we have explored every nook and corner of Coleridge's version to find something to censure; we have, on the contrary, barely skimmed the surface, without employing the drags.

A glance at the opening scene of "Wallenstein's Death." Wallenstein and the Astrologer Seni are observing the heavenly bodies; the former says,—

"Now they subdue that stubborn enemy,
And bring him in the heavens, my prisoner."

Seni adds,

"And neither of the two grand luminaries,
Offended by some foul *malefico* !
Saturn, of power divested, harmless, in
Cadente domo."

The following is Coleridge's construction of this passage :-

"Now they have conquered the old enemy,
And bring him in the heavens a prisoner to me.

SENI (*who has come down from the window*).

And in a corner house, your highness, think of that !
That makes each influence of double strength.

WALLENSTEIN.

And sun and moon, too, in the sextile aspect,
The soft light with the vehement—so I love it.
Sol is the heart, Luna the head of heaven.
Bold is the plan, fiery the execution.

SENI.

And both the mighty lumina, by no
Maleficus affronted. Lo ! Saturnus,
Inoculous, powerless, in *cadente domo*."

It will be seen that of the above twelve lines, only the first two and the last three bear any reference to the original; the rest is common-place loquacity, wholly inconsistent with the dignity of poetry; and the translator telling us that Seni has come down from the window, involves a contradiction, because when Wallenstein says,

"Suffice it, Seni ! Now come down ; day dawns,
And Mars is in th' ascendant for th' hour ;
Tis not advisable farther t' operate ;
Come down, we know enough,"

Seni answers,

"Still let me view Venus, your highness !
There she in the east is rising,
Glorious as an orient sun !"

This introduces Wallenstein's farther remarks; a conversation that could not have taken place had Seni come down from the window.

In the eighth scene of the fourth act, Butler, by a specious sophistry, endeavours to reconcile himself to the perpetration of

the most horrible of crimes. We may render the passage thus in English:—

“Man weens to act without controul—in vain !
He is the sport and toy of that blind power
That wills for all a dire necessity.”

In a note to this passage the translator says:—“We doubt the propriety of putting so blasphemous a sentiment in the mouth of any character.”

This remark reminds us of some sentimental ladies in Germany, who shed floods of tears for the execution of Sand, the assassin of Kotzebue. Not on account of the assassin's decapitation—no ! that did not move them !—but that the headsman, previously to the execution, cropped the delinquent's fine head of hair ! Butler's causing the assassination of Wallenstein may pass ; but his endeavouring to reconcile himself to the enormity of the crime by a specious sophistry—that is a blasphemy !

Previously to the above, in the eighteenth scene of the third act, Mr. Coleridge says, in a note:—

“I have here ventured to omit a considerable number of lines. I fear that I should not have done amiss had I taken this liberty more frequently.”

The translator has taken this liberty frequently enough, and so much so, that, to our thinking, he would have done better had he omitted the whole work. He gives, however, what he calls a “literal translation” of the omission in the present instance, and talks about “entrails,” instead of bowels of compassion, and about the “most spotted of spirits !” What could Schiller have thought of being made the reputed father of the “most spotted of spirits ?” The translator has mistaken *den verdecktesten* for *den beflecktesten der Geister*. The meaning is, “the most secretly malignant of spirits.”

At the end of the eighth scene in the fourth act, there is a soliloquy of Butler's, a feeble imitation of *Iago's* reasoning ; but a slight acquaintance with Schiller will suffice to convince the reader that such did not emanate from the pen of the poet.

G. H. E.

ART. IV.—*The Life and Correspondence of Andrew Combe, M.D.*

By George Combe. Edinburgh: MacLachlan and Stewart.
 London: Longman and Co.; and Simpkin, Marshall and Co.

THE interest that is felt in the lives of all who have distinguished themselves in any branch of art, literature or science, will naturally draw many readers to the perusal of this well written and condensed volume. Nor do we think that many will be disappointed, notwithstanding the high expectations which a knowledge of Dr. Combe's own writings may well raise, of finding in his private correspondence ample materials for valuable reflection and practical application, as well as for the amusement of leisure hours. This is by no means a heavy work, although it treats of serious subjects, and of questions peculiarly within the sphere of philosophers and physicians. The clearness of Dr. Combe's language, together with the sparks of wit and humour which light up his correspondence, render his letters peculiarly agreeable reading.

At the same time, to guard against any unreasonable expectations, it must be remembered how necessary Dr. Combe found it to husband his resources, to economise all his mental power, and to concentrate his observation and reflection upon a few favorite topics. The incidents of his life were remarkably free from romance, and they will afford nothing of interest to the lovers of the wonderful or the tragical. Apart from the travelling which was needful to his health, and during which he met with no peculiar adventures, his life passed in a sufficiently even tenour. This, too, accords with the equanimity which strikingly characterized him. We do not find him much elevated, nor much depressed, only now more full of vivacious humour—and again somewhat more sedately witty, but always cheerful as he was ever amiable, whatever might be the difficulties of his situation or the uncertainty of his worldly prospects.

It will be gathered from these remarks, that the chief interest to the general reader in this volume, consists in the full portraiture of a most amiable and cultivated mind, not as depicted by the hand of a brother, who has most judiciously abstained, as far as possible, from all remarks of his own, but as presented in his own letters and in extracts from his own works. To study the character of any man in this way is profitable; but still more so of those who are able to give good advice, and to administer to others the best results of their own experience. The readers of Dr. Combe's medical works cannot but have already felt interested in the *man* as well as the author; as he comes judiciously forward in his own pages to impress the importance of

his doctrines upon his readers' minds, by detailing the treatment to which he had recourse in his own case. They will have felt that they had a kind friend in him, who was really interested in their welfare, and wrote solely with a view to benefit mankind. Few authors show their own characters so unconsciously in their serious works as did Dr. Combe. This favorable impression will be only confirmed by every page of these memoirs, with the additional conviction that Dr. Andrew Combe displayed an acuteness of observation and a delicacy of judgment on all subjects that particularly interested him, which will render his opinions very valuable as an authority.

We cannot better introduce Dr. Combe to the reader than by extracting a peculiarly characteristic letter, addressed in 1827 to the then President of the Phrenological Society, in which he declines, but in vain, the honor of becoming his successor in office.

"Having, on the evening of our last meeting, accidentally heard that a plot is on foot to elevate to the dignity of President a *very worthy friend of mine*, for whom I have long felt the greatest affection and respect, but of whose fitness for the office I entertain sundry well-grounded doubts, I cannot refrain from calling upon you, whose influence in the Society's councils is justly so great, to consider the matter well and anxiously, before you allow any body of conspirators, however respectable, to put into your shoes a successor who may be totally unable to fill them.

"I urge the following reasons to show my friend's inability to discharge the duties of the office:—

"First, then, a very essential requisite for the president seems to me to be, the power of communicating his ideas with that degree, at least, of fluency, that shall not lacerate the benevolence of the members, in their efforts at listening to and understanding him. Now, the very opposite of this qualification the individual proposed has always been eminently distinguished for displaying in a rare degree of perfection.

"Another requisite, perhaps not less essential, is, that he should have some ready command of ideas connected with the subjects under discussion; but I have my friend's own authority (and whose can be better?) for stating that this qualification, if possessed by him at all, is so only in that minute degree that makes its existence altogether imperceptible (in any other case I should have added, 'to the *hearer*,' but in *his*, I must say) to the *bystander*.

"A third requisite is, that in addition to the ideas and to the command of words already mentioned, he should (in accordance with the law of size being a measure of power) have a thorax and larynx large and powerful enough to receive and to expel, with sufficient force and velocity, that quantity of air which is necessary to the production of audible, and particularly of intelligible, sounds—endowments which, I grieve to say, the proposed individual could never boast of enjoying.

"A fourth requisite is, that the person who is destined to occupy such an ostensible situation in the Society's meetings, should have an external aspect, or what we call the natural language, of perfect civility, at least, if not suavity. Now, I have heard it alleged that your proposed successor, although by no means *ferocious* in his habits, does not always present this agreeable phasis of character in his outward man, even when his inner is in a state of perfect tranquillity.

"A fifth consideration is, that looking forward to the approaching visit of our great and illustrious founder (Dr. Spurzheim), it becomes a positive duty in the Society to have some one at its head, who, like yourself, may be able to preside with dignity and success both at its philosophical and convivial meetings—a function for which I know that the proposed gentleman holds himself remarkably unqualified, as he has every reason to believe that, at a convivial meeting in particular, the very sight of his *face* (for by some strange mechanical manœuvre his *body*, notwithstanding its being two good ells in length, frequently almost disappears from sight)* at the head of a table would suffice to spoil the enjoyment of a whole evening, however determined to be happy the company might be. I do not go so far as to affirm, that the solemnity of his natural language would actually endanger the curdling of the generous cream which generally accompanies the entrance of Mr. Barry's much-admired puddings and apple-pies; but, for the sake of the company, even the slightest tendency that way ought to be carefully avoided.

"A sixth reason is, that the person elected should, on occasion, be able to say a few civil things in the way of compliment, and in an agreeable way, as it is allowed on all hands, that, as a persuader, 'Love of Approbation' is too influential a personage to be treated with neglect or disrespect. Now, it is historically recorded of the intended victim of your benevolence, that he has scarcely ever been heard to utter a purely civil compliment in his whole life; and when I add that his hairs are beginning to turn grey, you will allow, that to expect him to begin now with success, would be in utter contradiction to the first principles of phrenological science, and therefore not to be thought of.

"Lastly, on all grand occasions, societies, as well as individuals, should always set their best foot foremost, if they wish to command respect. Now, I have no hesitation in saying (and I know that my friends will excuse me for it), that your proposed successor is by no means the foot that ought to be put foremost on the occasion of such an event as a visit from Dr. Spurzheim.

"Finally, it is my firm belief that, if you persist in nominating the said gentleman to the said high office, you will excite his Cautiousness to such a degree as will not greatly add to the already dim lustre of his manifestations. And, to conclude, if the Society will, in the

* Dr. Combe's tall stature arose chiefly from the length of his lower extremities; and as in sitting he reclined a good deal backwards, from weakness, he appeared rather short at table.

exercise of its undoubted wisdom, please to elect a better qualified person to succeed yourself, I shall answer for it, that the individual proposed will be perfectly satisfied with the *intention*, and hold himself equally honoured as if he were seated in the chair which you, sir, have occupied with so much advantage to the Society; and that he will continue to discharge the duties of the private station for which his development has fitted him, leaving to those for whom they were intended the possession of the honours which they are best able to bear.

"In thus freely stating and urging my opinions on this most important subject, you may, perhaps, wonder what motives can have induced me, who may almost be styled the *silent gentleman*, to break through my usual habits of taciturnity, so far as to address you at such length; but the simple fact is, that your proposed successor is one of my oldest and most intimate friends,—we played together in infancy, were at school together in boyhood, studied together, and travelled together in youth, shared together in many moving accidents by sea and land, and have lived together so long that my hair, like his, is already turning to grey. In this way I feel interested in his happiness and fortunes, as if they were my own; and it is to save him from new trials that I now exert myself and intrude upon your attention, in the hope that you will take the case into your serious consideration, and act with true benevolence. Meantime, then, I remain, with great respect, Mr. President, yours, very sincerely, ANDREW COMBE."—p. 154.

The modesty, and at the same time the perfect honesty and sincerity which rendered Dr. A. Combe particularly valuable as a medical friend, are here no less evident than his excellent humour. As another specimen of how a man remarkable for his seriousness and devotion to objects requiring much earnest thought, can in leisure hours give free vent to the innocent mirthfulness of a pure soul, we would quote Dr. Combe's account of a humorous incident in his voyage to Leghorn in the year 1812, which happened very shortly after his recovery from a very severe attack of pain.

"When off Corsica, on Friday last, we took the deep-sea line to sound. It was all out (120 fathoms), when a cry was heard from the brig, 'A turtle in sight; give chase!' We had long looked for some sleeping on the water, but found none. At this call, of course, the deep-sea line was hauled in, and off we set in chase. 'Gently, gently!' cries the captain, 'don't waken him. Bear down, bear down, without noise.' The captain posted himself in the bow, ready to seize; and spoke of the turtle soup. We approached fast, and at last came bump upon the trough of a grind-stone!!! 'Famous soup, captain,' said I. 'Yes, mock turtle.'"—p. 104.

We might give many more specimens of the same sort, which

would present 'the grave Doctor' in a somewhat new and most agreeable light to those who have hitherto enjoyed only the results of his severer studies.

The chief epochs in Dr. A. Combe's life may be shortly summed up. Born at Livingston Yards, close to the Grass Market, Edinburgh, 27th October, in the year 1797, the fifteenth child and seventh son of George Combe, a brewer, and the youngest but two; he was much indebted to a most respectable nurse, who lived at Corstorphin, for care and attention in his early years. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to a surgeon, in accordance with his own taste and desire; but owing to an injudicious want of perfect freedom of communication between parent and child, the immediate entrance upon his career was marked by a ludicrous scene of self-willedness on the part of Andrew, which indicates the early sense of independence and dislike of foreign control that so valuably distinguished his after career. An escape from drowning at a much earlier age, is mentioned as another instance where a fear of his parents' displeasure operated injuriously, by inducing him to neglect the change of clothes necessary to secure his health. This did probably injure his constitution. He lived for three years with his brother George, who was about four years older than himself, and had entered the Society of Writers to the Signet for the space of three years, till after passing the Surgeon's Hall, at the age of nineteen, when he went to Paris to complete his medical education. There he enjoyed the intimate friendship of Dr. Spurzheim, and under him studied minutely Dr. Gall's 'Anatomy and Physiology of the Brain.' He also attended the lectures of Esquirol, an opponent of Dr. Gall, whose cases of insanity are nevertheless declared, by Dr. Combe, to be strong proofs of the truth of phrenology. He returned to Edinburgh at the age of twenty-two, after visiting Switzerland and Lombardy, where he had exposed himself to fatigue and changes of temperature injurious to his constitution. Owing to an attack of pulmonary disease which followed his return, he was obliged to spend the next winter in Italy, and the one after in Marseilles and Leghorn. After distinguishing himself by several essays, he took his degree of M.D. in 1825, at the age of twenty-seven and a half, when he was obliged to fee and attend inefficient professors, before he could become a candidate, having chosen to gain his knowledge from efficient private lecturers. It was then he published his admirable treatise on the seat and nature of Hypochondriasis, which was subsequently translated and enlarged.

From 1825 till 1830, Dr. Combe practised in Edinburgh, and during this time established his reputation as a physician. He paid much attention to the treatment of lunatics, in the manage-

ment of whom, his knowledge of the human mind, acquired by a study of phrenology, and a natural tact and heartfelt kindness, enabled him to distinguish himself. But in 1831 he was again attacked by consumption, and obliged to retire to a milder climate. He wintered in Italy, where, by the assistance of Dr. Hirschfeld, of Bremen, and Mr. Richard Carmichael, of Dublin, his health was considerably improved. He was unable, however, to resume practice in Edinburgh till 1834. He then desired to obtain the situation of Medical Superintendent of the Montrose Lunatic Asylum, but finding that his friend Dr. W. Browne had the same situation in view, he waived his own pretensions, and used his influence to secure the election of one he considered so well qualified for the office. At this time he published his work on the 'Principles of Physiology applied to the Preservation of Health and to the Improvement of Physical and Mental Education,' 750 copies of which were sold in the first four months. A second edition of 1,000 copies was so nearly exhausted before the end of the year that a third edition of 3,000 copies was printed. We are told that 28,000 copies of this work had been sold at the time of Dr. Combe's death in 1847, exclusive of the numerous editions printed in America, where it was no less popular.

After a visit to Sir G. Mackenzie's and another trip to Paris, he projected a Lunatic Asylum which was highly approved of by his friends, and which was abandoned only in consequence of his being appointed physician to the King of the Belgians. It is somewhat questionable whether the public were not injured by his withdrawal from a subject on which he was peculiarly well qualified to effect material improvements. We cannot but believe that an asylum under his management would soon have assumed the character of a model institution, and have increased the estimation in which such establishments are held. The climate of Belgium having proved hurtful to Dr. Combe's constitution, he was in a few months obliged to resign his appointment, but he continued to pay the royal family an annual visit as consulting physician. He received gratifying marks of esteem from King Leopold, which do credit no less to His Majesty and the Queen than to Dr. Combe, whose honest advice, so free from all adulation or needless ceremony, seems to have been duly appreciated.

In 1836, Dr. Combe published his work on the 'Physiology of Digestion, considered with relation to the principles of Dietetics.' The ninth edition of this work has lately made its appearance. In 1838, he was appointed one of the physicians extraordinary to the Queen in Scotland, which brought with it honour without either duties or emolument. In 1840 he published 'A Treatise on the Physiological and Moral Management of Infancy; being a

Practical Exposition of the Principles of Infant Training, for the use of Parents,' dedicated to Sir J. Clarke. It is now in its sixth edition, after receiving many improvements from the author's hand down to the year of his death. This was regarded by Dr. Combe as the most valuable of his works, and 9,500 copies of it have been sold.

In 1841, Dr. Combe was seized with a third attack of consumption, and was forced to spend the winters of 1842-3 and 1843-4 in Madeira. About this period, when in the immediate prospect of death, his letters became more than usually interesting, without losing any of their cheerfulness, clearness of thought, soundness of judgment, or originality. While unable to visit or to compose any larger work, he seems to pour out more of his mind into the letters which he wrote to his brother and to his familiar friends.

His health from that time to 1847, when he died, required constant attention and much self-denial: and Dr. Combe is a singular proof of how much valuable work may be accomplished by an invalid; as also the length of time during which constant watchfulness and skill may protract the life of an individual in an advanced stage of consumption. He thenceforward spent the winters in Edinburgh, and the summers in travelling, or in the country. In 1847 he took a voyage to America, and found the 'Montezuma,' in which he sailed, crowded with Irish emigrants. The noxious effluvia emanating from them penetrated into the cabin, infected his constitution, and after his return, led to diarrhœa, under which he sank in August, 1847.

Thus lived and died, in his fiftieth year, one who said of himself, with no less truth than simplicity:—

"I had an early and great veneration for moral excellence; and after having been cold or sullen in the days of my earliest youth, I have gone to bed and cried for want of moral sympathy, and formed strong resolutions to be for ever after kind and good, no matter how others might treat me."

In a scientific point of view, one source of value in these memoirs is, the light they throw upon the early history of phrenology in this country. Whether we adopt the system of Gall and Spurzheim, or the much later germinating theories of Dr. Carpenter—or even if we discard altogether the belief that the manifestations of mind in this world are dependent upon the peculiar form of the brain, still the mode in which new doctrines are received in this country by eminent men, as well as by the vulgar, and the way in which those who uphold them are treated, well deserve the serious attention of all impartial

minds. The anatomy of the brain, as revealed by Gall and Spurzheim, after having been ridiculed and denied, has been adopted in all the schools of medicine in Europe, our own country included; and the conviction that particular forms of the brain correspond to particular mental endowments, seems to be on the increase,* for we see frequent allusions to it in our recent literature, and our public speakers occasionally assume it as a fact. Be this, however, as it may, the opinion of one who so earnestly studied, and was so capable of forming a practical estimate of the value of the doctrines now taught under the name of Phrenology as Dr. Combe, must be interesting to all inquirers. He mentions that he, like most other converts, began by ridiculing Phrenology. He had previously attempted to study Scotch metaphysics, and the following is his estimation of Dugald Stewart:—

“On reading Stewart in my maturer years, I often turned away in disgust from the small performance of magnificent promises, and the trifling shadows of meaning, half hidden under a ponderous panoply of high-sounding words. His paltry fear of self-committal, contrasted with the only fear that would have become him, but which seems never to have occurred to his mind—viz., that of *leading his readers into error*, also repelled me at every page; and I could detect in his writings only an elegant mind of ordinary grasp, worshipping its own efforts rather than intent upon the advance of truth alone. He desired truth, too; but it was ‘truth and I in company,’ and not ‘truth, whatever may become of me.’—p. 47.

No wonder he was thus discouraged from metaphysical studies, till he could find something more tangible and practical than the empty generalities taught as the philosophy of consciousness. This Dr. Combe thought he had found in the mental and physical philosophy of Dr. Gall, concerning which he thus expresses himself a year before his death, in a most interesting letter to a young friend studying diplomacy:—

“Your appreciation of the writings of such men as Guizot, Arnold, and Thiers, shows that your mind is fitted to embrace large and sound

* We must here express an opinion, on the part of other contributors to the ‘Westminster Review,’ and our own, that if phrenologists had confined themselves to this modest position, there would have been very little difference, on the subject of their investigation, among thinking men. The present ground of difference is, not that the faculties of the mind are connected with the brain and produce certain physical developments; but that, upon the nature of those developments phrenologists have jumped too hastily to their conclusions, and presented us with *lists* and *maps* showing a division of faculties in some cases metaphysically unsound, and in others, supported only by that loose kind of evidence which is quite unworthy of the name of scientific demonstration.—ED.

views of public questions; and your moral sense is strong enough to give you a deep interest in eternal justice as the safest groundwork you can have. Believing all this, I cannot but feel great and earnest anxiety that you should go a step farther in your studies, and make yourself thoroughly acquainted with Phrenology, and its relations to everything in which man is concerned as a moral and intellectual agent. I do not mean so much the physiological part of Phrenology, although that would be very useful in many ways. I allude to Phrenology as the nearest approach we have to a system of *the philosophy of mind*, or *the philosophy of human nature*. To you, more than to many men, it would be valuable, by inspiring legitimate confidence and diminishing anxiety. From experience, as well as from wide observation, I can speak strongly on this point. It gives an interest, too, in reading and conversation, from affording correct principles, and, as it were, a correct standard of judgment. With its aid, such books as Guizot's become doubly valuable, and their contents doubly applicable, from the increased facility of adapting them to new cases. But I feel that I am in danger of going beyond the point where you can follow me. I see the data which warrant my opinion. To you they are still unknown, and it would be unreasonable, therefore, to ask you to agree with me farther. I shall, therefore, stop short with my general opinions, and only ask of you to have so far confidence in my judgment and knowledge (for I know you have in my friendship) as to *read attentively, with a willing mind*, 1st, my brother's 'Constitution of Man;' 2nd, his 'Moral Philosophy;' and, *lastly*, his 'Notes on America.' If the applications of the phrenological principles to human affairs in these volumes should inspire you with an interest in the subject, you will then be led to read his System of your own accord. Whatever the result may be in this respect, you will not regret having read the works alluded to, as they contain many thoughts, and suggest many more, which can scarcely fail to be useful to you.

"In one sense, I am advising you to put the cart before the horse, by taking the System last. But to read it with profit, you must feel a previous interest in the subject; and with a thinking man, that interest is most easily excited by perceptions of utility. I need hardly say, that in all his speculations I do not concur, nor will you; but I am mistaken if you do not go along with many applications of sound principle made by him to the most important subjects that can occupy human attention."—p. 478.

No writer has insisted more powerfully than Dr. Combe, on the necessity of a spirit of religiousness being interwoven with education. In fact, the natural tone of Dr. Combe's mind made him anxious to impress a constant sense of God's presence and goodness upon the minds of all whom he could influence; and thus to induce mankind to obey, through love and gratitude, as well as from a sense of duty, the laws of the Creator. In a letter to Miss Sedgwick, written in 1837, he says:—

"I was pleased to find you quote the passage about natural laws having the weight and authority of the great Creator, and not those of mere erring man; and I was not less pleased to notice the continual reference which you consequently make to the great Giver of all good. I cannot fancy a more delightful occupation than tracing back every curious design in our economy to the wisdom and beneficence from which it emanated, or a more convincing inducement to our fulfilment of His purposes,—especially in addressing the uncontaminated minds of the young. Much of the ultra-religious spirit of the present day seems to me to arise from a gross perversion of God's truth, and to lead to the worst consequences on private and public morals. But the proper cure lies not in directly withstanding it, but in diffusing widely a knowledge of truths in and about creation, which no sane mind can dispute. By slow degrees this will undermine the fabric of error, just as the progress of science and reason undermine witchcraft and active religious persecution."—p. 291.

This subject is resumed at greater length, pp. 501—508, in a letter which was written, but never sent, to his brother George. As it has been reprinted and very widely circulated in a cheap form, as embracing views much needed at the present day, we need only quote the concluding passage:—

"The existence and operation of natural laws have been demonstrated, *but not their applications to, and bearings on, daily and hourly conduct.* Veneration has been hitherto supposed to have its true scope in the adoration of the Deity; but its more important and equally elevated use in prompting to willing submission to His laws and authority as an earnest of our sincerity, has been almost overlooked. The religious and moral feelings have never been made acquainted with their own intimate and indissoluble union, or trained to act with the intellect in studying and obeying the natural laws."—p. 409.

On this subject he writes to Sir J. Clarke:—

"When I was apparently sinking, in February 1845. I told my brother that my chief regret was that I had not been able to show that all science necessarily leads back to God as its source and centre, and derives its whole value as coming from Him, and that it cannot be properly taught except as inseparable from religion. My conviction is, that the true sphere of the religious, and, in some degree, of the moral emotions, has been misunderstood; and that in legislating for the moral, religious, intellectual, or physical nature of man, we forget a great deal too much that *man is a unit*—a compound unit, no doubt—but still a being *all* of whose faculties were pre-arranged to act together in harmony."—p. 509.

The application of sound philosophy to practical purposes was never better exemplified than in the following remarks on "attention:":—

"If we listen, let us listen with our whole powers; if we play, let us play with conscientiousness of action among the faculties; if we read, let us do it in the same way; if we hear of something affecting other people, let us try to enter into it as if it were our own. A vigorous and most useful command of mental power will thus be attained, which is infinitely more valuable than any amount of mere knowledge.

"6th Nov.—I dare say you will perceive the practical application of the principle readily enough. We meet almost daily with people whose conversation is either indifferent, or a positive *bore*, from its vapidness and inanity. While they are with us we can, of course, do nothing of importance with full attention; and, therefore, to make the most of them, the principle alluded to would recommend our giving full attention even to them, and, if we can, turning the conversation to a better account. By doing so, we improve our own mental talents, and increase the power of voluntary application."—p. 174.

And again, in the following observations on telling faults, which would be well worthy of 'Friends in Council':—

"It is, besides, very difficult for two friends to preserve thorough confidence in each other after the direct notice of faults. In spite of our best endeavours, a feeling, however slight, of mortification creeps in to disturb the permanence of the influence; and though the fault may be corrected, that feeling may destroy the future power of the counsellor to benefit his friend. To take my own case, for example. I can truly say that when witnessing the never-failing kindness and sympathy shewn by you and yours with the sufferings of your fellow-creatures, I have not only felt my own better feelings roused into purer and higher action, but I have felt my selfishness rebuked within me, and seen my deficiencies with a keener and more improving eye than if you, or any one else, had plainly told me that you perceived them, and wished to warn me against them. There are cases, and especially in the instance of the guardians of youth, in which the direct notice of faults is called for, and proves beneficial; but this seems to me to hold good only where the one possesses a natural authority over the other, and to which the other *feels* himself naturally subject. Among equals in mature age, I doubt the propriety or benefit of the plan of direct naming of faults, and whether we do not, on following it, transgress the rule of 'Judge not,' &c. We can rarely tell the precise motives of another.

"If you cultivate and encourage the good in another's character, you necessarily strengthen the inward check, and leave the bad to languish in comparative inactivity. At the same time you risk no mortification; but, on the contrary, elicit confidence and mutual respect. Try the rule by your own experience, and I think you will agree with me.

"The same principle applies to the manner in which we should act towards those who differ from us. Our real object is to improve our-

selves and them. We can attain this end only in proportion as their and our good feelings travel together, and delight in the same contemplations. If a strong difference starts up, and we proceed to take each his own decided ground on it, we necessarily call into activity our combative and lower feelings to aid in the contest; but then unfortunately their impulse is to *repel* the more, the longer they are excited, and not to attract. The result consequently is, in nine cases out of ten, to place the parties wider apart. If, on the other hand, you seek points on which you harmonise as to essentials, your better feelings come into play towards each other, and when occasion calls naturally for a decided expression of opinion, it makes double the impression on a candid mind, from the very circumstance of your not having thrust it forward. I do not mean that one ought to hide his opinions, and seem to adopt those of another; far from it: but merely that on ordinary occasions it is right to meet on friendly grounds when you have it in your power.

"The same principle makes me, as I said before, always very unwilling to speak about the unfavorable traits of a third party's character, unless a direct occasion requires. It is the cultivation of the better feelings which gives true happiness, and alleviates the numerous evils to which we are subjected; and if, unnecessarily, we denounce any one's failings, we are thereby stirring up an unfavorable feeling towards him. In the case of that youth, Mr. ———, for example, if I had been asked before he was engaged, what I thought of him, I should have felt compelled to tell that I regarded him as very deficient in the higher qualities of intellect, and so much satisfied with his own talents and acquirements as would make him not a desirable tutor. But the thing being concluded, to have expressed this opinion afterwards, would have tended only to make his employer prejudiced against him, and to place him under an additional disadvantage. I communicated my views to you, because good may *afterwards* come out of your knowing them; and I have full confidence that you will not, in the meantime, use this knowledge to his prejudice."—p. 301.

Although Dr. Combe was keenly alive to the evils under which the labouring classes live, he was too cautious and far-seeing to plunge into any scheme for their welfare which was not founded upon sound and approved principles. In 1837 he writes thus concerning the English operatives as seen in Yorkshire:—

"The road between Leeds and Manchester runs through a very hilly, densely-peopled, manufacturing country; and the evidently overwrought population astonished me not a little, and impressed me more strongly than all the eloquence I ever read or listened to, with the danger involved in neglecting the English operatives, and allowing them to continue in their present condition; and with the imperative necessity of improving it by education, leisure, and a humanizing participation in some of the enjoyments of life. Physically, the people

are well off. That is, their habitations are tolerable, and their clothing sufficient. But their hard and unsmiling features, and general expression, betoken frames habitually exhausted by excessive labour, and incapable of experiencing gladdening emotions. Even the very Quakers look grim, care-worn, and irritable. One cannot think, without shuddering, on the magazine of brute force thus collecting, ready to burst forth when the day of adversity shall arrive, and human patience shall be able no longer to restrain it. *Then* the wealthy and the aristocratic will perceive that even selfishness should have prescribed kindness as the best means of their own security. But *leisure* must precede education, otherwise the latter will be a comparatively useless gift."—p. 293.

For want of similar caution, his brother Abram had, in 1827, fallen a victim to his exertions on behalf of the Socialist Society at Orbiston, which ended only in failure. The remarks upon this subject in a letter of A. Combe's, p. 109, and the writer's observations in pp. 142—5, will be found full of sorrowful interest to the philanthropist.

There are some readers of this work who will doubtless strongly object to the phrenological tone that pervades the whole. They will think the very same truths might have been expressed in less technical language, and that most of the beautiful and important views advocated might be equally well based upon systems of mental philosophy opposed to those of Gall and Spurzheim. However that may be, it is evident that Dr. Combe himself attributed to phrenology the power he possessed of discriminating character, and the happy change that was effected in his philosophical and religious views subsequent to childhood. Upon this subject he is very precise and explicit, and he brings the subject forward on more than one occasion. But his fullest remarks are to be found in a letter to his brother George, written in 1841, at a time that he felt himself slowly declining, with no expectation of recovery. He then felt *regret* at being debarred from prolonged usefulness in this world, but he was far from repining or seeing any hardship in his case. The whole passage, where he estimates the value of his own views, deserves quotation:—

"I dare say many good men, with their present lights, would look upon your estimate and mine of the value of the truths we try to diffuse, as ludicrously extravagant, and indicating only morbidly active self-esteem. But it may be truly said, that in placing faith in the principles we advocate, we place faith in God's beneficent laws, and not in our own feeble faculties. I believe that I rate my own powers with a fair share of humility; and yet I can see no traces of inconsistency or presumption in declaring, in the face of the world, that I

am convinced that such of the principles expounded in my writings as are true will one day be widely diffused, and lead to an important improvement in the condition of man. I can say so with all humility, because the principles, so far as true, are of God's making, not of mine, and I explain only what He has ordained. I am, of course, equally at liberty to speak as I think of the ultimate effects of your own works in this respect; and with the prospect of early death before me, I am not in a condition of mind favorable for uttering phrases of mere flattery or inconsiderateness.

"In regard to the influence of Phrenology on my religious views, I think it right to add, that I never knew what peace of mind on religious subjects was, till I arrived by slow degrees at my present views—most of them more than twenty years ago; and that, such as they are, they have stood the test of my illnesses in 1820-1-2, and 1831-2-3, and continue to this hour to satisfy my judgment and support my faith in unhesitating reliance upon the goodness of the Being who created me. In this reliance I am wholly uninfluenced by any real or supposed merits of my own—for I know my weakness on that score. As I told you in a former letter, I am naturally strongly susceptible of religious impressions, and my thoughts turn habitually to, and have always had great delight in, the investigation and contemplation of the works, laws, and attributes of God. . . . Almost from infancy, however, I felt repelled and puzzled by the representations, from the pulpit and in the Catechism, of the corrupt condition and dreadful prospects of man. Doubts thus arose in my mind regarding these points, from what I heard at church and was taught at home, and from the contradiction which I saw everywhere between doctrine and practice. I never had read any heterodox book or heard any heterodox conversation, or had any source but reflection on what I heard from the pulpit and read in the Bible, from which to form my opinions; and I well recollect, that, even with you, I never touched upon the subject till after my own mind was made up—and then accident led to the discovery, that we had both passed through a similar process of thought, and arrived at the same conclusions on the points referred to. Phrenology was a great blessing to me in finally clearing up and giving consistency to my views, and consequently in giving me an abiding peace of mind. By explaining the source of my own feelings, and of certain prevailing dogmas, in the workings of the primitive faculties of the mind, often unregulated by knowledge or reason,—and elucidating the relations of man to his Creator and to the external world,—it effectually removed my difficulties, and threw a clear and sustaining light upon obscurities which had previously bewildered me. It thus gave me that firm and improving trust in God, which has been to me the source of much happiness, and I hope of some improvement, and has since been the abiding feeling of my mind."—p. 406.

He adds his views upon the discipline of the present world:—

"If we act in harmony with the conditions under which the organism is placed, and with the moral laws, we not only reap happiness for ourselves, but become instrumental in increasing the happiness of others; at the same time our nature becomes improved, and we live and rejoice in a purer moral atmosphere. This is the certain result of rightly fulfilling the duties of the present world; and where can a more natural or lasting source of love and gratitude to God and submission to His will be found, than in such conduct and such results? or what can be a better or more natural preparation for a higher sphere of existence? I think, therefore, that even those who regard this world as *merely* a place of preparation for a better, ought first to look to their duties in the world where they now reside, in the assurance that the God who presides everywhere, will never assign it as a reason for excluding them from future happiness, that they have been too steadfast in obeying His will *here*."—p. 407.

It was before this that Dr. Combe is found looking forward in perfect resignation to his own departure, in a letter to his brother George:—

"I am thankful to Providence for having spared me so long, and allowed me so much enjoyment. I am grateful, also, for present comfort; and if the future be within my power of bearing easily, I shall be more thankful still. Many things I would have liked to do; but I have had years of usefulness beyond what I once expected; and if I cannot do more, I have the satisfaction of having brought out my three books on Physiology, Digestion, and Infancy, not to mention that of Insanity; which, I hope, will help to give a better direction to the inquiries of others, and turn the public mind to things that there is great need of attending to."—p. 395.

That his works were all written more with a view to the public good than to profit or reputation, and that his success was unexpected, we can easily believe, on the Doctor's own testimony.

"I should like to be remembered by my friends, and associated in their minds with pleasing recollections; but for more than this I have no desire. I think I can say I never wrote a line from a hope of fame or emolument. Not that I was indifferent either to public opinion or to the value of money; for I wished that those who knew me at all should think well of me, and I was very well pleased if reward followed my labours. I can as honestly say, that though pleased and gratified, I never felt elated even by the warmest eulogiums on my writings. At first, I was doubtful whether I possessed the talent of clear exposition. The public satisfied me on that score; but I never varied in my estimate of the utility of the ideas I sought to communicate. In like manner, I never felt carried away by expressed approval or praise in my private life, for I could never lose sight of the

length I really fell short of what I wished to be or do. Often when most praised, my deficiencies came most strongly before me, and made me feel rather shame than pleasure. In the exercise of my profession this was a common occurrence. People expressed obligations and gratitude where, in my inner man, I was conscious only of the shortcomings of knowledge and usefulness, and of the really small amount of my own merits. In this way I have received more credit and kindness than I had any valid claim to.

"I have been deeply sensible of the imperfections of medicine as a science in which principles are yet, in a great measure, to be sought for; and at times, when I felt my mind more than usually vigorous, I fancied that, if I had enjoyed sustained health and energy, I might have contributed to put things on a more solid foundation. But infirmity diminished my powers of application, and, along with my deficient *Eventuality*, prevented me from acquiring the necessary extent of knowledge, and commanding easily what I possessed. Views which I thought of some value thus passed through my mind, but these I could neither arrest nor elaborate; and now, I fear, the day has gone by even for the attempt. My books contain many of these views, but not systematised sufficiently to arrest the attention of an unreflecting mind."—p. 399.

It would be out of place, in a journal like this, were we to go largely, or in detail, into Dr. Combe's more immediate relations to his profession, or to attempt to estimate the kind and amount of benefit he conferred by his writings, and by his example, upon the art of healing, in its most extended sense and highest significance. We do not know a worthier or more useful subject for an essay in one of our larger Medical Journals, than to determine the just position of such a man as Dr. Combe in the history of medicine—showing what it was in theory and in practice, in its laws as a science, and in its rules as an art—when he made his appearance on its field, and what impression his character and doctrines have made upon the public as requiring, and upon his brethren as professing to furnish, the means of health. The object of such an essay would be to make out how far Dr. Combe's principles of inquiry, his moral postulates, his method of cure, his views of the powers and range of medicine as an estimative, rather than an exact, science, his *rationale* of human nature as composite and in action,—how far all these influences may be expected to effect any future enlargement, enlightenment, and quickening of that art which is, *par excellence*, the art of life, and whose advance, in a degree of which we can form little conception from its present condition, was believed by one of the greatest intellects of any age (Descartes), to be destined to play a signal part in making mankind more moral, wiser, and happier, as well as stronger, longer-lived, and

healthier. The cause of morality—of everything that is connected with the upward and onward movement of the race—is more dependent upon the bodily health, the soundness of the human constitution, than many politicians, moralists, and divines are ready to believe.

Dr. Combe was not, perhaps, what is commonly called a man of genius; that is, genius was not his foremost and most signal and efficient quality. He made no brilliant discovery in physiology or therapeutics, like some of his contemporaries. He did not, as by a sudden flash of light, give form, and symmetry, and meaning to the nervous system, as did Sir Charles Bell, when he proved that every nerve is double; that its sheath, like the Britannia bridge, contains two lines, carrying two trains—an up and a down; the sensory, as the up, bringing knowledge from without of all sorts to the brain; the motory, as the down, carrying the orders from the same great centre of sensation and will. Neither did he, like Dr. Marshall Hall, make this discovery more exquisite, by adding to it that of the excito-motor nerves—the system of reflex action, by which, with the most curious nicety and art (for Nature is the art of God), each part of our frame, however distinct in function, different in structure, and distant from the others, may intercommunicate with any or every part, as by an electric message, and which thus binds in one common sympathy of pleasure and pain, the various centres of organic and animal life with each other, and with the imperial brain. Neither did he, as Lænnec, open the ear, and through it the mind of the physician, to a new discipline, giving a new method and means of knowledge and of cure. Nor, finally, did he enrich practical medicine, as Dr. Abercrombie and others have done, with a selection of capital facts, of “middle propositions,” from personal experience and reflection, and with the matured results of a long-exercised sagacity and skill in diagnosis and in treatment. He did not do all this for various reasons, but mainly and simply because his Maker had other and important work for him, and constituted and fitted him accordingly, by a special teaching from within and from without, for its accomplishment, vouchsafing to him what is one of his best blessings to any of his creatures—an innate perception of law, a love of first principles, a readiness to go wherever they led, and nowhere else. He *discovered*—for to him it had all the suddenness of a first sight—that all the phenomena of disease, of life, and of health, everything in the entire round of the economy of man’s microcosm, move according to certain laws, and fixed modes of procedure—laws which are ascertainable by those who honestly seek them, and which, in virtue of their reasonableness and beneficence, and

bearing, as it were, the "image and superscription" of their Divine Giver, carry with them, into all their fields of action, the double burden of reward and punishment; and that all this is as demonstrable as the law of gravitation, which, while it shivers an erring planet in its anger, and sends it adrift to "hideous ruin and combustion," at the same moment, and by the very same force, times the music of the spheres, compacts a dew-drop, and guides, as of old, Arcturus and his sons. This is Dr. Combe's highest—his peculiar distinction among medical writers. He burns, as with a passionate earnestness, to bring back the bodily economy of man to its allegiance to the Supreme Guide. He shows in his works, and still more impressively in his living and dying, the divine beauty, and power, and goodness, that shine out in every the commonest, and what we call meanest instance, of the adaptation of man by his Maker to his circumstances, his duties, his sufferings, and his destiny. This may not be called original genius, perhaps; we are sorry it is as yet too original; but in the calm eye of reason and thoughtful goodness, and we may in all reverence add, in the eye of the all-seeing Unseen, it is something more divinely fair, more to be desired and honored, than much of what is generally called genius. It is something which, if acted upon with the simplicity, the energy, the constancy, the intelligence with which for twenty-five years it animated Dr. Combe, by say ten thousand men and women for as many years, would so transform the whole face of society, and work such mighty changes in the very substance, so to speak, of human nature, in all its ongoings, as would as much transcend the physical marvels and glories of our time, and all the progress made thereby in civilization and human well-being, as the heavens are higher than the earth; and as our moral relations, our conformity to the will and the likeness of God, are, more than any advance in mere knowledge and power, man's highest exercise and his chief end. We are not so foolish as to think that in recognizing the arrangements of this world, and all it contains, as being under God's law, Dr. Combe made a *discovery* in the common sense of the word; but we do say he unfolded the length and breadth, the depth and height of this principle as a practical truth, as a rule of life and duty, beyond any man before him. And thus it was, that though he did not, like the other eminent men we have mentioned, add signally to the material of knowledge, he observed with his own eyes more clearly, and explained the laws of healthy, and, through them, of diseased action, and promulgated their certain rewards and punishments more convincingly than any one else. He made this plainer than other men to every honest capacity, however humble. He showed that every man has an internal

personal activity implanted in him by his Creator, for preserving or recovering that full measure of soundness, of wholeness, of consentaneous harmonious action, of well-balanced, mutually concurring forces, which constitutes health, or *wholth*, and for the use or abuse of which he, as a rational and responsible being, is answerable on soul and conscience to himself, to his fellow-men, and to his Maker.

Dr. Combe has so beautifully given his own account of this state and habit of mind and feeling, this principled subjection of everything within him to the manifestation of God's will in his works and in his creatures, that we quote it here.

"The late Rev. Mr. ——— of ——— stopped me one day, to say he had read my Physiology with great satisfaction, and that what pleased him greatly was the vein of genuine piety which pervaded every page, a piety uncontaminated by cant. Some of my good friends who have considered me a lax observer of the outward forms of piety, might laugh at this. Nevertheless, it gave me pleasure, because in my conscience I felt its truth. *There is scarcely a single page in all my three physiological works, in which such a feeling was not active as I wrote.* The unvarying tendency of my mind is to regard the whole laws of the animal economy, and of the universe, as the direct dictates of the Deity; and in urging compliance with them, it is with the earnestness and reverence due to a Divine command that I do it. *I almost lose the consciousness of self in the anxiety to attain the end;* and where I see clearly a law of God in our own nature, I rely upon its efficiency for good with a faith and peace which no storm can shake, and feel pity for those who remain blind to its origin, wisdom, and beneficence. I therefore say it solemnly, and with the prospect of death at no distant day, that I experienced great delight, when writing my books, in the consciousness that I was, to the best of my ability, expounding 'the ways of God to man,' and in so far fulfilling one of the highest objects of human existence. God was, indeed, ever present to my thoughts."—p. 401.

This was the secret of his power over himself and others—He believed and therefore he spake; he could not but speak, and when he did, it was out of the abundance of his heart. Being impressed and moved, he became of necessity impressive and motive. Hence, if there be not in his works much of the lightening of genius, resolving error into its constituent elements by a stroke, unfolding in one glance both earth and heaven, and bringing out in bright eminence some long-hidden truth—if he but seldom astonishes us with the full-voiced thunder of eloquence; there is in his pages, everywhere pervading them as an essence, that still small voice, powerful but not by its loudness, which finds its way into the deeper and more sacred recesses of our rational nature, and speaks to our highest interests and senses—

the voice of moral obligation to gratitude and obedience, to know the divine will as regards ourselves, and to do it. His natural capacity and appetite for knowledge, his love of first principles, his serious vivacity, his unfeigned active benevolence, his shrewdness, his affections, his moral courage and faithfulness, his clear definite ideas, his whole life, his very sufferings, sorrows and regrets, were all, as by a solemn act of his entire nature, consecrated to this simple absorbing end. Thus it was that he kept himself alive so long, with a mortal malady haunting him for years, and was enabled to read to others the lessons he had learned for himself in the valley of the shadow of death.

We have been struck, in reading Dr. Combe's works, and especially these memoirs, at the resemblance, not merely in principles and rules, and in the point from which they view their relations to their profession, but in more special characteristics of temperament and manner, between him and the illustrious Sydenham, and the still more famous "divine old man of Cos." We refer to the continual reference by them to *Nature*, as a regulating power in the human body; their avoiding speculations as to essence, and keeping to the consideration of conjunct causes; their regarding themselves as the expounders of a law of life, and the interpreters and ministers of *Nature*. This one master idea, truly religious in its character, gives to them a steady fervour, a calm persistent enthusiasm or "entheasm" (*ev* and *theos*), which we regret, for the honour and the good of human nature, is too rare in medical literature, ancient or modern. The words "*Nature*" and "*the Almighty*," "*the Supreme Disposer*," &c. occur in Sydenham's works as frequently and with the same reference as they do in Dr. Combe's.

The following passage from Sydenham, on *Nature*, will illustrate our meaning:—

"I here [in the conclusion of his observations on the fever and plague of 1665 and 1666] subjoin a short note, lest my opinion of *Nature* be taken in a wrong sense. In the foregoing discourse I have made use of the term *Nature*, and ascribed various effects to her, as I would thereby represent some one self-existing being, everywhere diffused throughout the machine of the universe, which, being endowed with reason, governs and directs all bodies—such an one as some philosophers seem to have conceived the soul of the world to be. But I neither affect novelty in my sentiments or expressions; I have made use of this ancient word in these pages, if I mistake not, in a qualified sense; *for by Nature I always mean* a certain assemblage of natural causes, which, though destitute of reason and contrivance, are directed in the wisest manner while they perform their operations and produce their effects; or, in other words, the Supreme Being, by

whose power all things are created and preserved, disposes them all in such manner, by his infinite wisdom, that they proceed to their appointed functions with a certain regularity and order, performing nothing in vain, but only what is best and fittest for the whole frame of the universe and their own peculiar nature, and so are moved like machines, not by any skill of their own, but by that of the artist."

And Hippocrates briefly says, "*Nature in man is the aggregate of all things that concur to perfect health, and the foundation of all right reasoning and practice in physic*"—exactly the same great truth which Dr. Combe and Dr. Forbes, thousands of years afterwards, are abused by their brethren for promulgating; and the old Ephesian cry is raised loud and long among the *craftsmen* who, like Demetrius and his crew, are more filled with wrath than with reason.

As we have already said, Dr. Combe was neither distinguished as a discoverer nor as a practitioner. Owing to feeble health, he was not permitted the opportunity of being the latter, though he possessed some of the highest qualities of a great physician; and the evenness of his powers probably would have prevented him from making any one brilliant hit as the former: for it is our notion, for which we have not space here to assign the reasons, that original geniuses in any one department, are almost always *odd men*—that is, are uneven, have some one dominant faculty, lording it over the rest. So that, if we look back among the great men in medicine, we would say that he was less like Harvey or Sydenham, than Locke, who, even though not generally thought so, was quite as much of a doctor during his life, as of a philosopher and politician. It was not merely in their deeper constitutional qualities—their love of truth, and of the God of truth—their tendency towards what was immediately useful—their preferring observation to speculation, but not declining either, as the help and complement of the other; their choosing rather to study the mind or body as a *totum quid*, a unit, active and executive, and as a means to an end, than to dogmatise and dream about its transcendental constitution, or its primary and ultimate condition; their valuing in themselves, and in others, soundness of mind and body, above strength or quickness; their dislike to learned phrases, and their attachment to freedom, political, religious and personal—it was not merely in these larger and more substantial matters that John Locke and Andrew Combe were alike: they had in their outward circumstances and histories some curious coincidences.

Both were grave, silent, dark-haired, and tall; both were unmarried, and yet both were much in the company of superior women, and had much of their best pleasure from their society

and sympathy, and each had one of the best of the sex to watch over his declining years, and to close his eyes; to whose lot it fell, in the tender words of Agricola's stern son-in-law—" *assidere valetudini, fovere deficientem, satiari vultu, complexu.*" Moreover, both were educated for medicine, but had to relinquish the active practice of it from infirm health, and in each the local malady was in the lungs. Both, by a sort of accident, came in close contact with men in the highest station, and became their advisers and friends—we refer to Lord Shaftesbury, and to the Third William, and Leopold, two of the wisest and shrewdest of ancient or modern kings. They resided much abroad, and owed, doubtless, much of their largeness of view and their superiority to prejudice, to having thus seen mankind from many points. Both had to make the art of keeping themselves alive, the study of their health, a daily matter of serious thought, arrangement, and action. They were singularly free from the foibles and prejudices of invalids; both were quietly humorous in their natures, and had warm but not very demonstrative affections; and to each was given the honour of benefiting their species to a degree, and in a variety of ways, not easily estimated. Locke, though he may be wrong in many of his views of the laws and operations of the human mind, did more than any one man ever did before him, to strengthen and rectify, and restore to healthy vigour, the active powers of the mind—the observation, the reason, and the judgment; and of him, the weighty and choice words of Lord Grenville are literally true: "With Locke commenced the bright era of a new philosophy, which, whatever were still its imperfections, *had for its basis clear and determinate conceptions; free inquiry and unbiassed reason for its instruments, and for its end truth,—truth unsophisticated and undisguised, shedding its pure light over every proper object of the human understanding, but confining itself with reverential awe within those bounds which an all-wise Creator has set to our inquiries.*" While, on the other hand, Dr. Combe, making the body of man his chief study, did for it what Locke did for his mind; he explained rather the laws of physiology, than the structure of the organs; he was more bent upon mastering the dynamics than the statics of health and disease—of life and death; but we are too near his time, too imperfectly aware of what he has done for us, to be able to appreciate the full measure or quality of the benefit he has bestowed upon us and our posterity, by his simply reducing man to himself—bringing him back to the knowledge, the acknowledgment, and the obedience of the laws of his nature.

Dr. Combe's publications have been already mentioned. His best known are, his 'Physiology,' his 'Physiology of Digestion,'

and his 'Management of Infancy.' The first was the earliest, and is still the best exposition and application of the laws of health. His 'Digestion' is perhaps the most original of the three. It is less taken up, as such treatises, however excellent, generally are, with what to eat and what to avoid, than with how to eat anything and avoid nothing, how so to regulate the great ruling powers of the body, as to make the stomach do its duty upon whatever that is edible is submitted to it. His book on the 'Management of Children,' is to us the most delightful of all his works: it has the simplicity, and mild strength, the richness and vital nutriment of "the sincere milk"—that first food of man, and the best cooked. This *lactea ubertas* pervades the whole little volume; and we know of none of Dr. Combe's books in which the references to a superintending Providence, to a divine Father, to a present Deity, to be loved, honored, and obeyed, are so natural, so impressive, so numerous, and so child-like. His 'Observations on Mental Derangement' have long been out of print. We sincerely trust that Dr. James Cox, who has so well edited the last edition of his uncle's 'Physiology,' may soon give us a new one of this important work, which carries his principles into this sad and most important region of human suffering and evil. Apart altogether from its peculiar value as an application of Phrenology to the knowledge and cure of Insanity—it is, as Dr. Abercrombie, who was not lavish of his praise, said, "full of sound observation and accurate thinking, and likely to be very useful."

There is, by the bye, one of Dr. Combe's papers, not mentioned by his brother, which we remember reading with great satisfaction and profit, and which shows how he carried his common sense, and his desire to be useful, into the minutest arrangements. It appears in 'Chambers' Journal' for August 30th, 1834, and is entitled "Sending for the Doctor;" we hope to see the nine rules therein laid down, in the next edition of the 'Life.'

We shall now conclude this cursory survey of Dr. Combe's relations, general and direct, to medicine, by earnestly recommending the study of his 'Memoirs' to all medical men, young and old, but especially the former. They will get not merely much instruction of a general kind, from the contemplation of a character of singular worth, beauty and usefulness, but they will find lessons everywhere, in their own profession, lessons in doctrine and in personal conduct; and they will find the entire history of a patient's life and death, given with a rare fulness, accuracy, and impressiveness; they will get hints incidentally of how he managed the minutest and most delicate

matters; how, with order, honesty, and an ardent desire to do good, he accomplished so much, against and in spite of so much. We would, in fine, recommend his letter to Sir James Clark on the importance of Hygiène as a branch of medical education, (page 311); his letter to the same friend on medical education (page 341), in regard to which we agree with Sir James that the medical student cannot have a better guide during the progress of his studies; a letter on the state of medical science, (page 400); his remarks on the qualifications for the superintendent of a lunatic asylum; and, at page 468, on scepticism on the subject of medical science. These, and his three admirable letters to Dr. Forbes, would make a valuable little book. We conclude with a few extracts taken from these papers at random. It would be difficult to put more truth on their subjects, into better words.

"I have always attached much less importance than is usually done, to the abstract possibility or impossibility of finishing the compulsory part of professional education within a given time, and have long thought that more harm than good has been done by fixing too early a limit. *The intelligent exercise of medicine requires not only a greater extent of scientific and general attainments, but also readier comprehensiveness of mind, and greater accuracy of thinking and maturity of judgment, than perhaps any other profession*; and these are qualities rarely to be met with in early youth. So generally is this felt to be the case, that it is an all but universal practice for those who are really devoted to the profession, to continue their studies for two or three years, or even more, after having gone through the prescribed curriculum, and obtained their diplomas; and those only follow a different course who are pressed by necessity to encounter the responsibilities of practice, whether satisfied or not with their own qualifications: and if this be the case, does it not amount to a virtual recognition, that the period now assigned by the curriculum is too short, and ought to be extended? In point of fact, this latter period of study is felt by all to be by far the most instructive of the whole, because now the mind is comparatively matured, and able to draw its own inferences from the facts and observations of which it could before make little or no use; and it is precisely those who enter upon practice too early who are most apt to become routine practitioners, and to do the least for the advancement of medicine as a science."—p. 343.

"The only thing of which I doubt the propriety is, requiring the study of logic and moral philosophy at so early an age. For though a young man, before eighteen, may easily acquire a sufficient acquaintance with one or two books on these subjects, such as Whately and Paley, to be able to answer questions readily, I am quite convinced that his doing so will be the result merely of an intellectual effort in

which memory will be exercised much more than judgment, and that the subjects will not become really useful to him like those which he feels and thoroughly understands, but will slip from him the moment his examination is at an end, and probably leave a distaste for them ever after. To logic, so far as connected with the structure of language, there can be no objection at that age; but as an abstract branch of science, I regard it, in its proper development, as fit only for a more advanced period of life. The whole basis and superstructure of moral philosophy, too, imply for their appreciation a practical knowledge of human nature, and of man's position in society, of his proper aims and duties, and of his political situation,—which it is impossible for a mere youth to possess; and, in the absence of acquaintance with, and interest in the real subjects, to train the mind to the use of words and phrases descriptive of them (but, to him, without correct meaning), is likely to be more injurious than beneficial. A man must have seen and felt some of the perplexities of his destiny, and begun to reflect upon them in his own mind, before he can take an intelligent interest in their discussion. To reason about them sooner, is like reasoning without data; and besides, as the powers of reflection are always the latest in arriving at maturity, we may fairly infer that Nature meant the knowledge and experience to come first.”—p. 348.

Sir William Hamilton, who differs so widely from Dr. Combe in much, agrees with him in this, and, we think, with the greatest reason; *vide* note at page 420 of his edition of Reid, which we wish we had room to quote.

“If there is one fault greater than another, and one source of error more prolific than another, in medical investigations, it is the absence of a consistent and philosophic mode of proceeding; *and no greater boon could be conferred upon medicine, as a science, than to render its cultivators familiar with the laws or principles by which inquiry ought to be directed.* I therefore regard what I should term a system of Medical Logic as of inestimable value in the education of the practitioner; but I think that the proper time for it would be after the student had acquired a competent extent of knowledge, and a certain maturity of mind.”—p. 350.

“The one great object ought to be the due qualification of the practitioner; and whatever will contribute to that end ought to be retained, whether it may happen to agree with or differ from the curricula of other universities or licensing bodies. *The sooner one uniform system of education and equality of privileges prevails throughout the kingdom, the better for all parties.*”—p. 359.

“The longer I live, the more I am convinced that medical education is too limited and too hurried, rather than too extended; for, after all, four years is but a short time for a mind still immature to be occu-

pied in mastering and digesting so many subjects and so many details. Instead of the curriculum being curtailed, however, I feel assured that ultimately the period of study will be extended. Supposing a young man to be engaged in the acquisition of knowledge and experience till the age of twenty-three instead of twenty-one, can it be said that he will then be *too old* for entering upon independent practice? or that his mind is even then fully matured, or his stock of knowledge such as to inspire full confidence? It is in vain to say that young men will not enter the profession if these additions are made. The result would inevitably be to attract a higher class of minds, and to raise the character of the whole profession.”—p. 360.

“*The bane of medicine and of medical education at present is its partial and limited scope.* Branches of knowledge, valuable in themselves, are studied almost always separately, and without relation to their general bearing upon the one grand object of the medical art, viz., the healthy working or restoration of the whole bodily and mental functions. We have abundance of courses of lectures on all sorts of subjects, but are nowhere taught to group their results into practical masses or principles. The higher faculties of the professional mind are thus left in a great measure unexercised. The limited and exclusive knowledge of the observing powers is alone sought after, and an irrational experience is substituted for that which alone is safe, because comprehensive and true in spirit. *The mind thus exercised within narrow limits, becomes narrowed and occupied with small things. Small feelings follow, and the natural result is that place in public estimation which narrow-mindedness and cleverness in small things deserve.* The profession seeks to put down quacks, to obtain medical reform by Act of Parliament, and to acquire public influence; and a spirit is now active which will bring forth good fruit in due time. An Act of Parliament can remedy many absurdities connected with the privileges of old colleges and corporations, and greatly facilitate improvement; but the grand reform must come from within, and requires no Act to legalise its appearance. Let the profession cultivate their art in a liberal and comprehensive spirit, and give evidence of the predominance of the scientific over the trade-like feeling, and the public will no longer withhold their respect or deny their influence.”—p. 400.

“If you ask, Why did not God effect his aim without inflicting pain or suffering on any of us? That just opens up the question, Why did God see fit to make man, man, and not an angel? I can see why a watchmaker makes a watch here and a clock there, because my faculties and nature are on a par with the watchmaker’s; but to understand why God made man what he is, I must have the faculties and comprehension of the Divine Being; or, in other words, the creature must be the equal of the Creator in intellect before he can understand the cause of his own original formation. Into that, therefore, I am quite contented not to inquire.”—p. 403.

"I should say that the province of Hygiène is to examine the relations existing between the human constitution on the one hand, and the various external objects or influences by which it is surrounded on the other; and to deduce, from that examination, the principles or rules by which the highest health and efficiency of all our functions, moral, intellectual, and corporeal, may be most certainly secured, and by obedience to which we may, when once diseased, most speedily and safely regain our health. But perhaps the true nature of Hygiène will be best exhibited by contrasting what at present is taught, with what we require at the bed-side of the patient, and yet are left to pick up at random in the best way we can."—p. 312.

"Hygiène, according to my view, really forms the connecting link by which all the branches of professional knowledge are bound together, and rendered available in promoting human health and happiness; and, in one sense, is consequently the most important subject for a course of lectures, although very oddly almost the only one which has not been taught systematically; and I consider the absence of the connecting principle as the main cause why medicine has advanced so slowly, and still assumes so little of the aspect of a *certain science*, notwithstanding all the talent, time, and labor devoted to its cultivation."—p. 319.

Before we close these remarks we must thank Mr. George Combe, not merely for the admirable manner in which he has executed the personal details of his brother's life and the statement of his philosophical views, but for the judgment, good taste, and sagacity with which he has dealt with what more immediately relates to medicine. Very few non-professional men could have done it so discriminatingly; and with all our admiration of the active virtues and general intelligence of our medical practitioners, we question if many of them could have handled this important but difficult portion of the work, with as much liberality and largeness of view, and as much logical acuteness.

We cannot dismiss this volume without expressing an anxious wish to see it far more widely circulated than it can be in its present handsome but expensive form. The *many thousands* who possess Dr. A. Combe's other works, will be anxious to entertain this as a household friend, as introducing them still more intimately into the mind of one to whom the world owes so much. If the instructive and entertaining, but much less important life of Francis Horner, can find its way through a half-crown key into the library of the working man, surely we may hope that before long a similar change may come over the form in which this more valuable record of a valuable life is presented to the public. To those who can afford it, and to all public libraries, this well-

printed, handsome work will be regarded as no less indispensable than those of Macaulay; but for the railway carriage, for the workshop, and for the cottage fireside, we would have the words of one who knew well what all ought to know, rendered as accessible as cheap print and paper and a large circulation will permit.

ART. V.—1. *How much longer are we to continue teaching nothing more than what was taught two or three centuries ago?* By M. E. London: J. Hatchard and Son. 1850.

2. *Baccalauréat et Socialisme.* Par M. F. Bastiat, Membre Correspondant de l'Institut. Paris: Libraire de Guillaumin et C^{ie}. 1850.

3. *A Letter to Sir Robert Inglis on University Reform.* By the Rev. C. A. Low, M.A. Ridgway.

THERE is a growing feeling among thoughtful men, that some alteration is needed in our system of education. A rumbling sound of dissatisfaction at what is going on under the name of education in all our establishments, from the Universities down to the village schools, has been long making itself heard. At the present moment the call for more education is almost universal: but here and there, besides, is to be met with an observing, cautious inquirer, who wishes to learn something more about this education, the increase of which is so urgently called for; who asks, What is it, or what has it been hitherto? What has it done for us thus far? What may be expected from it in future, if only increased in quantity, without being altered in quality?

Silent under-currents of thought and inquiry, in direct opposition to those obvious to the eye, may prevail long before the surface of society is disturbed. Individuals, concealing their dissent and smothering their dissatisfaction, frequently shape their expressions and their conduct so as to adapt themselves to the opinions and practices that sway with others, and submit to what, in their own private judgment, they may consider unwise, untrue, degrading, or demoralizing. Under-currents such as these have been for some time forcing their way among European communities. They are now coming to the surface, and are beginning to disturb the upper stream of thoughts and convictions, and threatening the stability of long-established systems, and of institutions deemed perfect.

The swelling thought that is at last bursting into utterance,

has been much quickened in its growth by the events of these three last years. Society has everywhere been convulsed; governments have been subverted; existing laws and usages—among others, those even of property and family—have been called in question; and a readiness to disregard them has been accompanied by a disposition to force others to do the same. Even in our own country, which has been comparatively undisturbed, we are compelled to admit, with mixed feelings of alarm and anguish, that everything around us is neither creditable nor safe. To sit quiet in the midst of so many evidences of suffering in the present, and of danger for the future, is impossible. The fear cannot be repressed that the wealthy, the intelligent, and the well-conducted, are not beyond the reach of moral contamination; although the destitute may submit to suffer without resisting, and ignorance, vice, and brutality, may seem to be circumscribed or kept out of sight.

There is enough in all this to fix attention, and to arouse an anxious spirit of inquiry as to what can have brought about such a state of things. One of the most hopeful signs of our times is the increasing readiness to search for causes—for the causes of evil to be averted, of good to be secured. Moving in this direction, who can escape being forced upon the consideration of what education has done, is doing, and is likely to do? Truly, education cannot but be admitted to be one of the most active of causes operating either for good or for evil. Those who approve of education as it is, do so on account of the good which they suppose it competent to achieve, or of the evil which it is competent to prevent. Those who disapprove of education as it is, do so on account of the good which, in their estimation, it neglects to achieve, or of the evil which it fails to prevent.

The late debates in the House of Commons on the introduction of Mr. Fox's Education Bill; the public meetings that have been held at Manchester, Leeds, Derby and other populous towns, all prove that one of the means relied on for mitigating destitution, diminishing immorality and crime, and guarding against danger, is "more education." The two works which we now wish to introduce to our readers, are written with a view to urge, not an increase in the quantity, but an improvement in the quality of the education, up to this time supposed to afford the requisite teaching and training. These little works, emanating, one from an English, the other from a French writer, differing as they do in style and method, agree in one important particular. They both deprecate that pertinacious adherence, observed by each in the Universities and schools of his own country, to a system of instruction established more than 200 years ago. All sciences and arts, say they,

attract to themselves and incorporate the knowledge and practice developed day by day; they profit by all experience up to the day, to suffice for the wants of the day that is coming. In other words, they place themselves in harmony with the age. According to them, all sciences and arts do this with one exception. That exception is, Education. And yet, continue they, Education ought, least of all, to neglect any appliance that might assist her to raise the rising generation, at starting, to the level of those most in advance of the generation that is passing away. The predominance of what goes by the name of Classical Education, is most unhesitatingly condemned by them both. The English writer traces to this predominance—much good passively left undone; the French writer—much mischief actively inflicted. But these authors speak much too well to justify our speaking for them. As far as our limits will admit, they shall speak for themselves; and such of our readers as will allow themselves to be persuaded to turn to their works, will be amply rewarded for their pains.

We will begin with our countryman. Whether first or last, M. Bastiat cannot fail to appear to advantage. M. E. opens his pamphlet with a rapid glance at the circumstances that brought about the introduction of classical literature into our Universities and schools. That now "old" literature was, as he shows, "new" when introduced—that, than which nothing better could then be taught, is now utterly inadequate to meet the requirements of our age. He afterwards proceeds:—

"In the present day no one who, after he becomes his own master, acquires a taste for the pleasures of knowledge and of a cultivated mind, ever thinks of troubling himself about the acquisition of Latin and Greek. Every such person would have done so formerly, but no one does so now. Of the very great number of persons now alive, who, after they were grown up, began to take an interest in intellectual pursuits, the idea of acquiring a knowledge of the old learning did not so much as occur to one, perhaps, in an hundred. All turned, as a matter of course, to some department of natural science, or to the living languages and modern history. The number of fields into which natural science is divided is in some degree an indication of the number of labourers who are employed in them. There must be many in every man's circle of acquaintance who are at work in, or who, at least, take an interest in what is being done in some one or other of these fields. With the exception of the constantly diminishing number of those whose ideas became fixed during the last century, and of those who inherited their ideas, this is the case with almost everybody we meet. Who ever hears any one speaking upon subjects of classical interest?—while conversation upon history, and upon scientific subjects, is as frequent in society as conversation of a political or religious turn. The fact is, that the progress of events, and the circumstances of the

times, force these things upon the attention of even the most unconcerned : they belong to these times.

"Now it must not be forgotten that all this is done against the current of ideas which our educational system has a strong tendency to fix in our minds. There is no provision for anything of this kind in that system : it pre-occupies the ground with something else. Our schools and Universities ignore the whole of it. Nobody need be misled by the fact, that in our Universities there are professorships for modern history, and for some of the natural sciences. The students never hear these subjects mentioned in their colleges, or at their public examinations ; they are subjects, indeed, which are most studiously excluded from the course of instruction. A student may pass through the whole system of education, and eventually leave Oxford with the highest honours and testimonials of merit and proficiency which that University can bestow, and yet know nothing of the language, literature or history of France, Germany or Italy ; he may never have heard of the Italian republics of the middle ages ; of the Hanseatic league ; of the commerce of the Dutch ; of the battle of Pavia ; of the time when the mariner's compass, gunpowder, and the art of printing came severally into general use ; in what year the Turks took Constantinople, or in what year Columbus discovered America. And as to physical knowledge, he may be ignorant whether the Himalaya range is in Asia, or Africa, or America, and whether its highest peaks are loftier than Snowdon, or Etna, or Parnassus ; he may be ignorant that air is a ponderable fluid ; that the planets have orbits ; that plants have been classified, and that our earth has witnessed different epochs of animal and vegetable life. With respect to our history, it is very possible, as far as what he is taught, or supposed to know, goes, that he may believe that Cromwell was one of our regularly descended kings ; he may never have heard of the Bill of Rights, or of the Act of Settlement ; and, with respect to modern affairs, it is possible that he may think that any information on such subjects as iron, cotton, coal, manufactures, or Manchester, beneath a gentleman and a scholar. A person ignorant upon every one of these points may carry with him from the University of Oxford the very highest testimonials of proficiency. Care is taken that the whole time of the students shall be otherwise occupied than in the acquisition of such knowledge. The honour in which Daubeny, Henslow, Buckland, and Sedgwick are held within their respective Universities, is merely a reflection of the honour which they had previously received elsewhere."—p. 4.

Pursuing the same line of thought, he continues as follows :—

"And now we will again return to the strange fact, that in our English, that is, in what is really our national system of education, the system to which all the children of all the upper classes are entrusted, nothing is taught with the intention of giving, either directly or indirectly, any information upon the condition of man as he now exists in

the world, or respecting the causes which have produced his present condition, or which may throw any light upon the physical circumstances by which he is surrounded; or upon the laws and operations and productions of nature, by availing himself of which, he carries on the work of civilisation and progress. The ancient learning is still taught alone, and taught, too, in a very incomplete, purposeless, and slovenly manner.

"Fortunately, however, with respect to physical science, and to a general knowledge of the past and present condition of man, it is now as it was formerly with the old learning. At the time when there was nothing better than the classics, and when acquaintance with these was the only means of obtaining intellectual enjoyment, and of gaining strength and weapons for the struggles of the day, nothing could keep men back from them. All obstacles, such as want of books, want of teachers, and want of opportunities, went for nothing. Men would, somehow or other, teach themselves. Just the same fact is now observable with respect to the different branches of modern knowledge; though it is true that the obstacles in the way of their acquisition are not nearly so great as was the case formerly with respect to the old learning. Without any provision being anywhere made for their encouragement, we everywhere see persons, tradesmen even, and mechanics, devoting themselves to their study. *Men will learn what they find both pleasure and profit in knowing.*

"The bearing of all this upon the subject of education is manifest. But first a word upon the let-well-alone argument. It is *not* well that such should any longer be the state of things. It is *not* well in these days, that, at so great a cost of money and time, we should be taught so little, and that little in a very incomplete manner, and in a manner which disconnects it from the body of our present knowledge; whereas it would be quite as easy to give an education which embraced the whole range of human knowledge, and was equal to the requirements of our free and busy age."—p. 17.

"The manner in which we continue to make the classics exclusively the means of education, will be cited, it may be hoped, at no very distant day, as an instance of the manner in which men cling to bygone practices, although changes in the circumstances of society have for a long time required a corresponding change in their practice. We are maintaining what is now powerless, and quite inapplicable to, and unworthy of our times; when what is beyond all comparison better, and quite in accordance with the requirements of the day, and which, too, would include all that we now teach, may be had on quite as easy terms."—p. 23.

Two short extracts must suffice to give our readers a notion of what M. E. considers to be the moral tendency of classical education; and with these we will take our leave of him.

"There is a vague association in many persons' minds between the study of classical literature and the formation of a virtuous character,

or at least some of the virtues. In the present state of society there is no ground for the supposed connexion. It would, indeed, be easier to prove the connexion with the reverse of virtue. There was a difference in this respect some centuries ago; men might then have found in the old literature many feelings and sentiments better than any of which they were themselves conscious. But the general tone of feeling is in these days very much in advance of what it was then; insomuch so, that a great deal of what we read in the old literature would be supposed to teach vice rather than virtue; or at all events, to blunt the edge of pure or benevolent feeling, if read in a living tongue."—p. 24.

"And now we will ask which of the virtues in particular—we denied the connexion generally—classical literature has a tendency in these days to inculcate and produce? Of the four cardinal virtues there is not one which may not be far more impressively taught by the common routine of our own everyday life, to say nothing of our own literature. It is hardly worth the trouble of showing that our English labourers and artisans understand better, and practise better, than even the best educated under the old civilisation, the principles of justice, or what is due from one man to another, or how men ought to treat each other; *were not this the case, both our religion, and our freedom, and our civilisation, would have been thrown away upon us.* Or will any one deny that these same labourers and artisans do amongst ourselves submit with more resolution, and with more cheerfulness, to hardships and self-denial, than any class amongst the ancients? The virtues of our own population are in this respect perfectly astonishing, and very much greater than the old declaimers could have had any idea of. And have not our own countrymen, it may be said of our whole population, quite as much cool and unflinching and unpretending courage as the philosophers and soldiers of antiquity? This is not said from any wish to depreciate the ancients. No one is so foolish, or so ignorant, as to entertain any wish of the kind. They were very great people in their day; and we all admire what was great and good in them. Nor is this said from what would be an equally foolish wish, that is, a wish to elevate unfairly our own times. It is best that things should be seen as they are, and that they should not be looked at through a deceptive medium. We ought to know well what the ancients did and thought; but we have no further need of them as instructors, especially as our sole instructors."—p. 27.

We must preface our notice of M. Bastiat by a short explanation of the circumstances which made him take up the pen on this occasion. It is well known that the question of education has lately undergone a lengthened discussion in the Chamber of Representatives at Paris. M. Bastiat is a member of that Chamber. He is also a staunch advocate of freedom of education. Under this expression, he would not sanction a carelessness about, an indifference to, or a neglect of, the adequate intellectual teach-

ing and moral training of the mass of the people; but he does mean that, whatever the method of education resorted to by guardians and parents, no disadvantage ought to be inflicted by the State, upon those who have received their education under one system rather than another; unfitness for the work to be done, the service to be performed, or the office to be filled, being the only disqualifications which, in his opinion, ought to be recognised. With these views, he proposed, as an amendment to the Educational Bill, that University degrees should be abolished. But his health was not equal to the exertion requisite for the full development, in the tribune, of the reasons upon which he grounded his proposed amendment—hence the publication before us. Regretting the cause which compelled M. Bastiat to refrain from speaking, it would not be a small consideration that could reconcile us to the loss of what he has written, now that we know what it is; for it has seldom been our lot to meet, within so small a compass, so much matter suggestive of deep reflection, and at the same time pointing to practical amelioration. In our extracts we will begin with M. Bastiat's statement of what that part of the Education Law is, against which he directs his attack.

"The law of our country decides that the most honourable professions shall be closed against all who are not bachelors. It decides, besides, that to be a bachelor a man must have his head stuffed with Latinity to such an extent as to leave room for nothing else. Now, what is the consequence, according to the admission of everybody? It is, that the young men have calculated to a nicety what it is necessary for them to learn in order to attain their degrees, and they confine themselves to that. You cry out, you groan. Eh! cannot you understand that it is a manifestation of the opinion of the public, who will not subject themselves to useless exertion?"—p. 6.

"Is it natural, is it right, that we should be thus managing matters in the nineteenth century? Is Latin an instrument required for the acquisition of knowledge? Is it in the writings which the Romans have left us that we can learn religion, physical science, chemistry, astronomy, physiology, history, jurisprudence, morality, industrial contrivance, or social science?

"To know a language, as to know how to read, is to possess an instrument. And is it not strange that we should pass all our youth in making ourselves masters of an instrument which is no longer good for anything—or but for little; since as soon as we begin to know it, we hasten to forget it? Alas! why cannot we also forget as quickly the impressions which this baleful study has left upon us?"—p. 5.

The illustration with which M. Bastiat enforces his counter-statement to those who assert that education is free because it is open to all, is exceedingly felicitous. He maintains that it is an

illusion to imagine that there can be freedom under a system which confers privileges, such as described, exclusively upon bachelors :—

“ Moi, père de famille, et le professeur avec lequel je me consulte pour l'éducation de mon fils, nous pouvons croire que la véritable instruction consiste à savoir ce que les choses sont et ce qu'elles produisent, tant dans l'ordre physique que dans l'ordre moral. Nous pouvons penser que celui-là est le mieux instruit qui se fait l'idée la plus exacte des phénomènes, et sait le mieux l'enchaînement des effets aux causes. Nous voudrions baser l'enseignement sur cette donnée ; mais l'état a une autre idée. Il pense qu'être savant, c'est être en mesure de scander les vers de Plaute, et de citer, sur le feu et sur l'air, les opinions de Thalès et de Pythagore.

“ Or, que fait l'état ? Il nous dit—Enseignez ce que vous voudrez à votre élève ; mais quand il aura vingt ans, je le ferai interroger sur les opinions de Pythagore et de Thalès ; je lui ferai scander les vers de Plaute, et s'il n'est assez fort en ces matières, pour me prouver qu'il y a consacré toute sa jeunesse, il ne pourra être ni médecin, ni avocat, ni magistrat, ni consul, ni diplomate, ni professeur.

“ Dès-lors, je suis bien forcé de me soumettre, car je ne prendrai pas sur moi la responsabilité de fermer à mon fils tant de si belles carrières. Vous aurez beau me dire que je suis libre ; j'affirme que je ne le suis pas, puisque vous me réduisez à faire de mon fils, du moins à mon point de vue, un pédant, peut-être *un affreux petit rhéteur*,—et, à coup sûr, un turbulent factieux.”—p. 8.

M. Bastiat's sketch of the proceedings in the Chamber, and the comments with which he accompanies them, must not be entirely omitted. Our abstract shall condense them as much as possible :—

“ Throughout the debates, from their very beginning, criminations and recriminations pass freely between the University and the clergy. ‘ You pervert the youth with your philosophical rationalism,’ say the clergy ; ‘ You stupefy them with your religious dogmatism,’ replies the University.

“ Then intervene mediators, who say Religion and Philosophy are sisters ; let us combine freedom of examination with authority. University and clergy, you have each in your turn enjoyed monopoly—share it, and cease your contentions.

“ We have heard the venerable Bishop of Langres thus address the University : ‘ C'est vous qui nous avez donné la génération socialiste de 1848.’

“ And Mr. Crémieux hastened to retort in these terms : ‘ C'est vous qui avez élevé la génération révolutionnaire de 1793.’

“ If there be any truth in these allegations, to what conclusion do they necessarily lead ? That the teachings of the two schools have

been disastrous, not on account of that wherein they differ, but of what is common to them both.

"Yes, this is my conviction: these two schools have one thing in common—the abuse of classical studies; and, through that, they have both perverted the judgment and the morality of the country. They differ, inasmuch as one makes the religious element predominate, the other the philosophical element; but these elements, far from having caused the disorder which has been charged to them, have mitigated it. To these elements we are indebted that we are not so barbarous as the barbarians constantly held up, through Latinity, for our imitation.

"Let me be permitted to adopt a supposition a little out of the way, in order to illustrate my meaning.

"I suppose, then, that there exists somewhere, at the antipodes, a nation which, detesting and despising labour, has founded all its means of subsistence upon the successive plunder of all the neighbouring people, and upon slavery. This nation has formed to itself a system of politics and of morality—a religion and a public opinion in harmony with the brutal principle in which it lives and grows. France gives to the clergy the monopoly of education, and the clergy thinks of nothing better than sending all the French youth among these people, to live their life, inhale their opinions, to be warmed with their enthusiasms, and to breathe their thoughts; care only is taken that each scholar shall go forth armed with a little volume called the '*Gospel*.' The generations thus brought up return to their native soil; a revolution explodes: it is easy to guess what part they will act in it.

"Seeing which, the State tears from the clergy the monopoly of education, and hands it over to the University. The University, faithful to tradition, in her turn also sends the youth to the antipodes, among that people of robbers and slaveholders, taking the precaution to supply each with a little volume labelled '*Philosophy*.' Five or six generations, thus brought up, have scarcely regained their native soil, when a second revolution bursts forth. Brought up in the same school, they show themselves worthy rivals of their predecessors.

"Then comes contention between the monopolists. 'Your little book did all the mischief,' says the clergy. 'No, it was done by yours,' retorts the University.

"Not so, gentlemen; your little books have had nothing to do in the business. What has caused the mischief is the strange idea, conceived and executed by you both, of sending the French youth, whose destiny ought to be work, peace, and intelligence, to be impregnated—to be saturated—with the impulses and opinions of a nation of brigands and slaves.

"This, then, is what I affirm: the subversive doctrines to which has been given the name of *Socialism* or *Communism*, are the fruit of classical education, whether that education be dealt out by the clergy or by the University."—pp. 9-12.

Further on, M. Bastiat proceeds in this strain:—

"What are we to say of the morality of Rome? I do not speak here of the duties of father to son, of husband to wife, of patron to client, of master to servant, of man to God—duties which slavery itself alone could not fail to transform into a tissue of abominations; I wish to dwell only upon what may be considered the bright side of the Republic, 'patriotism.' What is this patriotism?—The hatred of foreigners. To destroy all civilisation; to stifle all progress; to traverse the world with fire and sword; to chain women, children, and old men to cars of triumph—that was glory, that was virtue. For atrocities such as these were reserved the marble of sculptors and the song of poets. How often have not our young hearts palpitated with admiration, alas! and with emulation at this spectacle. It is after this fashion that our professors—venerable priests, full of intelligence and love—(Eh! M. Bastiat, vous permettez vous le persiflage?)—prepared us for a Christian and civilised life: so great is the power of *conventionalism*!

"The lesson has not been lost. And it is from Rome, without doubt, that we derive this expression—true if applied to theft, false if applied to work—*one nation loses what another gains*, a sentiment which yet governs the world."—p. 16.

To meet the objections of those who might contend that Socialism had taken hold of the classes which do not aspire to University honours, M. Bastiat fortifies himself by quoting from the report of M. Thiers, on the law of secondary instruction (1844):—

"Secondary instruction teaches to the children of the easy classes the ancient languages. . . . It is not words merely that are taught to children when they are taught Greek and Latin; they are taught noble and sublime things ('spoliation, war, and slavery,' observes M. Bastiat, parenthetically), the history of humanity under shapes simple, grand, and *indelible*. . . . Secondary instruction forms what may be called the enlightened classes of a nation. Now, if the enlightened classes are not the entire nation, they characterise it. Their vices, their qualities, their propensities—good and bad, soon become those of the entire nation. They fix their stamp upon the people by the contagion of their ideas and their dispositions. . . . Antiquity, let us make bold to say to an age proud of itself, antiquity is the finest thing in the world (*ce qu'il y a de plus beau au monde*). Let us, gentlemen, leave childhood in antiquity, as in an asylum—calm, peaceful and pure, fitted to preserve it fresh and undefiled.

"The calm of Rome!" exclaims M. Bastiat; "the peace of Rome! the purity of Rome! Oh! if the long experience and the remarkable good sense of M. Thiers have not been able to preserve him from so strange an infatuation, how can we expect that our ardent youth should be preserved from it?"—p. 21.

M. Bastiat's work is distinguished throughout for closeness

of reasoning, and general accuracy of observation and statement. Nevertheless it may be noticed, in the passage just quoted, with what facility he grants leave of absence to his logic, and substitutes the play of fancy for the formality of fact, in order to point a sarcasm. In the face of such outrageous nonsense, he calls M. Thiers a man of "long experience," and of "remarkable good sense." M. Bastiat knows full well, that if experience is to be estimated by "long measure," the experience of M. Thiers is not longer than that of any other man of his years. M. Bastiat knows that a fiddler or a mob-orator, trained in a bad school, may, at the end of fifty years' experience, exhibit very little either of concord or of good sense. The subject, however, is too grave for sarcasm. Let M. Bastiat imagine himself called to sit in judgment upon some unknown utterer of such language; let him imagine himself, diffident of his own sagacity and competency to decide in so difficult a case, calling M. de Montalembert to his assistance. They would, we think, without much hesitation, pronounce the unknown individual to be, not a man of "*remarquable bon sens*," but an "*affreux petit rhéteur*."

From examining what classical literature is, and what, in consequence, is likely to be the effect of classical education, M. Bastiat proceeds to show, by ample citations from all the most celebrated French writers, how far they have been imbued with classical notions of the character already described. Among the authors whom he cites are Corneille, Fénelon, Rollin, Montesquieu, Rousseau, and Mably. For the quotations themselves, we must refer our readers to M. Bastiat's masterly performance. At the close of them, for the double purpose of guarding against misconstruction, and of enforcing what is true and useful, he remarks in the following beautiful strain :—

"In citing the absurd and subversive doctrines of such men as Fénelon, Rollin, Montesquieu, and Rousseau, I am far from pretending that we do not owe to these great writers pages full of reason and morality. But what of false there is in their works comes from classical *conventionalism*, and what of true from another source. This is precisely what I contend for—the exclusive teaching of Greek and Latin literature makes of all of us *living contradictions*. It drags us violently towards the past, of which it glorifies even the atrocities; whilst Christianity, the spirit of the age, and that fund of good sense which never entirely abandons its hold upon us, point out excellence to us in the future."—p. 44.

After the survey of modern literature, naturally follows that of modern action. Whoever may feel any doubt how far the inspirations of literature may give colour and direction to action, let him turn to the first memoir or history that comes within his

reach bearing upon the great French revolution. M. Bastiat summons all the great actors in that astounding social tragedy, to give evidence in the cause for which he pleads. Having examined some of them at length, he thus rapidly disposes of others:—

“L'esprit de la revolution, au point de vue qui nous occupe, se montre tout entier dans quelques citations. Que voulait Robespierre? ‘*Elever les âmes à la hauteur des vertus républicaines des peuples antiques.*’ (3 nivose, an 3.) Que voulait St. Just? ‘*Nous offrir le bonheur de Sparte et d'Athènes.*’ (23 nivose, an 3.) Il voulait en outre, ‘*Que tous les citoyens portassent sous leur habit le couteau de Brutus.*’ (Ibid.) Que voulait le sanguinaire Carrier? ‘*Que toute la jeunesse envisage désormais le brasier de Scævola, la cigüe de Socrate, la mort de Cicéron, et l'épée de Caton.*’ Que voulait Rabaut-Saint-Etienne? ‘*Que, suivant les principes des Crétois et des Spartiates, l'état s'empare de l'homme dès le berceau et même avant la naissance.*’ (16 Décembre, 1792.) Que voulait la section des Quinze-vingt? ‘*Qu'on consacre une église à la liberté, et qu'on fasse élever un autel sur lequel brûlera un feu perpétuel entretenu par de jeunes vestales.*’ (21 Novembre, 1794.) Que voulait la Convention tout entière? ‘*Que nos Communes ne renferment désormais que des Brutus et des Publicola.*’ (19 Mars, 1794.)

“All these disciples of classical antiquity, it must be remembered, were in earnest, and were all the more dangerous in consequence; for sincerity in error is fanaticism, and fanaticism is a power, especially when it acts upon masses prepared to submit to its action. Universal enthusiasm in favor of a social type will not always remain barren; and public opinion, whether enlightened or misled, is not the less the queen of the world. When one of these fundamental errors, such as the worship of antiquity, penetrating through education into all minds, with the first glimpses of intelligence, fixes itself in them in a state of conventionalism, it is ready to pass on from opinion to action. Let a revolution cause the hour of action to strike, and who can tell under what terrible name that man will make his appearance, who a hundred years sooner would have been a Fenelon? He might have embodied his thoughts in a romance—he dies for them on the scaffold; he might have been a poet—he submits to martyrdom; he might have amused society—he subverts it.

“Nevertheless, there is, in reality, a power superior to the most widespread conventionalism. When education has deposited in the social body the seeds of decay, the power of self-preservation, *vis medicatrix*, that is inherent in it, enables it at last, through suffering and tears, to rid itself of the deleterious germs.”—p. 56.

The battle between what M. Bastiat calls reality and conventionalisms, or as Mr. Carlyle would say, facts and shams, is not yet fought out. State quacks and pedants, classical and clerical, have been hard at work, administering every kind of remedy but

the right one, to cure social disorders, and having succumbed in their efforts, they distort their limbs, tear their hair, and exclaim mournfully "France is done for!" No, says M. Bastiat, France is not done for. The mind of the industrious masses, if not of the middle classes, has fastened upon great social questions. It will solve them. It will succeed in finding for these words—family, property, liberty, justice, society—other definitions than those furnished by your teaching. It will conquer not only the Socialism which avows itself, but also the Socialism which does not know itself. No, France is not done for! "She will come out of the struggle more happy, more enlightened, better conducted, more good, more free, more moral, more religious than you have made her."

We must not do M. Bastiat the injustice to give in any words but his own, the beautiful remonstrance that he addresses to those who persevere in condemning society to undergo "classical education."

"Vous êtes très convaincus qu'au point de vue social et morale le beau idéal est dans le passé. Moi, je le vois dans l'avenir. 'Osons le dire à un siècle orgueilleux de lui-même,' disait M. Thiers, '*l'antiquité est ce qu'il y a de plus beau au monde!*' Pour moi, j'ai le bonheur de ne pas partager cette opinion désolante. Je dis désolante; car elle implique que, par une loi fatale, l'humanité va se détériorant sans cesse. Vous placez la perfection à l'origine des temps, je la mets à la fin. Vous croyez la société rétrograde, je la crois progressive. Vous croyez que nos opinions, nos idées, nos mœurs doivent, autant que possible être jetées dans le moule antique; j'ai beau étudier l'ordre social de Sparte et de Rome, je n'y vois que violences, injustices, impostures, guerres perpétuelles, esclavages, turpitudes, fausse politique, fausse morale, fausse religion. Ce que vous admirez, je l'abhorre! Mais enfin, gardez votre jugement et laissez-moi le mien. Nous ne sommes pas ici des avocats plaidant l'un pour l'enseignement classique, l'autre contre, devant une assemblée chargée de décider en violentant ma conscience, ou la votre. Je ne demande à l'état que sa neutralité. Je demande la liberté pour vous comme pour moi. J'ai du moins sur vous l'avantage de l'impartialité, de la modération et de la modestie."—p. 64.

In judging the general scope and spirit of M. Bastiat's pleading, the English reader must bear in mind that great as may be the difficulties with which the education question is surrounded in France, those difficulties are not created by the predominance of polemical divines who can only agree together on one thing—to withhold their sanction from any plan for providing adequate secular instruction to all classes, unless it be accompanied by religious teaching, upon the character of which teaching they cannot agree. The would-be dominant party in France is the

University. With this caution, he will scarcely fail to allow due weight to another reason urged by M. Bastiat in favor of leaving education unshackled.

"Under a system of freedom," says M. Bastiat, "the clergy will not rule instruction, but instruction will rule the clergy. The clergy will not be able to stamp their character upon the age, but the age will mould the clergy in its own image. . . . Under a system of freedom, the study of the works of God and of Nature is the kind of instruction that will prevail. The young people who shall have received it, will show themselves, as regards reach of understanding, soundness of judgment, and aptitude for the business of life, vastly superior to the '*affreux petits rhéteurs*' whom the University and the clergy have hitherto saturated with doctrines as false as they are superannuated. While the first will be fitted to perform the social duties of our age, the second will be reduced in the first place, to forget, if possible, what they have learned, and afterwards to learn what they ought to know. In the presence of such results, fathers of families will be inclined to prefer free schools, full of sap and life, to those other schools sinking under the weight of a slavish routine.

"What then will happen? The clergy, always ambitious to preserve its influence, will have no other resource but that of substituting in its turn, the teaching of things for the teaching of words—the study of positive truths for that of conventional doctrines, and the substance for its shadow.

"But to teach we must know, and to know we must learn. The clergy, then, will be compelled to change the direction of their own studies, and improvement will force its way into the very schools in which the clergy are trained. Now does anyone think that an altered dietary will not produce a change of temperament? For, let us observe, it is not only a change in the subject matter of instruction that is in question, but also of the method of teaching the clergy. A familiar knowledge of the works of God and Nature is acquired by an intellectual process very different from that which brings us acquainted with theogonies. To observe facts and the order of their occurrence is one thing; to admit without examination a *tabooed* text, and deduce consequences from it, is another. When science takes the place of assumption, examination is substituted for authority, the philosophic method for the dogmatic; the change of object requires a change of discipline, and the change of discipline produces different intellectual habits.

"It cannot be doubted, then, that the introduction of science into the training schools of the clergy, the necessary consequence of educational emancipation, must have the effect of modifying, in the very bosom of these institutions, even the prevailing intellectual habits.

"I have already observed that classical conventionalism made of us all living contradictions—Frenchmen by necessity, and Romans by education. Might we not also say that we are living contradictions in a religious point of view?"—p. 81.

Greatly as we are indebted to M. Bastiat for introducing to us all these important matters, out of which so much instruction and profitable application may be extracted, he has yet one more claim upon our gratitude that must not be left unnoticed. The repeated revolutions that have of late figured in France, and the alarm lest the one that occurred last is not destined to be really the last, which have called forth M. Bastiat's profound meditations, have, among superficial, ignorant and low-minded people, suggested thoughts of very different import.

To trace out the causes of events by means of careful observation and patient investigation, is the work of genius: it is what M. Bastiat has attempted, at all events. To assign causes without examination, or to assert them without sincerity, has been the expedient, the refuge of others. The ignorant among them we pity, the insincere we abhor. But the good of society demands that they should both be exposed. How M. Bastiat has executed the former part of his work, we have seen; let us now see how he has addressed himself to the latter. Not entirely without profit to ourselves will be the meditation upon M. Bastiat's words of rebuke to the *religious shams* among his countrymen—for religious shams exist elsewhere as well as in France.

"Oh! it is a sad sight! We have lately heard deep groans at the diminution of religious belief; and, strange as it may appear, the very persons who have allowed the last spark of faith to die out in their souls, are the readiest to find doubt misplaced—in others. 'Bow down your reason,' is the language of one of these shams to the people, 'otherwise all is lost. It is very well for me to place reliance on mine, for it is altogether of a different stamp to yours; and, to keep the commandments, it is not necessary that I should believe them to be revealed. Allowing even that I deviate from them now and then, the mischief is not great, but with you it is different; you cannot break them without danger to society and to my repose.'

"In this way Fear takes refuge in Hypocrisy. People do not believe, but they pretend to believe. While scepticism rules within, a cloak of religion, made to pattern and suited to the fashion, is displayed on the exterior; and thus another conventionalism, and that of the worst kind, disgraces human intelligence."—p. 85.

It will not be out of place, before we conclude, to venture a few remarks for the purpose of pointing attention to the danger that cannot fail to attach to any interference, whether in educational or other matters, that tends to check or impede what, for want of a better expression, we may call "*freedom of progress.*" Degrees, certificates of merit, diplomas, must, as it appears to us, be classed among the useful contrivances of society. As with other useful things, so with them, they may be misemployed.

Of themselves, they are the means by which the public are informed that, in the opinion of some recognised authority, the persons holding them are possessed of certain qualifications. When such testimonials have other privileges legally attached to them, not only do they cease to be useful—they become worse than useless—they work mischief.

Well-arranged shops, well-conducted hotels, well-organized banks and insurance offices, all afford facilities by which the public may learn where are to be found the means of satisfying some want, or gratifying some taste. The public require similar facilities to assist them in engaging the services of medical men, lawyers, teachers and captains. Degrees, diplomas and certificates, afford these facilities. But neither as regards trades or professions ought any restriction to be imposed upon the public, to compel them to resort to one source of supply instead of another. Nor ought any advantages to be attached to testimonials, beyond those which naturally flow from them as evidences of supposed fitness to perform stated duties.

There is always a certain portion of the public content to be their own judges of merit and fitness, and to trust to the services of those who do not carry about a stamp of merit officially affixed to them. There is also a small number of persons who qualify themselves to execute professional work, otherwise than *secundum artem*. We can discern no reason why these persons should be obstructed in their endeavours to come together, or why restrictions should be imposed on the one hand, or encouragements conferred on the other, independent of the natural consequences and responsibilities to which all are subject, whether certificated or uncertificated.

If self-relying people will trust their lives and fortunes to the keeping of "quacks" and "unlearned brothers," why should legislators attempt to prevent them?—seeing that those excluded from colleges and universities in former times, are looked upon in our own as luminaries of their professions; while the contemporary M.D. and A.M. are either lost in oblivion, or only remembered because their successful, though ignorant practice enabled them to purchase nicknames for their children. Surely the public are fully justified in saying to the legislature, "Permit us to live by unauthorized remedies, and do not compel us to perish by recognised physic; permit us to enjoy our property in security, trusting to one whom we believe to be pains-taking, trustworthy, and well-informed in the law, and do not condemn us to a life-long chancery suit, by driving us to one whom you choose to designate 'learned.' You may be very wise and we may be very foolish, but we prefer the quack who restores us to health

and vigour, to the physician who consigns us to decrepitude or the undertaker. We prefer a safe voyage uncertificated, to a well-certificated shipwreck. Assist us, if you will, with instruction and direction; but thus advised and cautioned, leave us at liberty to take care of ourselves."

Hitherto technical education has been so conducted that discoverers and promoters of progress in the arts and sciences and civilization, have most frequently been found among those whom it has not delighted colleges and universities to honour. Colleges and universities have occasionally honoured the ashes of such men. The methods adopted for stuffing all recognised knowledge into students, may be such as to incapacitate them for dealing with knowledge yet unrecognised, or to unfit them for bringing within the realms of knowledge, matter still lying in a state of chaos, enveloped in clouds and darkness. A day may come—it has not yet come—when students will imbibe the knowledge communicable by others, while undergoing that intellectual training which will best fit them to originate for themselves by their own powers, and to welcome from others those new interpretations of nature yet in store for our progressive humanity.

When our practical teaching is so far improved, University attainments will not be coveted merely as a means of obtaining some tinsel distinctions. "A learned man" will no longer mean something quite different from "a man of knowledge," and "a man of sense." Till that time, let all who wear the tinsel enjoy the satisfaction of displaying their bedizenments; but let the unbedizened have no impediments purposely thrown in the way of their acquiring all the advantages that would naturally attach to their several capabilities and proficiencies. If, in the meantime, some must have their memories overloaded and their reasoning powers unexercised,—if some must have their mental vision so obscured by the rubbish of antiquity as to incapacitate them for contemplating the glorious vista of the future,—if they must form their models of moral excellence out of the filth, and violence, and superstition of times past,—at least let those be unfettered and untaxed who, while they seek to be acquainted with all that is useful and instructive in the past, are eager to push forward to the more useful and more instructive yet to be developed in the future, and whose only motive for groping among the rubbish, and filth, and superstition of by-gone times, is to draw forth from them those elements which, properly combined, will assist us to build up the knowledge, the morality, and the conduct of the present and of future generations.

W. E.

ART. VI.—*Railway Economy; a Treatise on the New Art of Transport.* By Dionysius Lardner, D.C.L., &c. Taylor, Walton, and Maberley.

2.—*Road Progress.* By William Bridges Adams, Engineer. G. Luxford, Whitefriars Street.

3.—*The Key to Railway Investments.* Parts 1 to 5. By John Whitehead. J. Weale, 59, High Holborn.

4.—*Railway and Government Guarantee.* By John Whitehead. Published by the Author, 2, Royal Exchange Buildings.

5.—*Railway Returns.* By Arthur Smith. E. Wilson, Royal Exchange.

6.—*Railway Property.* By S. Smiles. E. Wilson, Royal Exchange.

THE object of the following pages will be to convey an idea of the true position of railway companies at the present moment; in reference both to the public interest and the interest of shareholders.

Few prefatory observations are needed. The gravity of the subject is felt throughout the length and breadth of the land. Within five years we have contrived to waste, upon the most moderate estimate, ONE HUNDRED MILLIONS STERLING! and the results have been scarcely less calamitous than would have attended the progress of a civil war. Distress and ruin have been brought extensively upon all ranks of the community (lawyers, landowners, and engineers perhaps excepted); multitudes of families have been reduced from opulence or easy circumstances to beggary; everywhere we see traces of suffering; and a blow has been given to commercial enterprise, as connected with joint-stock associations, which is paralyzing the industry of this country, and inducing emigration to an extent unprecedented in British history.

A brief retrospect of the history of railways and railway companies will be necessary.

It carries us back to the time of the discovery, stumbled upon by accident, of the utility of railways as a means of transport. Railways had been long employed in the mining districts in the transport of heavy loads for short distances; and in the principle itself there was no novelty. The first attempt to extend its application was made with a view of superseding canals. The Liverpool and Manchester Railway was planned solely with a view to goods traffic, and was intended to be worked by horses. The directors regarded it as an improvement upon tram-roads,

but nothing more. Steam carriages had often been tried upon common roads, but had always failed. An experiment was hazarded of a steam *tug* on the new railroad, and it not only succeeded, but revealed a power of practically annihilating time and space, which had not been dreamed of; showing the practicability of a rate of speed previously altogether unattainable.*

To the new company this discovery was the opening of a gold mine. The success of their speculation was at once established, and the subsequent first days of prosperity of the London and Birmingham Railway at once attracted the attention of every capitalist in the country to a new and legitimate source of profitable investment.

It attracted also, besides capitalists, the attention of the dealers and frequenters of the Stock Exchange, who were not slow to perceive that a new field was opened for their speculative operations. And here let us give a few words of explanation, for the benefit of the uninitiated, of the manner in which Stock Exchange operations affect every object in this country proposed to be accomplished by public subscription.

A joint stock capital may be raised in two ways: first, it may be subscribed as a *bonâ fide* investment by parties possessing surplus incomes; or, second, it may be advanced as a mere temporary outlay by parties seeking only to make a profit by the sale of their scrip or shares. In the great majority of cases the original subscribers to a loan or a joint stock company, for no matter what object, belong to the latter class; and we are not

* Two centuries have now passed since the 'way-leaves' of the northern coal districts were found to economize horse-power. One horse was easily found capable of dragging as much as three, when the wheels of the coal truck passed over a smooth surface of wood or stone, instead of running in a deep rut, or over an uneven road. The iron tram-way, or sunken groove, which guided the wheels, gradually superseded the 'way-leave,' and the tram-road in its turn, after the introduction of the locomotive, was improved into the present raised rail of iron, or 'railway.' The Liverpool and Manchester Railway was projected by Mr. William James, an engineer, as early as 1822, after he had witnessed the capabilities of the Stockton and Darlington tram-way for the conveyance of coal and heavy materials; and his scheme was adopted by Mr. Sandars, a corn-merchant, who had experienced the evils of monopoly in the then existing mode of conveyance by canal. In 1824, a committee of twenty-seven gentlemen, residing at Liverpool and Manchester, was formed, many of whom are still in the present direction: and the enterprise was authorized by parliament in the speculative years of 1825. The line was opened for traffic in September, 1830. Long previous to the opening, many doubts were expressed as to the motive power best adapted for working the traffic; some suggested horses; others, stationary steam engines and the rope; but the locomotive was ultimately adopted. —*Digest of Railway Returns, by Arthur Smith.*

about to assume, as many have done, that this class is one necessarily to be considered. Buying and selling scrip or shares, within prudential limits, is perhaps a trade quite as legitimate as dealing in corn, or wine, or oil, or any other commodity of fluctuating value. Were there no dealing in shares but for permanent investments, there would often be no market for this kind of property, and the difficulty of realizing it, in the event of death, or any other emergency, would be greatly increased;—so much so, indeed, that to many persons it would be more prudent to hoard than to invest, unless in cases where the returns were immediate; and the miracles which we have seen accomplished by the co-operation of men of comparatively small means, would be as rare in Europe or America as in the East, where capital has never been centralized for any great object, except under the influence of despotism.

In share dealing, however, as in all other transactions affecting profit, there are certain tricks of trade by which the public suffer when not put upon their guard; and it is with shares as with all marketable commodities, there are delusions of value for which no one is exactly to blame, and for which there is no test but the sometimes fatal one of experience.

The artifices often adopted to bring stock of a new loan or of a new company into favor should be generally understood. A broker is employed by the parties allotting the scrip of the new stock to buy at a premium of perhaps 5*s.* or 10*s.*, or sometimes £1 and upwards, all that may be offered—they taking care, at the same time, that the market shall be scantily supplied. This creates a demand for the stock; applications for letters of allotment, and payment of deposits—the object of the applicants being to realize the expected premium. As the demand increases, the market is gradually supplied; and, when in its most buoyant state, the stock bought by the broker of the issuers is resold, and the whole of the scrip or shares left in the hands of the public. In the affairs of loan contractors, always relating to millions, it is deemed of little consequence that £100,000 should thus, in the first instance, be sacrificed to the creation of artificial premiums; because, the object is no sooner attained, than the loss is recovered.

In some cases no such manœuvre is necessary; as, for instance, when the security is of the first class, money abundant, and the scrip offered at a price lower than the current rate of interest. It would not, for example, be necessary to ‘rig the market’ (to use the appropriate expression) for a loan to the British Government at the present moment; but in the case of loans to second-rate powers, or of shares issued by boards of unknown directors,

the stock is only brought into notice by the creation of artificial premiums. If this stratagem be neglected, there are either no buyers when the stock is offered for sale, or buyers only at a discount; as in the instance of the first Greek loan, with which, it will be remembered, some of our leading reformers were connected, and who were novices in the business.

The facility, therefore, with which large capitals were raised in the autumn of 1844 and the spring of 1845, for railway purposes, need not be a mystery. There were reasonable grounds for confidence in railway companies, from the success of those first formed. The shares of companies for branch lines in connexion with the old companies were naturally in request, without any effort on the part of the directors; and this lessened the difficulty of bringing others upon the market. A small fund and a little dexterous management were sufficient to raise any stock to a premium, for the issuing of which there was a colorable pretext. Few persons were in a position to discriminate between a fictitious and a *bond fide* demand; the public were in the mood to be deceived, and caught eagerly at the bait. The profits realized by allottees caused the circle of applicants for shares to widen from day to day. Fortunes were made by scrip, and the instances of persons who had risen from poverty to wealth by scrip speculations, became sufficiently numerous to infect the whole nation.

For a time the world went mad; but it is worth our while to note that the mania of 1844-5 was not strictly a railway mania, although it has been commonly so called: it was a mania for stock jobbing. Railways had no more to do with the object of the speculators in them, than bulbs with the tulip mania of 1635; or than whale oil, and the fertility of land in America in the years 1719 and 1720, with the South Sea bubble and Mississippi shares.

With the profits of railway scrip the real railway interest became entirely demoralized. The legitimate profits to be derived from the economical and efficient working of railways were made altogether a secondary consideration, with the promoters and managers of a line, to that of the position of their company on the Stock Exchange.

We must dwell somewhat upon this, to account for the fact to which we have principally to call the reader's attention, *the absence of all improvement in the working of railways during the last five years, and the resistance to improvement still manifested on most of the main lines.*

We need not say a word upon the class of delinquencies with which Mr. Hudson's name has become connected. Everybody knows that accounts have been "cooked," and dividends paid out of capital to keep up the market value of stock; but we regard such cases only as exceptions to the general rule.

Railway directors have not, as a body, been less honourable than other men; but they have not been exempt from the weaknesses of other men. They have all, more or less, had their attention turned from considerations of railway traffic to the profits of *share* trafficking. Profits to be secured not for themselves exclusively, but also for the companies they represented; and of which profits, be it observed, the great body of shareholders generally were always eager recipients. For there is this to be said in behalf of directors, that the accusations made against them by original shareholders—of having been misled into ruinous engagements for branch lines, leases and amalgamations—are often grossly unjust. The shareholders who voted for these engagements, and accepted the scrip offered them whenever new capital was to be raised, were not misled at all in the matter. They saw, with perfect distinctness, that every new project realized a present advantage in the price of shares; and seeing that advantage, they very willingly shut their eyes to the future. The most prophetic certainty that the engagements they were entering into would in the end prove disastrous, would rarely have deterred a shareholder from supporting them so long as the new scrip offered him would command a premium of £5 or £10 per share. He would simply have hastened to realize his profit, and shift the ultimate responsibility upon other parties.

Some persons still ask, with expressions of wonder, how it was that a company like the London and Birmingham (now the London and North Western), originally started with a capital of £3,500,000 should have been led into the false calculations which have raised its capital to £30,000,000, and reduced its dividends one-half. There is nothing wonderful in the matter; but wonderful it would have been if shareholders and directors had resisted the temptation to which they were exposed.

When, in the height of the scrip mania, a *new quarter* share of the London and Birmingham, with only £2 paid, would readily sell for £32, the power of issuing such quarter shares, or other corresponding stock whenever a reasonable pretext could be found, was the power of converting rags into gold; and it would have been strange, indeed, if a voice had been raised against such conversion by any parties entitled, either as directors or shareholders, to a portion of the fruits of such skilful alchemy.

The mere rumour that a new stock, certain to command a

premium in the market, was about to be issued, produced an immediate rise, perhaps of 20 per cent., in the price of the old stock, of which the holders would be entitled to the benefit of the new shares. Here was an argument in favour of the wisdom of the project! If the public thought so well of the proposed scheme, why were shareholders to protest against it? True, dividends might ultimately be reduced, but of what consequence was a future possible loss compared with the present certain gain? The "pressure from without" upon members of Boards was not against new branches, new leases, new amalgamations, but in favour of them. A director, although he might have no project of his own to be turned to profitable account, was yet surrounded with projectors, and applicants for new scrip; and was of course expected to use his personal influence for his friends on the day of allotment. The seductions to which he was exposed will be seen by a glance at the following figures:—

RAILWAY COMPANY.	Paid on Shares, August 7, 1845.	Price, August 7, 1845.	Paid on Shares, April 16, 1850.	Price, April 16,* 1850.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Caledonian	5 0 0	10 10 0	50 0 0	6 15 0
Eastern Counties	14 16 0	20 10 0	20 0 0	6 17 6
Great Western	80 0 0	224 0 0	100 0 0	47 0 0
London and Birmingham ..	100 0 0	248 0 0	100 0 0	100 0 0
Ditto, Quarters	2 0 0	40 0 0	12 0 0	9 15 0
London and Blackwall	16 13 4	11 10 0	11 6 8	3 17 6
London and Brighton.....	50 0 0	79 10 0	100 0 0	76 10 0
London and York	2 10 0	5 5 0	22 0 0	5 5 0
London and South Western	41 6 10	83 0 0	100 0 0	55 5 0
Midland	100 0 0	181 0 0 ex. div.	100 0 0	31 0 0
Midland, New.....	2 0 0	28 10 0	30 0 0	2 0 0
North British	12 10 0	29 15 0	25 0 0	6 10 0
Scottish Central	2 10 0	6 10 0	25 0 0	10 0 0
South Devon	20 0 0	30 0 0	50 0 0	4 10 0
South Eastern and Dover ..	33 2 4	46 10 0	33 6 8	12 15 0
York, Newcastle and Berwick	1 10 0	26 5 0	25 0 0	11 2 6
York and North Midland ..	50 0 0	112 0 0	50 0 0	14 0 0

An allotment of a hundred Birmingham *quarters*, or Midland *news*, or of *news* in other favourite lines, was equal to a present of £2,000 and upwards. These were times to turn men's heads; and upon the fact that they were turned, and that shareholders, directors, members of parliament, and even heads of government

* Prices have since somewhat recovered from this extreme depression, by the usual reaction which follows bear speculations; but, without a thorough reform in working expenditure, the improvement, except in a few cases, cannot be expected to be permanent.

departments, allowed themselves to be influenced by such presents, we need not comment.

The factitious prosperity of railway companies naturally led to an extravagant scale of expenditure in every branch of railway administration. Men rapidly enriched are generally liberal in their payments, and rarely close scrutineers of accounts. Engineers, surveyors, architects, lawyers, and tradesmen, were therefore allowed to fix the tariff of their own charges pretty much as they pleased, and those charges were for the most part regulated on the principle that railway companies, being wealthy corporations, of which each member might become a Croesus, were legitimate plunder. Remarks have frequently been made by shareholders upon the sums claimed by landowners, which now appear almost incredible, but these were no exceptions to the general rule of exaction. In 1844-5 a railway company could not order a brass plate without having to pay for it three times its value. The assistant clerk of a surveyor, who had perhaps been accustomed to receive but 20s. per week, would expect his guinea a-day; and a printer of scrip certificates, who for work done would have been overpaid with a cheque of £30, has been known to send in a bill for upwards of £200, and receive the money.

The most striking item of these lavish disbursements was that of parliamentary costs. Every project for a new line was met by a competing project; and sometimes half a dozen schemes for a railway between the same towns were brought before the legislature at the same time, by as many different companies. The market value of the stock of each company depending upon the favorable progress of their bill before parliament, and the rejection of rival schemes, no expense was spared to effect this object. If an act for a line of fifty miles was obtained at a cost for parliamentary proceedings (counsel, witnesses, and agency), of £100,000, it was deemed cheap. The cost of the act for the line now completing from London to York, to the Great Northern Company, was £434,000; and the expenses of the London and North Western, the Midland, and other companies by whom that line was opposed, if accurately known, would probably raise this amount to a million sterling!

Sometimes enormous sums were spent by a company in buying off the opposition of another; and it was a common *ruse* to purchase the shares of a rival company in the market in sufficient quantities to outvote its directors at a meeting of shareholders, so as to compel them to abandon the project, or accept prescribed terms of compromise. The late Board of the Caledonian Company have been severely condemned for so misapplying

the money of shareholders, but it is a mistake to suppose that they stood alone in adopting such a course. This policy was recognised and acted upon, more or less, by all the great companies, when engaged in contests which could not otherwise be brought to a successful issue. Defeated, no price was thought too high to pay for preserving the integrity of a monopoly. The terms of amalgamation between the London and North Western Company and the Trent Valley Company, were, a premium of £23 per share, paid upon £20 shares!

Under the fostering influence of such a system railway schemes naturally grew and multiplied, until as many as 1750 projects for as many different lines of railway, the execution of which would have required a capital two or three times exceeding that of the National Debt, were at one time before the public. The large majority of these were bubbles, which had but a momentary existence; but since the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway upwards of £200,000,000 have been actually raised and spent by railway companies; no less than £120,000,000 of which have been paid on calls, or borrowed, in the three years of 1845-6 and 7. For this expenditure, Great Britain and Ireland have to show only about 3,500 miles of railway, while in other countries a total of 13,000 miles of railway have been executed at a less cost.* Although the example of reckless waste set by England was to some extent infectious on the continent, the people of Germany have yet contrived to execute 3,000 miles of railway at an average cost of £13,000 per mile,† while we have spent nearly 40,000 per mile. We repeat—for the fact is one to be impressed upon the mind—one hundred millions sterling is the lowest estimate of the capital wasted, that is, spent in excess and unproductively, upon existing railways; with this general result, that six per cent. dividends must be earned to pay three.

When this uncomfortable truth began to develop itself practically, so that the original market value of even the best lines in the kingdom could no longer be maintained, a stop was of course put to the further progress of extensions, and bills of leasing and amalgamations. Shareholders and directors became of one mind as to the folly of issuing new scrip, the moment it became unsale-

* 'Digest of Railway Returns.' By Arthur Smith. (E. Wilson.)

† 'Lardner's Railway Economy,' p. 477. Dr. Lardner gives the following particulars of the cost of other foreign railways:—

	No. of Miles.	Cost per Mile.
Belgian State Railways.....	353	£18,016
French Railways	2,996	26,832
United States Railways	6,565	8,129

Land is, of course, cheaper in America than in Europe, and American railways are chiefly single lines.

able, and angry charges and recriminations upon the share of each and all in past transactions, followed. Railway Boards met the storm as well as they could by putting the best face possible on their affairs; and shareholders, finding that, at every dividend meeting, their affairs were really becoming worse and worse, began to accuse their directors of concocting fraudulent accounts. The instances, however, in which fraudulent accounts could be proved have not been numerous; and the necessity of an improved system of audit, which has of late been vigorously demanded, has, we think, been greatly exaggerated. Even on Mr. Hudson's lines, there has been little, comparatively, actual falsification of figures, and sufficient data have generally been given to enable prudent men to anticipate the conclusions of experience. Directors, it is true, have been accustomed to speak hopefully of the prospects of a company when there have been real grounds for despondence; they have often over-valued their assets, and shut their eyes to the full extent of their liabilities; but we pass lightly over these faults, for in every enterprise a hopeful spirit is essential to success, and in the competitive struggle of life no one can be expected to proclaim his approaching insolvency, while a chance remains of averting ruin. If he does so, he at once destroys his credit, alarms his creditors, and precipitates the catastrophe.*

It would be a singular mistake to suppose that an honest

* The experience of the Caledonian Company is tolerably conclusive on this point; and the policy of the opposition that succeeded, in this case, in procuring the resignation of the original Board, will not probably find many imitators. The directors had committed grave errors, but not greater errors than those of many other Boards, that have hitherto weathered the storm. Their difficulties arose from the traffic returns of the company proving about one-fourth less than had been anticipated, or than will probably be realized within another year; and from the want of powers to capitalize a portion of the floating debt—powers which other companies, having the confidence of their shareholders, have often obtained from the legislature, in a similar dilemma, without difficulty. The Caledonian Committee of Inquiry put the worst possible complexion on the affairs of the company; and the effect was to force down the price of original shares from £12 to £7; preference shares from £10 to £5; and guaranteed shares in a corresponding proportion; and to produce a panic even among the debenture holders, although amply secured. To the embarrassments of the company are now added that of a credit annihilated. The new Board place their hopes of retrieving their position upon the preference and guaranteed shareholders agreeing to abandon a portion of their claims, to which the majority appear willing to consent, provided unanimity can be obtained on the part of the whole. But Captain Plunkett, the present chairman, should have been aware that unanimity among creditors, in such cases, is rarely or never obtained, without an appeal to the insolvency or bankruptcy courts. Some always insist upon being paid in full; and were there a single dissentient, the legislature could not constitutionally pass an *ex post facto* law, to compel his acquiescence.

accountant is the only thing essential to the prosperity of a railway company; and yet this seems to have been the idea of shareholders very generally at some late railway meetings. Correct book-keeping may detect dishonesty and incompetency, but will not prevent either. An army of clerks will not supply the place of good business management, which is the great want of railway companies. Some Boards pride themselves upon a complicated system of double entry; but it is quite as possible to waste time and money in this way as in any other. A good tradesman will not neglect his day-book and ledger, but he will not be always found at his desk. It is much better to abolish useless offices, and simplify the transactions of a company while extending them, than to multiply checks. A chairman who employs himself without intermission in the investigation of details, would be apt to lose sight of the principles by which details should be regulated, and perhaps, after all, to have his attention fixed upon details of the least importance, in reference to general results.

This has obviously happened in the case of the Brighton Company, the accounts of which have been held up by some persons as a model. A multitude of items are given, showing great painstaking and industry upon comparatively immaterial questions; while upon the points upon which the prosperity of a railway company must chiefly turn, and upon which the fullest information should be in the possession of both directors and shareholders, the accounts are a blank. Directors might sometimes take a useful hint from visiting some of the large mercantile firms of the City, and remarking the absolute insignificance of the counting-house expenditure, compared with the magnitude of the returns. The success of such establishments—say, for example, that of the house of Morrison, Dillon and Co., returning £2,000,000 per annum—is not dependent upon their weekly or quarterly balance sheets, but upon the business heads of the managers of the firm.

And this leads us to remark that the agitation in some companies for a reduction of the salaries of secretaries and clerks, and other officers, has taken a too exclusive direction. Doubtless there is room and range enough for reform in this respect; for the abuses of patronage by Railway Boards have certainly equalled that of any Treasury administration; but there are prior questions for consideration. First, whether the offices to which the salaries are affixed are at all needed; or if needed, whether certain of them might not be judiciously consolidated? Second, whether the persons by whom the offices are filled are equal to the duties they undertake to discharge?—whether, for example, if their advice be paid for, it can, from *past experience*, be depended

upon as sound?—an invidious subject for discussion, but nevertheless the one more important to the interests of the shareholders than any other; and it is astounding to find companies fast hastening on to ruin under their present guidance, continuing to repose a blind confidence on the same servants, and only anxious to obtain their assistance upon somewhat cheaper terms.

With regard to salaries, we uphold the principle that the labourer is worthy of his hire! It is good policy on the part of all employers to pay not merely the market price for labour, but somewhat more than the market price, to obtain the greatest amount of skill, industry, and integrity, that are to be found in a choice of individuals. But high salaries do not create talent. Any man receiving £1,000 per annum can with ease find a host of friends to testify to his qualifications for no matter what office, but the qualifications and the income are not necessarily inseparable. It is quite as possible to pay liberally for incompetency as for capacity, for blundering as for intelligence, for self-seeking as for honest counsel.

Whether the implicit trust shown by railway companies in their principal officers,—solicitors, surveyors, engineers, superintendents, and secretaries, is not in excess, and requires to be moderated, is one of the questions we propose to examine.

To understand it, we should bear in mind that the principal officers of a new company, or indeed of any new association, whether connected with railways or other objects, have usually been its promoters, and naturally therefore look to be its *masters*, whatever may be the position, nominally subordinate, which they assume. The numerous charitable institutions of this country are the admiration of foreigners, who marvel at the philanthropic earnestness of our wealthy aristocracy; but the commercial spirit in which many of these institutions originate is equally characteristic of our middle classes, and is deserving of study. A physician with a slender practice, is struck with the necessity of a public hospital or free dispensary for the medical relief, in a certain district, of the sick poor who come to him for relief, but bring no fees in their hands. An appeal is at once made to the public; and no matter that hospital wards for the sick poor are provided at the expense of the rate-payers in every union of the United Kingdom; no matter, if in London, that in the City the income of the five endowed royal hospitals amounts to £360,000 per annum, while private hospitals and dispensaries, where gratuitous aid may be obtained, swarm in every other part of the metropolis; a case is triumphantly made out, sufficient to satisfy the indolent rich, and subscriptions are obtained. Our benevolent physician becomes a *consulting physician*, with a salary,

and establishes a profitable connexion among the patrons of his new hospital or dispensary ; which then slumbers on, few knowing of its existence till the subscriptions begin to fall off ; and then, when they have dropt to an extent insufficient to support the staff of the establishment, there is another appeal to the charitable sympathies of the public.

We shall not attempt to moralize upon the good or evil that may arise out of such a system. Self-interested motives are not the only guiding principles of action, and are not always to be condemned. They may take a right and useful, as well as a wrong and mischievous direction. We confine ourselves to the fact as one with which all should be acquainted who would connect themselves with public associations, whether for philanthropic or commercial objects ; and those who enter into railway undertakings, which are formed exclusively with a view to the latter, should do so with their eyes open.

Surprise has sometimes been expressed at the continued influence of a solicitor over the affairs of a railway company, in cases where that influence has been notoriously exerted in promoting litigation, and where the result has been bills of legal charges sufficient to absorb the dividends of several years. The surprise would cease if the obligations of a Board to their solicitor were always frankly avowed ; but the statement would sometimes be found inconvenient. The solicitor was, perhaps, the party who, when the company was first started, advanced the funds for the preliminary expenses, and probably had to give each of the directors a letter of guarantee against any personal claims, in the event of the project falling to the ground. The solicitor, in all the preliminary difficulties of the company, was necessarily the negotiator of its debenture loans ; and, more important still, when the directors themselves were in arrear of calls, the solicitor was the useful instrument of obtaining for them advances to the required amount, upon a security which prudent bankers might have refused. Under such circumstances, the bills of a solicitor, and the costly tendency of the advice he gives, are not to be rashly questioned, and he is necessarily as irremovable from office as a Bishop of London from his episcopal see. At the meetings of a Railway Board sits a little quiet man in black, who, to a stranger, would appear to take little part in the discussions of the directors ; but presently you observe him whisper something to the chairman ; that whisper decides the subject in debate,—it is “the still small voice” of the solicitor.

Near the solicitor sits the *surveyor* of the company, with a voice almost as potential. The surveyor has also been one of the original patrons of the company, and he has been the nego-

tiator of all its purchases and sales ; he has had the arrangement of the terms of compensation given to landowners and others for injury to their property ; some of those landowners directors and influential shareholders, for whom, in his private capacity, he acts as land agent and architect. He knows better than any other man the value of every bit of property connected with the line, and can give advice to friends seeking profitable investments in land or houses, not to be neglected. In return, when asked for station-houses, he sends in designs for palaces, and gets them adopted ; and he and the engineer settle between them, almost without interference from the Board, every item of expenditure incurred upon buildings, plant, and rolling stock ; perhaps reducing their estimates when there is a demand for economy, but when there is none, allowing them to expand.

The solicitor, the surveyor, the engineer, and sometimes the secretary, form the great *imperium in imperio* of railway companies. The directors enjoy the patronage of appointments, but as far as any real control of their own business arrangements is concerned, they are, in a majority of cases, mere puppets in the hands of this professional junta. What director or shareholder would dream of opposing a resolution on which he had the united influence against him (all-powerful in obtaining proxies) of the solicitor, the surveyor, the engineer, and the secretary ?* An instance of its futility may be noticed, *en passant*, in the quarrels of the Blackwall and the Eastern Counties Railway Companies. For years past the shareholders of these companies

* The report of the Committee of Investigation of the Bristol and Exeter Company, states that the Committee were met,

" From the very commencement of their labours, with the most determined and vexatious opposition by the secretary of the company, and ultimately have been compelled to bring their inquiries to an abrupt conclusion, by his refusal, under the advice of the company's solicitors, to produce to them the books and documents necessary to the elucidation of a matter then under examination, of very grave importance as affecting both the character of the Board, and the administration of a very large amount of the capital."

" The Committee discovered that in the stores' department, neither stock nor the books of the storekeeper had ever been examined since his appointment in November last.

" The Committee express their strong disapprobation of the power given to the secretary to draw cheques on the West of England Bank. One instance had been brought to the knowledge of the Committee, in which a cheque was drawn for payment of an account which had been previously discharged, an irregularity which induced the chief accountant to give a written notice to the secretary, that he, the chief accountant, would not be responsible for any payments the vouchers for which did not emanate from his office."

We should not quote the above were it a solitary case of the business of Railway Boards being entrusted to deputy management ; but unfortunately it is a rule rather than an exception of the present system.

have been desiring and expecting an equitable arrangement for the adjustment of their mutual traffic, which has never been brought about by their respective Boards. Year after year the two companies have continued at loggerheads, spending, in the aggregate, many hundred thousand pounds in thwarting each other's projects. What is the explanation? In part, at least, it could be supplied, we doubt not, by Mr. Duncan, the Solicitor to the Eastern Counties, and Mr. Bidder, the late partner of their Engineer-in-chief. The Blackwall Railway was laid out under the superintendence of Mr. Bidder; the directors were dissatisfied with its execution, and Mr. Bidder was induced or compelled to resign, and converted into an uncompromising opponent.

The *narrow and broad gauge* controversy was an engineering feud upon a larger scale. Practically, whether the width between the rails should be 4 ft. 8½ in., or 7 ft., upon a long trunk line, is of far inferior moment to many others connected with railway working. A break of gauge at points of junction is only inconvenient as necessitating a change of carriages; but a change of carriages for branch lines is everywhere found indispensable, whether the gauge be different or the same. Yet this simple question of whether the gauge should be 4 ft. 8½ in., or 7 ft., was sufficient to set the whole railway world on fire; and of the one hundred millions wasted, no inconsiderable portion of them were devoted to this unprofitable contest,—a contest upon which the salvation of the country was said to depend by the parties engaged in it, but which was really only a struggle of rival chieftains; the point at issue being whether the Brunel or Stephenson influence should govern the destinies of railway enterprise.

We mention these names without wishing to detract from the respect due to men of acknowledged ability and private worth; but we must not be deterred, by considerations of mere conventional courtesy, from saying this, and pursuing further the subject of professional interests as connected with railways; for the *public* interests and the interests of shareholders can now only be served by plain speaking.

Economy having of late been the order of the day, great reductions have been made in the working expenses of railways; and these reductions have been carried by some companies as far as is perhaps practicable without departing from the system of working adopted; that system being to work the traffic by *few and heavy trains, drawn by powerful and heavy engines*. But it has recently been demonstrated that this is a system founded upon an error in engineering science, and an imperfect knowledge or total disregard of the laws of traffic; and that by the opposite principle of *frequent and light trains, drawn by light*

engines, the present working expenses of railways might be diminished one half, and the traffic increased in a corresponding proportion.

This opinion, which has been advocated with great strength and clearness by Mr. William Bridges Adams, in his pamphlet entitled '*Road Progress*,'* and so much so, that the press has returned an almost unanimous verdict in its favour, has hitherto made no impression upon the Boards of the old railway companies; and the reason is apparent. The fact compromises the reputation of the professional scientific advisers by whom these Boards are practically governed; and although this is not the fault of Mr. Adams, we suspect that he finds himself, as a railway reformer, in precisely the same position as Mr. Rowland Hill when he first proposed a penny postage—the object of official jealousy and detraction. It will be remembered, that every official in St. Martin's-le-Grand, from Colonel Maberly the chief, down to the humblest letter-carrier, condemned Mr. Rowland Hill's proposition as utterly wild, visionary, and impracticable; and now we have Robert Stephenson, Joseph Locke, Isambard K. Brunel, Captain Huish, William Cubit, and their assistant engineers, all alike shaking their heads, and unanimous in assuring their respective Boards that Mr. Adams's statements are greatly exaggerated,—that light engines are only available for branch lines with little traffic, but that for main trunk lines the most powerful engines that can be constructed have not more than strength enough. The same obstinate defence of established engineering rules was encountered by the Sanitary Commissioners, when they were investigating the question of water supply. Mr. Hawksley had proved, at Nottingham, that the system of *constant supply* was more economical, as well as more advantageous to the public in every other respect, than that of intermittent supply; and this is now very generally admitted to be the case: but nearly every member of the College of Engineers, examined at the time by the Commissioners on the subject, was ready with his testimony that there could be no improvement upon the London expensive system of cisterns and ball-cocks to every house, and turncocks to every street!

A glance at the pamphlet of Mr. Adams will suffice to shew that the question not only of railway dividends, but of cheap fares, greater facilities of intercourse, and better accommodation in travelling than is now afforded by railway companies, is altogether dependent upon the correctness of the arguments he has adduced, and we hold it therefore a duty to assist in bringing them before the public.

* G. Luxford, Whitefriars Street.

The science of railway engineering, as connected with the use of locomotives, is not yet twenty-five years old. Railway engineers, therefore, can put in no claim to infallibility on the score of experience. Thirty years ago the ablest among them knew less of the power they were about to exert than the humblest mechanic of the present day. The construction of the first locomotive was considered a hazardous experiment, and would probably not have been ventured upon but for the stimulating influence of the premiums offered by the Liverpool and Manchester Company. It was at that time the opinion of engineers that the wheels would not *bite* or adhere to the rails, and that both rails and wheels would have to be changed and made to work with *cogs*. Experience dissipated this error. Experience, but at a woeful cost to the South Devon Company, dissipated the confidence of Mr. Brunel in the success of the atmospheric system. Experience is now demonstrating to the Admiralty and the directors of the Chester and Holyhead company, that the tubular bridge of Mr. Stephenson over the Menai Straits, which has cost £674,000,* is "a magnificent mistake;" that with light engines, the suspension bridge at the same spot was more than strong enough for her Majesty's mails, and all the passengers ever likely to accompany them; and the facts of experience have only to be marshalled, to convince the public that engineering and economical errors of the most startling character pervade every part of the system upon which railway working is still conducted.

The first locomotive—the Rocket—was what would now be called a light engine, weighing $7\frac{1}{2}$ tons; but it was built after the model of stationary engines, tall and square; and wanting *length*, (the principle for which a stick is applied to a rocket, and which gives steadiness to its course), it had an incurable tendency to jump off the line when at high speeds, or when passing curves. This led to the prevailing prejudice in favour of *heavy* engines of great power. It was supposed that by increasing the weight of a locomotive (which at the same time would be constructed of greater power), it would gain increased steadiness. The result answered the expectation of engineers;—not, however, because of the weight, but because with the weight they were obliged to give additional length—heavier machinery requiring a greater base to rest upon. But although it was the length and not the

* "Being nearly three times the amount of the original estimate of the bridge, as designed in the first instance, by their engineer."—*Speech of the Chairman* (Captain Moorsom, R.N.), March 14th, 1850.

weight that gave the steadiness, they have continued to overlook this circumstance up to the present moment, and to attribute the effect to the wrong cause.

A rivalry now sprang up among railway companies, as to which should produce a locomotive capable of travelling at the greatest speed and drawing the heaviest load. Out of this rivalry arose the *broad gauge* of the Great Western lines. Mr. Brunel saw very clearly that upon the broad base of a 7-foot gauge, he could construct more heavy and more powerful machinery than could be safely built upon a narrow gauge of 4 feet 8½ inches—a fact which is indisputable; but the narrow gauge engineers were not willing to be outdone; and although Robert Stephenson took alarm at the destruction of the rails, and pointed out the fact that heavier rails would be required for heavier engines, he and all the engineers of his school, did his best to outbid Mr. Brunel for popularity as a creator of railway Frankensteins.

Dr. Lardner tells us that—

“The weight of the engines was successively augmented to ten, twelve, and fifteen tons, and now there is actually an engine on one of the English railways* which, with its tender, weighs about sixty tons; and in the service of a single company there are at present more than thirty-six engines, weighing, with their tenders, forty tons each.”†

According to the experiments of Tredgold and others, good wrought iron begins to crush under a weight of from eight to eleven tons to the square inch. A little further addition, therefore, to the weight of locomotives, would render rails as useless for road purposes as rolls of dough.‡ As it is, the rails originally

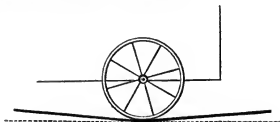
* The London and North Western. This engine is kept as a show at Wolverton.

† ‘Railway Economy,’ p. 44. A very useful statistical work; but the author has neglected the conclusions which he ought to have drawn from the facts he has collected on this part of his subject.

‡ It has been sought to remedy this pressure on the rails by distributing the weight on four wheels coupled together, so as to make all four propel by their adhesion; but this mode involves great waste of power and grinding of the rails. It is practically impossible to construct rails and wheels, so that four wheels shall revolve in unison, without the one baffling the other. Even with two wheels fast to one shaft there is much difficulty; and it is sliding, or *sledging*, on the rails, and *not rolling*, which is the result. The best practical proof of this is, that Mr. Hancock, when working on the common roads without rails to slip on, could not work with his two wheels in gear, but was obliged to work with one, or he commonly broke his axle when trying two. And on railways crank axles are continually breaking by the torsion produced from unequal diameters unsuited to the track of the rails. For great speeds the coupled engines are most destructive.

laid down, which were of 35 lbs. weight to the yard, have been found totally inadequate to resist the constantly increasing pressure, and have been successively replaced by rails of 50 lbs., 65 lbs., 72 lbs., and latterly of 92 lbs. No strength, however, can fully avail against the enormous pressure to which rails are now subjected, for the simple reason that the pressure affects not merely the rails, but the road underneath them, which, from the softening effect of the continuous rains and differences of strata, cannot be rendered of uniform solidity. The subsoil sometimes swells, and then subsides unequally; upon which the rail, under a heavy load, breaks or bends. The jolting or bumping motion experienced by passengers in passing over lines much out of repair, is occasioned by this unequal subsidence. On examination, the rails present an appearance something like the following—

Mr. Brunel thought he had found a remedy for this unequal subsidence by placing his rails on longitudinal sleepers, instead of sleepers placed crosswise to the road, the usual method. Longitudinal sleepers somewhat equalise the pressure by spreading it over a greater surface, but do not prevent the evil. Under the weight of the mammoth engines of the Great Western, the rails, where there is less absolute displacement, show a greater tendency to bend or spring than upon other lines. The deflection of the rails of this line, on the passing of a train, may be detected by the most ordinary observer. The locomotives create a continuous wave before them, the effect of which, in the waste of power required to overcome the resistance thus occasioned, is of course the same as if they were travelling up-hill. The following diagram will illustrate our meaning:—



Mammoth engines produced the system of monster trains. After constructing locomotives capable, upon the average, of dragging a load of 200 tons at the rate of thirty miles an hour, it was obviously spendthrift economy to employ them for the

service of a well-filled omnibus. A movement, therefore, arose in favour of a reduction of fares; the idea being that low fares would keep the public travelling in crowds all the year round, so that a railway train would then always carry a paying load. When, however, it was found that, although low fares increased the average of daily travellers, it did not do so in a ratio sufficiently corresponding to the expense of heavy locomotives, the current of opinion among directors and engineers set in the opposite direction. It was then said, "we must confine our low fares to holiday excursions, and attain our object of forcing ordinary travellers to travel in crowds by reducing the number of trains;" and this is the policy pursued by railway companies at the present moment—the blind policy which is hurrying them to the gulf of bankruptcy.

Monster trains led to a necessity for further additions to the weight of the non-paying load, and to increased expensiveness of rolling stock. It was found that the passenger carriages, which, as originally constructed, weighed three tons each, were too frail for longitudinal concussion. On the slightest collision of trains, or even when a train was so suddenly pulled up as to force the carriages against each other, they crumpled each other up as if made, like band-boxes, of pasteboard. The timbers, therefore, were strengthened, and buffer springs, to diminish the force of a thrust, placed before and behind each. The weight of a passenger carriage now sometimes exceeds four and a half tons* (carrying only the same number of passengers as one of the fast coaches on the old roads, the weight of which was less than one ton), and the weight of goods waggons has been increased in a like proportion. In a train, therefore, of twenty carriages there is an excess of dead weight of twenty tons and upwards (in itself a load for a moderate engine), due solely to the monster train principle—the linking together of a great number of separate carriages, better adapted for separate conveyance.

To the destructive effects on the rails of excessive weight, we have next to add that of *momentum*. This is very clearly explained by Dr. Lardner :—

"A railway passenger train, having a gross weight of seventy tons (this is the average, the weight of monster trains is of course greater), when in full speed, at forty miles an hour, cannot be stopped, as may easily be understood, very suddenly. It must be deprived of its enormous momentum by slow degrees. In proportion as it is suddenly stopped, will be the damage done both to the rolling stock and the permanent way.

* Lardner's 'Railway Economy,' p. 45.

"From the moment that the steam is cut off, and that the speed begins to be slackened, either by the ordinary friction and resistance of the air, or by the aid of brakes, the momentum which is lost is spent upon the permanent way; and the shorter the space over which it is expended, the more severe will be the action upon the rails. It is therefore a matter of economy, with regard to the wear of the permanent way, not to attempt to stop the trains within too short a distance. In all cases, stoppage produces a considerable wear and tear of the rails; and hence it arises that the rails which are adjacent to stations, and especially to chief stations, where trains of all classes stop, are subject to much more rapid wear than are the rails elsewhere upon the road."*

Notwithstanding the importance of stopping a train gradually, and the instructions given to that effect, all railway travellers are aware that these instructions are continually broken: sometimes from necessity to avoid a collision; and sometimes because the engine-driver, to make up for lost time, has delayed shutting off his steam till the last moment. A brake cannot be applied to a heavy train at full speed without the risk of tearing up the rail, or destroying its own machinery; but there will be damage from this cause as long as there are heavy trains.

The cost of maintenance of way from these various agencies of deterioration is necessarily serious. On the line between Liverpool and Manchester, it is stated by Captain Huish at £110 per mile per annum. The average cost for the whole of the London and North Western line he estimates at £420 per annum, exclusive of those repairs that are incidental to station buildings, adjoining roads and wharfs. The average cost for the whole line of the Great Western is, according to the last Report of the directors, £357 per annum, without any reserve for contingencies; and one line with another, when the accounts are fairly stated and due allowance is made for every kind of depreciation, £300 per mile per annum is about the cost on all our great trunk railways, of *simply maintaining a line in working condition* under the destructive influences to which it is now exposed. The charge thus incurred being chiefly for repairs in the immediate neighbourhood of stations, for the reasons assigned, and the stations being usually about four miles apart, it may be considered that every station on a trunk line costs a railway company £1,000 per annum under the present system of heavy trains.

A further loss, inseparable from the heavy trains, arises out of the well known mechanical law, that what we gain in power we lose in time. A heavy train can neither be suddenly stopped

* 'Railway Economy,' p. 194.

with safety, nor can it be suddenly put in motion. The time required to prepare for the stoppage of a heavy train by gradually diminishing its momentum, and again to get up its speed after the stoppage, is estimated at two and a half minutes *—a loss of half an hour on every twelve stoppages, exclusive of the time allowed for standing to take up or set down passengers. This loss of time is so serious a delay to the *through* traffic of a line, that rather than incur it many companies are at the present moment sacrificing the whole of the local traffic; a very general rule adopted being, that where the stations are less than ten miles apart, to allow them only morning and evening trains.†

With light engines and light trains, ready to start like a race-horse on the word being given, and stopped with equal facility, these delays would be avoided, and no such sacrifice of traffic would be necessary.

We may judge from these facts of the amount of business capacity hitherto brought to bear upon the question of railway traffic. After spending at the rate of £40,000 per mile upon iron roads, of which the superiority was to consist in their being hard and level, they encourage a system of working by which the level is constantly destroyed, and which in other respects is the most costly and wasteful that could possibly be devised.

Turning to the reports of the Great Western, the Brighton, and many other companies, we find the directors taking credit to themselves for having diminished the number of trains, and augmented their loads. We see them, at the present moment, filling the papers with advertisements, offering every possible inducement to the public to desert the week-day trains for holiday excursion trains; and when a thousand persons can be got together by this means in one train, the directors think they have accomplished a great feat, instead of having committed a great blunder.

It is almost a self-evident proposition that locomotives, engines, and passenger conveyances should be constructed or adapted to the average daily traffic of a line, and not to the exceptional traffic of holiday seasons, artificially stimulated by a reduction of the ordinary fares. At holiday seasons additional trains are required—trains perhaps every fifteen minutes instead of every two hours; but better give up altogether the holiday traffic than attempt to concentrate it in the monster trains, for which the permanent way must be sacrificed, and an enormous disproportion

* Lardner's 'Railway Economy,' p. 194.

† The rule, for example, of the Brighton Company, for the regulation of their traffic beyond Croydon.

established between the amount of steam power and weight of rolling stock really required.

Occupied with the delusions of holiday traffic, Railway Boards never, obviously, trouble themselves to inquire into the average requirements of their lines. A member, for example, of the Brighton Board, will talk with complacency of the multitudes carried by the trains of his company at the Epsom races, but is himself perhaps not aware that the locomotive engines employed on these occasions are at other times, and much more frequently, wasting their power upon a Lilliputian load of twenty or thirty passengers, and that the average load drawn by these engines for the entire year is only fifty-four. Not a word on this subject, although so material to dividends, is mentioned in the Brighton report for the past half-year, nor indeed is the subject alluded to in the reports of any one of the great railroad companies, as if the fact had no significance; but the information is supplied by Dr. Lardner from an analysis of the aggregate returns of passengers carried, and the mileage of passenger engines, and we invite every railway proprietor to make his own reflections upon the following statement.

Name of Company.	Average Number of Passengers carried per Train.	Average Number of Miles travelled by each Passenger.
London and North Western (for the Year ending December 31st, 1848).	48	32
Great Western (for the Year ending December 31st, 1848)	41	27
London, Brighton and South Coast (for the Year ending June 30th, 1849).	54	19
Belgian lines (1845)	80	
North of France (1848)	60	

The above figures will surprise many of our readers. A railway train of the most ordinary kind has a very imposing appearance. There is the locomotive engine, the tender, the brake van, and carriages for three and sometimes four different classes of passengers whom the railway regulations require to be kept separate, and it is difficult to believe that all this formidable array is without any adequate object. The Great Western shareholder attends a half-yearly meeting at the Paddington station; the thunder of the arriving trains prevents his listening to the proceedings; the vibration they occasion shakes the building and almost alarms him for its safety; he sees by the report of the directors that one effect of the power that causes this thunder and these vibrations is £357 per mile per annum spent upon "maintenance of way" over and above the ordinary "working expenses;" but he sits there in happy unconsciousness that the

actual work done under these heads by the mammoth engines of his line is only forty-one passengers per engine, carried a distance of twenty-seven miles! With that

—"blindness to the future, kindly given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by heaven,"

he asks no question of Mr. Saunders or Mr. Brunel upon the wisdom and economy of such traffic arrangements, but grumbling perhaps a little at £2,000 per annum being paid to the one, and £3,000 per annum to the other,* he votes with the directors to uphold the existing management, and returns home to dream of impossible dividends.

A word more upon the distinction of classes as a source of waste of power. Under the present system there are four different kinds of passenger carriages—first, second, third, and parliamentary, all of which may sometimes be found in the same train, and that train not conveying more than the common average number of passengers—fifty-four. It is rare to see these carriages all filled. The whole of the passengers might often be put into a single carriage, and the weight of a train reduced perhaps ten or twelve tons, but for this distinction of classes. Yet, it is worthy of remark, no such distinctions have ever been called for in London omnibuses. Rich and poor jumble together from the city to the west-end without apparent inconvenience to each other; and no one has yet thought it policy to imitate the example of our railway companies so far, as to build dung-carts and prison vans for the exclusive use of the working classes in the streets of London. In America the omnibus principle of conveyance is also that of railways.

"The form and structure of American railway carriages is a source of considerable economy in the working of the lines. The passenger carriages are not distinguished, as in Europe, by different modes of providing for the ease and comfort of the traveller. There are no first, second, and third classes. All are first class; or rather, all are of the same class. The carriage consists of a long body, like that of a London omnibus, but much wider, and twice or thrice the length.

* The report of the Committee of Consultation of the Great Western Company, dated September 20th, 1849, recommended the following arrangement for the remuneration of the services of Mr. Brunel, which was subsequently adopted by the shareholders:—

"To close existing claims, and to settle all accounts to this time, £5,000; remuneration for all professional services to the company, for 1850, £3,500; for 1851, £3,000; and for 1852, £2,000. In addition to these sums, Mr. Brunel is to be allowed for office and all other expenses, for 1850, £2,500; for 1851, £2,000; and for 1852, £1,000."

The doors of exit and entrance are at each end; a line of windows being placed at each side, similar exactly to those of an omnibus. Along the centre of this species of caravan is an alley or passage, just wide enough to allow one person to walk from end to end. On either side of this alley are seats for the passengers, extending cross-ways. Each seat accommodates two persons, four sitting in each row, two at each side of the alley. There are from fifteen to twenty of these seats; so that the carriage accommodates from sixty to eighty passengers. In cold weather a small stove is placed near the centre of the carriage, the smoke pipe of which passes out through the roof; and a good lamp is placed at each end, for illumination during the night. The vehicle is perfectly lighted and warmed. The seats are cushioned; and their backs, consisting of a simple padded board, about six inches broad, are so supported that the passenger may at his pleasure turn them either way, so as to turn his face or his back to the engine. For the convenience of ladies who travel unaccompanied by gentlemen, or who otherwise desire to be apart, a small room, appropriately furnished, is sometimes attached at the end of the carriage; admission to which is forbidden to gentlemen.*

The adoption of such a plan here would perhaps involve too great a stride in the direction of low fares and democratic customs to be deemed acceptable. The most feasible improvement would be to reduce the number of classes to two. In steamboats, *fore* and *aft* passengers are the only distinctions; on railroads there should be only first and second class passengers, superseding third class and parliamentary carriages, by adopting as the maximum fares for the second class the parliamentary standard of a penny per mile; a scale of charge which, as we shall presently show, would, upon the system of *frequent and light trains*, be found far more profitable to railway companies than their existing rates.

In the annexed lithograph we give a plan of the kind of carriages and engines adapted for this object, as proposed by Mr. Adams; and with it, by way of contrast, a sketch of the carriages and engines at present employed, for less than the same amount of average service. The juxtaposition of the two designs tells its own story, but a few words of explanation will assist the judgment of the reader.

Mr. Adams provides in one long, wide, and lofty carriage, for the comfortable accommodation of the same number of passengers that are now conveyed in four well filled first and second

* Lardner's 'Railway Economy,' p. 400.

Carriages of this description have been introduced on the railways of Austria, and they have been tried on the Waterford and Limerick line; but from defects in the mechanism of their framework, were found to run off the rails, when at high speeds. They have consequently been abandoned on the Waterford and Limerick, and we are informed that they are about to be altered to Mr. Adams's plan on the Vienna line.

class carriages of the description in use on the Eastern Counties, the Brighton, and other lines of the narrow gauge.

By this arrangement he saves at once the friction, weight, and expense of *eight pairs of wheels*; the weight and expense of *six pairs of buffer springs*; and reduces in a similar proportion the weight and expense of *the tender and iron framework*.^{*} And this, without any niggardly provision for the comforts of his passengers. He gives them height sufficient, not only for sitting, but for *standing upright* (in itself a most pleasurable relief on a long journey), and large plate glass windows for the full enjoyment of a prospect.

The saving of wheels Mr. Adams effects by the increased width and length of his carriage—a distribution of space which enables him to dispense with numerous points of support. By the increased length he also gains increased steadiness of motion, as well as the advantage of diminishing the dangers of longitudinal concussion.

The carriage is divided into four compartments—two of them fitted up for first class, two of them for second class passengers; and he calls it a *double carriage*, because it may be separated into two halves when required to be placed upon a turn-table, or put away under a shed.

In the place of the tender and brake van of ordinary trains, Mr. Adams provides what he calls a composite tender, large enough to carry coke and water sufficient for a journey of from sixty to one hundred miles, and with space enough besides for the guard, luggage, and ten second class passengers. This composite tender he attaches by a vertebrated coupling (vertebrated on account of curves) to his locomotive; so as practically, and with a view to steadiness of the engine upon the rail, to render locomotive and tender one carriage.

Here, again, Mr. Adams effects a saving in wheels of no less than ten out of eighteen, and in buffer springs of four out of six.

His locomotive is a light engine,[†] weighing ten tons only instead of thirty (the average weight of other engines), but with sufficient

^{*} Two pairs of buffers and springs, with the machinery connected with them, alone weigh *half a ton*. The weight of a pair of railway wheels is about *one ton and a quarter*.

[†] "Cylinders, 9 in. and 15 in. stroke. Driving wheels, 5 ft. diameter. Leading wheels, 3 ft. Centres of wheels, 10 ft. Barrel of boiler, 10 ft. 6 ins. and 2 ft. 6 ins. diameter. Square fire box, 2 ft. 3 ins. by 2 ft. 4 ins.; 4 ft. deep inside, and made of copper. Outside of ditto, 2 ft. 10 ins. by 2 ft. 9 ins.; 4 ft. 10 ins. deep. Area of fire grate, 5.33 ft. Heating surface in fire box, 37½ ft. Tubes, 86 in number, 10 ft. 10 ins. long; 1½ in. external diameter. Sectional area, 206 ft. 83 ins. Inside heating surface of tubes, 385 ft. Tank under engine, 250 gallons; besides a tank under brake van for 600 gallons."—*Road Progress*.



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The first of these is the fact that the
 Journal of the American Medical Association
 has been the only one of the four
 leading medical journals to publish
 the results of the study. The second
 is the fact that the study was
 conducted by a team of researchers
 from the University of California,
 San Francisco, and the University
 of Michigan, two of the most
 prestigious medical schools in the
 United States. The third is the fact
 that the study was funded by the
 National Institutes of Health, the
 primary source of funding for
 medical research in the United
 States. The fourth is the fact that
 the study was published in the
 Journal of the American Medical Association,
 the most widely read and
 respected medical journal in the
 United States.

...the ... of ...

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power to travel on a level at the rate of forty miles an hour, with its long carriage and composite tender attached; or with two long carriages and 240 passengers at the rate of thirty miles per hour. And by changing its driving wheels, which are five feet in diameter, for wheels of four feet diameter, it could be converted into a goods engine, able to travel with a load of one hundred tons on a level at the rate of twenty miles an hour, or with sixty tons at the same rate, up a gradient of one in one hundred.

The weight of engine, composite tender, and double carriage, with its full load (nine tons) of one hundred and twenty-four passengers, is under *thirty-four tons*. The average weight of an ordinary passenger train, with its average load (four tons) of only fifty-four passengers, is, as we have shown from the statements of Dr. Lardner, *SEVENTY TONS*.

Were we to write a volume on the subject we could not put the business incapacity of existing Railway Boards, or the professional blundering or jobbing of which shareholders are the victims, more strongly than by the statement of this simple fact.

We are not indulging in vague generalities. All the statements we are making of the saving that might be effected by light engines and large carriages have been verified by actual experiment. Light engines and large carriages have been adopted during the last twelvemonths in numerous instances with the most satisfactory results, of which the particulars are given in 'Road Progress.*' We believe it used to be said that

* Light engines have been introduced on the Enfield and Woolwich branches of the Eastern Counties Railway; on the Norwich line; on the Clevedon branch of the Bristol and Exeter; on the Cork and Bandon line; and on several of the Scottish railways. The light engines of the Cork and Bandon line are of 8-inch cylinders, with 12-inch stroke; and the following is the report of Mr. Nixon, engineer to the Company, of their working:—

"The passenger trains are conveyed by the 'light' or small engines (two), which continue to afford most satisfactory proof of their efficiency and economy in working the passenger traffic on your line.

"The trains frequently consist of the following stock, all fairly laden:—

"One large 1st and 2nd class carriage for 58 passengers.

"One 3rd class carriage for 40 passengers.

"One horse box for 3 horses.

"One carriage truck.

"Such trains are conveyed between Bandon and Ballinassig station in 20 minutes, being at the rate of 30 miles per hour, including stoppages. (Gradient $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles, 1×100 ; total distance 10 miles.)

"The daily consumption of coke for each of these engines has been most particularly registered by your able station-master at Bandon, Mr. Coghlan, from whose returns, I find the average quantity of Newcastle coke consumed per diem, as follows:—

"Consumed in lighting engine, time occupied 2 hours	2	0	16
"Consumed standing in steam, time occupied 8 hours	2	1	17
"Consumed in running 60 miles, time occupied 2 hours	1	3	26

"Total daily consumption..... cwt. 6 2 3

the new system of traction was an untried theory, to be received with distrust because its principal advocate, Mr. Adams, a locomotive manufacturer and carriage builder, was an interested party. The theory has now been reduced to practice; and the public, with many thanks for the caution not to be misled by advice given with interested motives, are beginning to perceive that interested motives may be at the bottom of the caution. Mr. Adams is favorably known to many, not only for his mastery of mechanics, but as a man of great observation and superior intelligence, whose judgment has been ripened by travel. That he may have a bias in favour of those schemes of locomotion which will furnish him with profitable employment is natural,

Which is equivalent to $12\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. per mile per day of 12 hours; but it will be seen that the running time is only 2 hours, during which the consumption is not more than $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. per mile.

"The average daily consumption of the Company's ordinary-sized engine, with the same work, is $22\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. per mile per day, or nearly double that of the light engines; and the same difference also arises between the two classes of engines in the consumption of oil, grease, &c., so that an important saving has been effected in the working expenses, by the adoption of engines whose powers and dimensions are in proportion to the loads they are required to convey.

"I have also to notice, that on referring to the working expenses of your railway, as per balance sheet, ending 31st December last, I find the total expenditure for working the line for five months, is £621 18s. 6d., and which amount, if divided by the mileage, 9,780 of that period, will show that the nett cost of working the traffic, inclusive of every expense except maintenance of way, has been 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per mile per train, inclusive of the frequent use of engines for sundry special purposes; and by adding interest and depreciation on rolling stock, the cost per mile, per train, will be about 17d.

"From the above statement it will be manifest, that the working of your railway has been commenced on the most economical principles."

Mr. Adams, commenting upon the above, remarks that

"The size of train described above would be sufficient for the transport of 150 passengers instead of 98, supposing the horse-box and carriage-truck changed for passenger carriages. Adding $5\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. of extra coke for running, and 2 cwt. for lighting an extra engine, with a second driver, stoker, and guard, 24 trains might be run per diem, instead of 6, at an increased expense of about 25s. per diem.

"The present cost for six trains is 85s. per diem, or 17d. per mile for sixty miles, which covers every expense, save maintenance of way. Adding the increase would make up 100s. Dividing this by the increased mileage 240 would give 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per mile per train, or 4s. 7d. for the transit of 150 passengers over ten miles of line, or 3,600 passengers per diem at a cost of £5 10s.

"But to keep working, a spare engine would be requisite, at a cost of 10s. extra per diem for interest, making up 6d. per train per mile, or £6 per diem, total.

"It is obvious, therefore, that with a small addition to the stock, when the twenty miles of the Cork and Bandon line are completed, 1,800 passengers may be carried over the whole distance at a cost of £6 per diem, or 650,000 per annum for less than £2,100, including every charge except maintenance of way, which, when well laid and traversed by light engines, will be nearly nil.

"Supposing the trains to be half full, at one shilling per head average, the annual amount would be £16,050, from which, deducting expenses £2,100, the net profit would be £14,150, or 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on a capital of £283,000, or seven per cent. on the intended capital of £206,750; without parcels or goods traffic."—*Road Progress.*

but it is equally natural that other men of education and talent, with opposite interests, should have a similar bias. It is not a reproach to Mr. Robert Stephenson that he, a consulting engineer, is also a locomotive manufacturer, and that when consulted about steam power, he should recommend engines of the class which he and the firms with which he is connected have been accustomed to construct; but it is a fact to bear in mind, along with that of the position of Mr. Adams, when we see Mr. Stephenson, at the Birmingham Institution of Engineers, deprecating the introduction of light engines, excepting for branch lines. The policy of Railway Boards should be to open their eyes to every such fact, whether as affecting rival engineers or rival manufacturers; and, discarding all merely personal considerations, to employ only those professional men or tradesmen who will make their interest square with the public interest in getting their work done cheapest and best.

As before observed, a very opposite policy has been pursued. Railway directors have been intent upon the share market; and secretaries, engineers, surveyors, and superintendents and contractors have been allowed to have their own way in every branch of the question of railway working, until a family and *quasi*-partnership connexion has grown up among a large class of railway functionaries, who play into each others' hands as occasion offers, and make common cause against all innovation. (Honorable-minded men among them will not be offended by our stating this as a general fact, to which there are of course exceptions; but will wish, with us, that the exceptions were more numerous). Among men of business it has been long understood that on certain lines contracts and railway appointments always go together. The forms of a public tender are gone through, but, somehow or other, always with an uniform result: the contract falls into the hands of a favored party,—to any one else it is rendered impossible.

Of the extraordinary laxity that has been allowed to prevail on our main trunk lines, in this respect, we must give one or two illustrations.

Some years ago, one of the contractors for the supply of engines, wheels, turn-tables, and iron work generally, to the London and Birmingham Railway Company, was—whom think you, reader?—the locomotive superintendent of the line; the very officer whose duty it was to report upon the work of any rival contractor, and settle all questions that might arise out of it, of qualities and prices. Why he left the London and Birmingham, we do not know; but we find him subsequently engaged in the same capacity on a rival line; where, however, a stipulation had

been made with him that he should not be interested in any contract given out by the company; a stipulation which was not observed. The firm to which this gentleman belongs are wheel manufacturers; and his custom was to force carriage contractors to the company to purchase their wheels of him, at his own prices, by an intimation that if they did not, their carriages would be returned. With the same object, he insisted upon strengthening the coal waggons of the company, by an addition of one-third the number of wheels to the number found necessary by other companies. Under the skilful management of such a superintendent, advertisements for tenders were of course a farce. On one occasion sixty contractors were summoned by circulars and advertisements to put in tenders; and when assembled and waiting for the decision of the Board, a wager was laid amongst them that three parties named would be successful, whether below or above the terms offered by the rest, and the wager was won. The Board had been persuaded to give 20 per cent. above the fair market price, on the ground of the respectability of the three parties, and superior quality of their goods. This knavery was at length carried so far as to lead to his downfall, or compulsory resignation. A contract for fifty sets of wheels was given out to a firm at Liverpool, who were known not to have a single wheel-tool in their possession; and it was discovered that this firm, who were boiler-makers, were merely the *locum tenens* for the firm of our locomotive superintendent, by whom the wheels were really manufactured. The price charged to the company was £48 per set, £15 per set above the price which other companies had paid for the same wheels a twelvemonth before, when iron was dearer. The facts were brought home, and the Board lost no time in getting rid of their officer; but being somewhat ashamed of their own part in the matter, they have not thought proper to report the case to the shareholders.

It is no small advantage to the Great Northern Company that they have had their attention called to these and similar abuses before they had arranged for the purchase of the rolling stock required for the main portions of their line. They will now have an opportunity of working their traffic upon the system of light and frequent trains, at half the expense of the two companies with which they are competitors; and we have some confidence that they will embrace it.

We trust that the directors of the Great Northern will also have the good sense to avoid the error of the London and North Western, and some other railway companies, in becoming manufacturers of their own stock. This is even a greater blunder than that of allowing officers to share in the profits of a contract;

for it opens a door to jobbing of the same kind in the purchase of raw materials, and plunges the capital of a company into a bottomless pit of prodigal and wasteful expenditure. To succeed in any manufacturing enterprise, a perfect knowledge is required of every branch of the business by those who conduct it. It is ruined the moment the business is left, in any of its details, to the guidance of subordinates.

It may reasonably be doubted whether the chairman of the London and North Western Company would not, with all the private capital he could command, find some difficulty in opening an account with respectable timber merchants or iron merchants, were he to resign his present position and open an establishment in Long Acre as a carriage-builder. The remarks that would be made upon him; we are pretty sure, would be to this effect:—"Here is a banker who doubtless understands accounts, but knows nothing of the construction of carriages, and is unable to direct his workmen in a single step of the process. A man who cannot distinguish between soft iron and steel, wrought iron and cast, battens and deals, white spruce timber and yellow; who must therefore purchase all his materials through the medium of agents unknown to him, who will make a profit for themselves on every transaction, in the shape of fees or a commission, and, in fact, will plunder him right and left,—if a rich man now, in five years he will be in the *Gazette*." Mr. Glyn, we are inclined to think, if the case were put in reference to any other person than himself, would be of the same opinion, and would carefully guard his own property from the risks certain to be incurred by any such act of folly. Yet this very act of folly he does not hesitate to commit as a trustee for the property of others; and, sitting in his counting-house in Lombard-street, occupying himself with the use to be made of his customers' balances (of which those of railway companies are not the least), he lends his name and sanction to the expenditure of £400,000 per annum* in the manufacture and repair of rolling stock, upon not one single item of which is he qualified to pronounce an opinion.

We draw attention to this fact, because we quite share the impression which it is known to have made on the minds of

We take the following figures from the report of the auditors, presented at the last half-yearly meeting:—

Stock charged to revenue account (exclusive of Yorkshire stock, in the years 1847, 1848, and 1849)	£759,484
Repairs and replacement of stock, during the same period	456,433
Interest on capital expended in workshops and plant, and depreciation of tools and machinery, for the same period	42,407
	£1,258,324

competent observers, that except possibly in some of our government dockyards, there is no such waste of public money to be seen in the United Kingdom as may be daily witnessed in the two establishments of Crewe and Wolverton; which, under the fostering influence of this expenditure, have grown into flourishing towns.

The present value of the whole of the rolling stock of the London and North Western Company, now in use, is estimated by the auditors at the sum of £1,802,779; and there is something very *naïve* in that part of their report, where they speak of "the addition which a manufacturer's profit would make to the amount had this work not been executed in the workshops of the Company." Manufacturers' profits are made out of economical savings, which can never be realized by public companies, when they meddle with multifarious operations, for the want of that watchful superintendence and undivided attention which is always characteristic of private enterprise in a higher degree than of joint-stock associations. Public companies are only safe when they confine themselves, like water companies, canal companies, and assurance companies, to the simplest possible sources of revenue, where everything is done by rule, and as little as possible left to individual discretion.* The statements published by Captain Huish of the details of the stock, show that instead of saving "the manufacturers' profit," every branch of the Company's manufacture is carried on at a heavy loss. In his valuation of January 1st, 1848, he estimates the first-class carriages of the Company at £420 each; and he now informs the public, through Dr. Lardner, that the company are at the present time making the same carriages at a cost of £380 each.† But we learn, on inquiry, that carriages of the same class, and with equal accommodation for passengers, have sometimes been supplied to other companies, by private manufacturers, at £310 each; and the same difference, a difference of 20 per cent., runs through every item of the account. A difference of 20 per cent. between the cost of the work done at Crewe and Wolverton and the fair market price, is a loss of

* It may here be remarked that the great wealth of the New River Company, the shares of which are usually quoted at £20,000, but which are rarely to be obtained, is not derived from the supply of water, but ground-rents. Large tracts of land, originally purchased to make the New River, were subsequently let upon building leases, and these constitute the principal revenue of the Company. Railway companies should have taken a hint from this, of the profits they might have derived from a judicious outlay of capital in the neighbourhood of their stations.

† 'Railway Economy,' pp. 88 and 112. (The price, we presume, is exclusive of the rates and taxes paid upon the Crewe and Wolverton establishments, of which there is no mention).

£80,000 per annum. Need we marvel at the reports current that there are parties connected with Crewe and Wolverton who have made large fortunes at the Company's expense!

But the waste of capital incurred at these establishments is really much greater than these figures imply; and this will at once appear, if we compare the cost of the carriage accommodation provided by Captain Huish, and that by Mr. Adams, for a like number of passengers.

Cost of one first-class carriage of the London and North Western Company, to carry 18 passengers	£380
Cost of four second-class carriages, to accommodate 32 passengers each—£260 per carriage	1,040
		<hr/> £1,420
Cost of a long double carriage, as used on the North Kent Railway, constructed by Mr. Adams, to carry 28 first-class, and 96 second-class passengers	560
Difference (less the accommodation for two passengers, say £20)		<hr/> <hr/> £860

£12 10s. per head in the one case, and less than £5 per head in the other!

Our readers will see that the rolling-stock of the London and North Western Company is a mill-stone round the neck of the proprietors, with which they must necessarily roll down hill; for it is not merely the fact that assets put down at £1,800,000 are really not worth the half of that sum, as measured by the cost of the new stock which might be provided for working the same traffic, but that the keeping up of the kind of stock represented by this £1,800,000, is the keeping up of an excess of steam power, and an extravagant expenditure for "maintenance of way," for the mere purpose of passing daily to and fro, over the line, an enormous mass of heavy and useless lumber. It is a startling fact, but railway proprietors must make up their minds to it, including the proprietors of the Great Western, the Midland, the Caledonian, the Brighton, the South Western, and the Eastern Counties,* that it would be cheaper at once to give away two-thirds of their heavy engines and carriages, or sell them for the value of old materials, than continue their present system of working.

* The Eastern Counties was the first line on which the experiment of light engines and roomy carriages was first tried, upon the recommendation of Mr. Samuel, the resident engineer, sanctioned by Mr. Waddington. The experiment having been attended with the most complete success, Mr. Samuel drew up a report on the subject, and pointed out to his Directors the waste of power involved in the working of the Company's heavy engines and heavy carriages. His report states that

"The greatest number of passengers in any main line train of the Eastern

We would dwell, however, less upon the saving to be effected by a better adaptation of weight to paying load, than upon the profits that would arise from that greater development of traffic that would ensue upon the adoption of the principle of light and frequent trains; frequency of departure and arrival being as essential a condition of increasing traffic, as frequency of dispatch is a condition of an increasing postage revenue. We have observed, that with trains of seventy tons weight carrying an average of fifty-four passengers, it was found necessary to diminish the number of trains just as it would be necessary to diminish the number of omnibuses now plying to the Bank, if the conductors, after taking the advice of some eminent engineer, were to insist upon linking their omnibuses together as a string of caravans, and harnessing to them elephants instead of horses. The result may be illustrated by the following extract from the last half-yearly report of the Great Western Company:—

"It must not be forgotten that the diminished number of passenger trains, although a measure calculated to save expense to the company, has obviously tended to reduce the number of travellers, from the less frequent opportunity to them of moving, especially for short distances, between intermediate stations. The amount received for passengers is £12,414 14s. 4d. less than in the corresponding period of 1848; but the directors are happy to report, that on the other hand, the merchandise business has increased, and shows a tendency to improve."

Goods traffic and passenger traffic ought obviously to increase *pari passu*. When they do not, we are justified in concluding

Counties, for the week ending May 7th, 1849, was 231, and the least number 7. The greatest number in any of the branch lines was 82, and the least number 3. And, by another return from the books of the Company, it appears that there were conveyed on the Eastern Counties branch lines, during the year 1847, 42,644 tons of passengers (calculating each passenger, with his luggage, at 168 lbs.), and the weight of engines and carriages required to convey them was about 1,112,500 tons; being in the proportion of 26 to 1."

The result of this report has been, not a general improvement in the working of the line, as our readers might imagine, but a notice to Mr. Samuel that the Board had found it necessary to dispense with the services of a resident engineer. Office is supposed to have been given by the publication of the report in Mr. Whitehead's useful publication, entitled 'A Key to Railway Investment;' but apart from this, the influences that govern the Board are not of the kind that can be expected to patronize, or to be foremost in promoting, a reduced scale of railway working expenditure. Mr. Robert Stephenson is the engineer-in-chief of the line; and the Chairman (successor to Mr. Hudson) is Mr. Betts, of the firm of Peto and Betts, railway contractors.

A rumour is afloat, that it is intended to recommend to the shareholders, that the line shall be let, to be worked by contract. If so, we trust they will not allow the facts connected with the light system to be kept back, until, as in the instance of several other Companies, they have been driven into an improvident bargain.

that passengers are prevented, by bad regulations, from going in person to make purchases, and that they then stop at home and send their orders through the penny post.

We notice a corresponding disproportion between the ratios of increase and decrease of the passengers and goods traffic on the Brighton line; and from the same cause. The passenger traffic for the thirteen weeks ending April 29, had decreased £1,276, as compared with the same period last year; while the goods traffic had increased £5,209. The old expedient of reducing the fares for holiday excursions, aided by an unusually fine holiday season, has, latterly, slightly turned the scale; but the crowds carried to Epsom races are a poor compensation for the loss of a steadily-increasing local traffic.

The resignation of Mr. Rowland Hill, the former chairman of the Brighton Board, has proved a misfortune both to the Brighton Company and the railway public. We have some reason for believing that Mr. Hill's present experience in the post-office, as connected with the dispatch of the mails, has placed before him in so strong a light, the importance of light and frequent trains to the public interest, that he would have hastened to introduce them on the Brighton line had he remained at the Board; and to the great improvement of Brighton dividends. The fact, that under the present system, railway companies will not undertake to carry a bag of letters, without putting a train in motion that shall weigh seventy tons, and charging accordingly, has limited to a very serious extent that frequency of delivery, of which it was Mr. Hill's object every part of the country should have the benefit. The engines of the Brighton Company are not so heavy as those of the London and North-Western; but the carriages are of similar construction, and the difference between the trains of the two companies, in the dead lumber carried by each, is practically not great. The present management, instead of reducing that dead lumber, fell into the vulgar error we have exposed, of reducing the number of trains,* and raising the fares (excepting for holiday seasons), so as to cut off all the traffic connected with local fairs and markets, and to stop the progress of building at numerous points of the line. In the place of the revenue which might be derived from local traffic, they have adopted the notable scheme (worthy of Rosemary-lane), of making a profit out of advertising placards, which are permitted to be posted on the sides and ceilings of their second class carriages; and

* At several of the stations of this line there are no trains for nine hours in the day, to the great discontent of the local residents, who complain that they have now fewer facilities of travelling from one market town to another than before the long stage coaches were driven off the road.

from motives of parsimony rather than a judicious economy, they have allowed the Brighton Railway to remain the only line, out of London, without an electric telegraph!

It is curious to observe that, while on Mr. Hill's retirement the present Board raised the price of day tickets twenty-five per cent. for the ordinary traffic, and raised, generally, the fares as far as they were allowed to do so by Act of Parliament, they adopted the inconsistent course of issuing season tickets, at a scale which allows the rich man to travel daily from Brighton at a cheaper rate by an express train, than a poor man with a day ticket in the prison vans they provide as parliamentary carriages. The price of an annual season ticket is 50*l.*, which is less than $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per mile, or about 2*s.* per journey for those who travel to Brighton and back every day in the year; 1*d.* per mile, or about 4*s.* per journey to those who travel to London and back every day for six months in the year. Now, although it is true that no poor man travels so frequently on a line as a rich man, this difference is more than made up by the greater number of poor travellers as compared with that of the rich, which is inconsiderable. It is obviously an improvident, as well as a somewhat whimsical bargain, to give privileges to the few which are to be denied to the many, for no other reason than that they do not pay their money beforehand; an object of no importance to any public company. We believe it is a mistake to suppose that the parties who purchase season tickets do not get their fair money's worth out of them; and, were it otherwise, to count upon the miscalculations of the public is hardly a legitimate or an honest means of obtaining a revenue.

The following is the result of an analysis of the different classes of passengers on railways, as given by Dr. Lardner:*

Average number of passengers carried daily per mile, in the year ending June 30, 1847, on 3036 miles of railway,

First class	157
Second class	281
Third class	289
Total	727

From a recent tabular statement published by the Secretary of the Brighton Company, it appears that the number of passengers carried by the Company during the four days of the Whitsuntide holiday traffic of the present year, from Saturday to Tuesday, inclusive, was 55,649; of which the proportions of the different classes were as follows.

* 'Railway Economy,' p. 183.

First-class	5,734
Second-class	18,420
Third-class	31,495*

The proportion of first-class passengers to second and third-class passengers is, therefore, on the yearly average as 1 to 5; and at holiday seasons, when the fares are reduced, only as 1 to 10. Thus it is clear that the middle and working classes are the true customers of railways, and it is their interest that should be studied, not the superior accommodation of the wealthy. To make it as profitable for railway companies to carry one rich man as to carry five travellers of the humbler classes, the rich man should pay 5*s.* where each second and third-class passenger pays 1*s.*, and at holiday times 10*s.* to their 1*s.* Yet, wonderful to say, comfortable accommodation, cushioned seats, and express trains are provided for the rich at even lower rates than for the poor, in return for no other consideration than the payment of certain round sums in advance.

The Whitsuntide traffic of the Brighton Company has sometimes been referred to as an objection to the system of working we have recommended. It is contended that heavy engines and heavy trains must be provided for the multitudes to be carried on such occasions. The objection is an idle one, as we shall see; for, *First*, the greater the number of passengers, the greater is the propriety of not adding to their weight a useless mass of dead lumber. *Second*, light and frequent trains, at equal rates of cheapness all the year round, would diffuse the traffic more equally over the year, instead of concentrating it upon particular days. Travellers on business, now, to avail themselves of the benefit of reduced fares, put off their journeys till they see an excursion train advertised, and so swell the numbers of the pleasure-seeking crowds collected under this forcing process, and seeing their object defeated by the fighting and scrambling for tickets and seats which are inseparable from such arrangements. *Third*, the carrying of 55,000 passengers in four days would be by no means an extraordinary feat for light engines and long carriages of the class we have described. 55,000 passengers carried in four days means 7,000 persons carried each day by up trains, and 7,000 by down trains. It does not exceed, nor

* Total number of passengers carried during the half-year ending December 31, 1849, by the undermentioned railways:—

	First-class.	Second-class.	Third-class.
Great Western	173,594	819,633	227,204
Eastern Counties	199,011	715,867	583,082
East Lancashire.....	52,804	156,870	651,417

Railway Times, June 8.

always equal, the summer traffic of the Blackwall Railway, worked by quarter-of-an-hour trains.*

The daily average of trains running on the Croydon and Epsom branch of the Brighton, is stated by the time tables to be 36 (one every hour, from 7.15 a.m. to 10.15 p.m.); and supposing, for the sake of argument, the whole 14,000 to have been carried on this branch without extra trains, the proportion would have been 388 per train; with half-hour trains, 194 per train; with quarter-of-an-hour trains, only 97 per train. Now, with a train consisting of a light engine, composite tender, and two double carriages, such as are shown in our lithograph, Mr. Adams engages to convey 240 passengers. The supposed difficulty, therefore, of working a holiday traffic upon the light system, vanishes into air.

The difference in expense may be judged of by a comparison of the last reports of the Cork and Bandon Company with those of the Brighton. The consumption of coke with the light engines of the Cork and Bandon is 12½ lbs. per mile per engine; the total working expenses 1s. 5d. per mile per train. The consumption of coke on the Brighton, Mr. Laing states at 22 lbs. 6 oz. per mile per engine; the total working expenses at 2s. 5d. per train per mile—a loss, therefore, of something like £60,000 per annum upon the total working expenditure of this company, which is £126,158.

1s. 5d. per train per mile, on a train of only 68 passengers, is half-a-farthing per mile for each passenger; on a train of 134 passengers, one-eighth of a farthing per mile per passenger; on an extra full train of 268, one-sixteenth of a farthing per mile per

* It will perhaps be objected that light engines have been recently tried on the Horsham branch of the Brighton Railway, on the Blackwall, and several other lines, and have failed. We have before remarked that the light engines first used on railways, twenty years ago, also failed. The reader must therefore distinguish between badly constructed light engines of inadequate power, and light engines of superior mechanism, fully equal to their work. We may observe, that Mr. Adams is not the only party who has built light engines with success. Recently a light engine for express purposes, constructed as an omnibus to carry twelve passengers, has been built, under the superintendence of Mr. Ferneough, of the South Eastern line, by which great speeds have been attained.

It is remarkable that the Brighton and Blackwall Boards, in experimenting upon the principle of light engines, should not in the first instance have made themselves fully conversant with the mechanical requirements of such engines, and that neither company should have attempted to apply the same principle to their passenger carriages. As if the object were solely the benefit of some manufacturer of wheels and springs, the Blackwall carriages have more than double the number of wheels and buffer-springs employed on the carriages of the North Woolwich line, and, of course, with a corresponding increase of weight, and loss of power by friction.

The Blackwall carries 6½ passengers per wheel. The North Woolwich 14½ per wheel.

passenger. It is obvious, therefore, that the parliamentary scale of a penny per mile might, upon the light system, be adopted as a *maximum* charge, yielding a handsome profit,* and with more frequent trains than is possible under the existing system (including both express trains and stopping trains)—promoting traffic to an extent, compared with which the present returns of railway companies would appear utterly insignificant.

Sooner or later these facts must lead to an entire revolution in the policy of Railway Boards; and when, instead of carrying the poorer classes of passengers like sheep or cattle on their way to market, in open trucks exposed to the weather, with their eyes blinded by the smoke, and their clothes covered with ashes from the locomotive chimney, or else shut up in a prison van, from which no prospect of the country can be obtained; and conveying timid females as second-class passengers through dark tunnels, without lights,—the *pleasurable accommodation* of the middle and working classes shall be studied, so that a railway trip shall be rendered to the poorest not only a cheap but an enjoyable excursion; and when with cheap and pleasurable accommodation the convenience of all travellers to and from all stations shall be consulted by light and frequent trains—then, and not till then, will the traffic of railway lines be fairly developed, and the days of remunerative dividends dawn upon long-expectant and disappointed shareholders.

* A precedent has already been established. On the North Woolwich line the charge to first class passengers, for a distance of nine miles, including the ferry across the Thames, is only sixpence. Scarcely more than *three farthings* per mile.

ART. VII.—1. *De la Prostitution dans la Ville de Paris.* Par Parent-Duchatelet.

2. *Miseries of Prostitution.* By James Beard Talbot.

3. *Prostitution in London.* By Dr. Ryan.

4. *Letters in the Morning Chronicle—Metropolitan Poor.*

THERE are some questions so painful and perplexing, that statesmen, moralists, and philanthropists shrink from them by common consent. The subject to which the following pages are devoted, is one of these. Of all the social problems which philosophy has to deal with, this is, we believe, the darkest, the knottiest, and the saddest. From whatever point of view it is regarded, it presents considerations so difficult and so grievous, that in this country no ruler or writer has yet been found with nerve to face the sadness, or resolution to encounter the difficulties. Statesmen see the mighty evil lying on the main pathway of the world, and, with a groan of pity and despair, "pass by on the other side." They act like the timid patient, who, fearing and feeling the existence of a terrible disease, dares not examine its symptoms or probe its depth, lest he should realise it too clearly, and possibly aggravate its intensity by the mere investigation. Or, like a more foolish animal still, they hide their head at the mention of the danger, as if they hoped, by ignoring, to annihilate it.

It is from a strong conviction that this is not worthy behaviour on the part of those who aspire to guide either the actions or the opinions of others, that, after much hesitation and many misgivings, we have undertaken to speak of so dismal and delicate a matter. We are aware that mischief is risked by bringing the subject prominently before the public eye, and that the benefit to be derived from the discussion should be so clear and certain, as unquestionably to overbalance this risk. We are aware that it is a matter on which it is not easy to speak openly—not always possible to speak with confidence as to facts, causes, or consequences; we are aware that we shall expose ourselves to much scoffing from the vulgar and light-minded; much dishonest misrepresentation from those who recklessly echo any popular cry; much unmerited anger from those who deem that refinement forbids them to speak of things which it does not forbid them to do; much serious blame on the part of those who think that no object can justify us in compelling attention to so revolting a moral sore. We have weighed all these obstacles; and we have concluded that the end we have in view, and the chance

of the good we may effect and the suffering we may mitigate, warrant us in disregarding them. We think that such considerations have already too long withheld serious and benevolent men from facing one of the sorest evils that the English sun now shines upon. Our divines, our philanthropists, our missionaries, nay, even our *sœurs de la charité*, do not shrink from entering, in person, the most loathsome abodes of sin and misery,—or from penetrating into the lowest dens of filth and pollution, where human despair and degradation ever dragged itself to die,—when led thither by the impulse of compassion and the hope of good. Why, then, should we allow indolence, disgust, or the fear of misconstruction, to deter us from entering upon an inquiry as to the possibility of mitigating the very worst form which human wretchedness and degradation can assume? The best and purest of our race do not feel themselves repelled from, or tarnished by, the darkest haunts of actual guilt and horror, where pain is to be assuaged, or where souls are to be saved. Let us act by *subjects*, as they act by *scenes*.

Feeling, then, that it is a false and mischievous delicacy, and a culpable moral cowardice, which shrinks from the consideration of the great social vice of Prostitution, because the subject is a loathsome one;—feeling, also, that no good can be hoped unless we are at liberty to treat the subject, and all its collaterals, with perfect freedom, both of thought and speech;—convinced that the evil must be probed with a courageous and unshrinking hand before a cure can be suggested, or palliatives can safely be applied;—we have deliberately resolved to call public attention to it, though we do so with pain, reluctance, and diffidence.

And, first—to preclude misrepresentation, as far as this is possible—we must show our colours by expressing our own feelings as to fornication. Our morality will be considered by the divine as strangely lax and inconsistent, and by the man of the world, the ordinary thinker, and the mass who follow current ideas without thinking at all—as savage and absurd; nevertheless, we conceive it to harmonise with the ethics of nature and the dictates of unsophisticated sense. We look upon fornication, then (by which we always mean promiscuous intercourse with women who prostitute themselves for pay), as the worst and lowest form of sexual irregularity, the most revolting to the unpolluted feelings, the most indicative of a *low* nature, the most degrading and sapping to the loftier life,—

“The sin, of all, most sure to blight,—
The sin, of all, that the soul’s light
Is soonest lost, extinguish’d in.”

Sexual indulgence, however guilty in its circumstances, however

tragic in its results, is, when accompanied by love, a sin *according to nature*; fornication is a sin *against nature*; its peculiarity and heinousness consist in its divorcing from all feeling of love that which was meant by nature as the last and intensest expression of passionate love; in its putting asunder that which God has joined; in its reducing the deepest gratification of unreserved affection to a mere momentary and brutal indulgence; in its making that only one of our appetites, which is redeemed from mere *animality* by the hallowing influence of the better and tenderer feelings with which nature has connected it, *as animal* as all the rest. It is a voluntary exchange of the passionate love of a spiritual and intellectual being, for the mere hunger and thirst of the beast. It is a profanation of that which the higher organization of man enables him to elevate and refine. It is the introduction of filth into the pure sanctuary of the affections.

We have said that fornication reduces the most fervent expression of deep and devoted human love to a mere animal gratification. But it does more than this: it not only brings man down to a level with the brutes, but it has one feature which places him far, far below them. Sexual connexion, with them, is the simple indulgence of a natural desire *mutually felt*: in the case of human prostitution, it is in many, probably in most instances, a brutal desire on the one side only, and a reluctant and loathing submission, purchased by money, on the other. Among cattle, the sexes meet by common instinct and a common wish;—it is reserved for the human animal to treat the female as a mere victim for his lust. The peculiar guilt of prostitution, then, consists, in our view of the matter, in its being *unnatural*; a violation of our truer instincts—not a mere frailty in yielding to them. On this matter, therefore, we feel at least as strongly as any divine can do.

In the second place, we feel called upon to protest against the manner in which prostitutes are almost universally regarded, spoken of, and treated in this country, as dishonouring alike to our religion and our manhood. This iniquity pervades all classes, and both sexes. No language is too savage for these wretched women. They are outcasts, Pariahs, lepers. Their touch, even in the extremity of suffering, is shaken off as if it were pollution and disease. It is discreditable to a woman even to be supposed to know of their existence. They are kicked, cuffed, trampled on with impunity by every one. Their oaths are seldom regarded in a court of justice, scarcely ever in a police court. They seem to be considered far more out of the pale of humanity than negroes on a slave plantation, or fellahs in a pasha's dungeon. We shall all recognise the truth of the following picture:—

"Women whose poverty drives them to sin against religion and morality—prostitutes for bread—are regarded with that sort of scorn which a Turk expresses when he says 'Dog of a Christian!' The English show profound respect for their devil, in comparison of the way in which they treat their women of the town. For these, such epithets as wicked, vile, nasty; such terms as slut, strumpet, wretch, are too good. You must not mention them at all in public; you cannot allude to them in a book without staining your pages. Recommend that they should be treated like fellow-creatures, as in the Netherlands, and if you are not prosecuted for blasphemy, many will say that you deserve to be hanged. In America or Holland, if you strike a woman of this class, she will take the law of you: in England her evidence might be rejected, or at all events would not be believed. 'Gentlemen of the Jury,' the counsel for the accused would say, 'this charge rests on the evidence of a common (meaning poor) prostitute: laugh! my respectable (rich) client is already acquitted.' I do not pretend that such a speech was ever made; but I assert (admitting the hypothesis to be absurd) that if by chance a respectable Englishman was prosecuted for assaulting a woman of the town, then this would be the way to get him acquitted. The English constitution recognizes parish apprentices, but not prostitutes. Prostitution is one thing, the prostitutes another. The laws and customs of England encourage prostitution, but do not even protect the prostitutes. The laws and customs of England combine to sink this class of Englishwomen into a state of vice and misery beyond that which necessarily belongs to their condition. Hence their extreme degradation, their troopers' oaths, their love of gin, their desperate recklessness, and the shortness of their miserable lives."*

If the *extremity* of human wretchedness—if a condition which combines within itself every element of suffering, mental and physical, circumstantial and intrinsic—is a passport to our compassion, every heart should bleed for the position of an English prostitute, as it never bled at any form of woe before. We wish it were in our power to give a picture, simple, faithful, uncoloured, but "too severely true," of the horrors which constitute the daily life of a woman of the town. The world—the unknowing world—is apt to fancy her revelling in the *enjoyment* of licentious pleasures; lost and dead to all sense of remorse and shame; wallowing in mire because she loves it. Alas! there is no truth in *this* conception, or only in the most exceptional cases. Passing over all the agonies of grief and terror she must have endured before she reached her present degradation; the vain struggles to retrieve the first false, fatal step; the feeling of her inevitable future pressing her down with all the hopeless weight of destiny; the dreams of a happy past that haunt her in the night-watches,

* 'England and America,' vol. i. p. 74.

and keep her ever trembling on the verge of madness ;—passing over all this, what is her position when she has reached the last step of her downward progress, and has become a common prostitute? Every calamity that can afflict human nature seems to have gathered round her,—cold, hunger, disease, often absolute starvation. Insufficiently fed, insufficiently clad, she is driven out alike by necessity and by the dread of solitude, to wander through the streets by night, for the chance of earning a meal by the most loathsome labour that imagination can picture, or a penal justice could inflict. For, be it remembered, desire has, by this time, long ceased; the mere momentary excitement of sexual indulgence is no longer attainable; repetition has changed pleasure into absolute repugnance; and these miserable women ply their wretched trade with a loathing and abhorrence which only perpetual semi-intoxication can deaden or endure. The curses, the blows, the nameless brutalities they have to submit to from their ruffianly associates of the brothel and saloon, are as nothing to the hideous punishment inherent in the daily practice of their sin. Their evidence, and the evidence of all who have come in contact with them, is unanimous on this point—that gin alone enables them to live or act; that without its constant stimulus and stupefaction, they would long since have died from mere physical exhaustion, or gone mad from mental horrors.* The reaction from the nightly excitement is too terrible to be borne, and gin is again resorted to as a morning draught. Even this wretched stimulus often fails; and there can be few of our readers who have not seen some of these unhappy creatures, after a winter's night spent in walking wearily to and fro for hours, amid snow, frost, or piercing winds, in dress too flimsy even for the hottest season, sink down upon a door-step, fainting and worn out; too feeble to be able, and too miserable to desire to rise. All this time, too, disease of many kinds is busy with its victim; and positive pain is added to severe privation and distracting thought. Do not let it be supposed that they are insensible to the horrors of their situation;† we believe this is

* The evidence of all these poor girls is unanimous on this point. "No girl could lead the life we do without drink," is the common expression. (See the Letters in the *Morning Chronicle*, Letter XXIX. especially).

† "Si on n'examine les prostituées que dans les rues et dans l'exercice de leur métier; si on ne fait attention qu'à leur ton, à leur impudeur, et aux mots lubriques qui sortent de la bouche de quelques unes, on pourrait croire qu'elles considèrent ce métier comme un autre, qu'elles n'ont pas pour lui de l'antipathie, et que peu s'en faut qu'elles ne s'en fassent un titre de gloire. . . . Mais ce n'est pas dans ces circonstances que l'on peut étudier le cœur et l'esprit de ces femmes; c'est en prison, dans leurs moments de peines et de souffrances; c'est surtout lorsqu'on a vu, par de bons procédés, s'attirer

rarely the case altogether; where it is so, they owe it to the spirits in which they invariably indulge.

leur confiance, que l'on découvre ce qui se passe dans leur âme, et combien est pesant pour elles le poids de leur ignominie. Elles connaissent toute leur abjection, et en ont, à ce qu'il paraît, une idée bien profonde; elles sont à elles-mêmes un sujet d'horreur; le mépris qu'elles ont pour elles dépasse souvent celui que leur portent toutes les personnes vertueuses; elles regrettent d'être déchues, elles font des projets, et même des efforts pour sortir de leur état; mais tous ces efforts sont infructueux, et ce qui les désespère, c'est de savoir qu'elles passent, dans l'esprit de tout le monde, pour la fange et la houe de la société. En effet, qui pourrait souffrir sans effroi, sans trouble, et sans abattement, l'oubli général des hommes, et à plus forte raison leur haine, leur mépris, et leur universel dédain? La seule pensée de cet état a fait tomber plusieurs prostituées dans l'aliénation mentale. . . . Quelques traits acheveront de donner une idée de cette particularité du caractère des prostituées. Lorsqu'on les mit à la Pitié, il n'y avait pas de chapelle dans leur division; on y érigea enfin un autel, ce qui fit sur elles l'impression la plus vive, et les combla de joie. Croirait-on que ce fut par un sentiment de religion?—non assurément; c'était, pour me servir de leur expressions, parcequ'on ne les considérait plus comme des chiens, et qu'on faisait autant pour elles que pour les autres. Un médecin n'entrait jamais dans leur salles sans ôter légèrement son chapeau; par cette seule politesse, il sut tellement conquérir leur confiance, qu'il leur faisait faire tout ce qu'il voulait; et que l'ordre le plus parfait régnait dans ses salles; ce qui n'avait pas lieu dans celles d'un autre médecin qui affectait à leur égard le dédain le plus grand."—Vol. i. p. 108.

The sensitiveness of these unhappy creatures to their situation, and the crushing sense of degradation which clings to them throughout, in spite of their meretricious ornaments, their frightful language, and their hollow laughter, seem to us such an important point to establish, in order that the world may form a just estimate of their condition, that we must quote one more testimony. The original MS. from which the following lines are taken, was discovered, by the medical man who attended her on her death-bed, among the papers of a poor penitent prostitute, who died of want in a garret in Glasgow.

"VERSES FOR MY TOMBSTONE, IF EVER I SHOULD HAVE ONE.

"The wretched victim of a quick decay,
Relieved from life, on humble bed of clay,
The last and only refuge from my woes,
A love-lost, ruined female, I repose.
From the sad hour I listened to his charms,
And fell, half forced, in the deceiver's arms,
To that, whose awful veil hides every fault,
Sheltering my sufferings in this welcome vault,—
When pampered, starved, abandoned, or in drink,
My thoughts were racked in striving not to think;
Nor could rejected conscience claim the power
To improve the respite of one serious hour.
I durst not look to what I was before;
My soul shrank back, and wished to be no more.
Of eye undaunted, and of touch impure,
Old, ere of age—worn out when scarce mature;
Daily debased to stifle my disgust,
Of forced enjoyment in affected lust;

The following, though in a work of fiction, is a faithful picture of the feelings of thousands of these poor wretches:—

“‘And now listen to me, Esther. You loathe the life you lead, else you would not speak of it as you do. Come home with me; and tomorrow I will see if some honest way of living cannot be found for you. Come home, I say,’

“‘I tell you, I cannot. I could not lead a virtuous life if I would. I should only disgrace you. If you will know all,’ said she, as he seemed inclined to urge her, ‘I must have drink. Such as live like me, could not bear life without drink. It’s the only thing to keep us from suicide. If we did not drink, we could not stand the memory of what we have been, and the thought of what we are, for a day. If I go without food, and without shelter, I must have my dram. Oh! you don’t know what awful nights I have had in prison, for want of it,’ said she, shuddering, and glaring round with terrified eyes, as if dreading to see some spiritual creature, with dim form, near her.

“‘It is frightful to see them,’ whispering in tones of wildness, although so low spoken. ‘There they go, round and round my bed, the whole night through. My mother, carrying little Annie (I wonder how they got together), and Mary—and all looking at me, with their sad, stony eyes. Oh! Jem, it is so terrible. They don’t turn back, either, but pass behind the head of the bed, and I feel their eyes on me everywhere. If I creep under the clothes, I still see them; and, what is worse,’ hissing out her words, with fright, ‘they see me. Don’t speak to me about leading a better life. I must have drink. I cannot pass to-night without a dram—I dare not.’

“Jem was silent, from deep sympathy. . . . ‘Stay a minute,’ said he, as she was on the point of departure. ‘I may want to speak to you again. I must know where to find you. Where do you live?’

She laughed strangely. ‘And do you think one sunk so low as I am, has a home? Decent, good people have homes—we have none. No; if you want me, come at night, and look at the corners of the streets about here. The colder, the bleaker, the stormier the night, the more certain you will be to find me. For then,’ with a plaintive fall in her voice, ‘it is so cold sleeping in entries, and on door-steps; and I want a dram more than ever.’”

The career of these women is a brief one; their downward path a marked and inevitable one; and they know this well. They are almost never rescued; escape themselves they cannot. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum*. The swindler may repent, the drunkard may

Covered with guilt, infection, debt, and want—
My home a brothel, and the streets my haunt.
For seven long years of infamy I’ve pined
And fondled, loathed, and preyed upon mankind;
Till the full course of sin and vice gone through,
My shattered fabric failed at twenty-two.”

* ‘Mary Barton,’ vol. i. p. 258.

reform; society aids and encourages them in their thorny path of repentance and atonement, and welcomes back with joy and generous forgetfulness the lost sheep and the prodigal son. But the prostitute may *not* pause—*may not recover*: at the very first halting, timid step she may make to the right or to the left, with a view to flight from her appalling doom, the whole resistless influences of the surrounding world, the good as well as the bad, close around her to hunt her back into perdition.

Then comes the last sad scene of all, when drink, disease, and starvation have laid her on her death-bed. On a wretched pallet in a filthy garret, with no companions but the ruffians, drunkards, and harlots with whom she had cast in her lot; amid brutal curses, ribald language, and drunken laughter; with a past—which, even were there no future, would be dreadful to contemplate—laying its weight of despair upon her soul; with a prospective beyond the grave which the little she retains of her early religion lights up for her with the lurid light of hell,—this poor daughter of humanity terminates a life, of which, if the sin has been grievous and the weakness lamentable, the expiation has been fearfully tremendous.

We have seen that even in their lowest degradation these poor creatures never wholly lose the sense of shame or sensitiveness to the opinions of the world. It is pleasing also to find that another of the chief virtues which belong to the female character, seems never to become extinct with them or even to be materially impaired. Their kindness to each other, when sick or destitute, and indeed to all who are in suffering or distress, has attracted the attention and called forth the admiration of all who have been thrown much into contact with them. "The English Opium Eater" bears eloquent testimony to the unquenchable tenderness of their nature, and the ready generosity with which they lavish aid to the needy out of their scanty and precarious means. Duchatelet states that their affection for children, whether their own or not, is carried to a point surpassing that common to women, and that, in consequence, they make the most careful and valuable of nurses. Furthermore, he tells us:—

"Un des caractères distinctifs des prostituées est de se secourir et de s'entr'aider dans leurs peines et leurs malheurs. Si l'une d'elles tombe malade, toutes les autres sont à l'instant désolées, elles s'empressent de lui procurer tous les secours dont elle a besoin, elles la conduisent à l'hôpital, et viennent régulièrement la visiter.

"Il faut voir dans la prison avec quel empressement se font les cotisations pour fournir un vêtement ou des chaussures à celles qui doivent sortir, et qui se trouvent dans une nudité absolue; elles se

depouillent elles-mêmes de ce qui leur est nécessaire, quoiqu'elles sachent souvent que les personnes qu'elles secourent les ont plusieurs fois trompées, et qu'elles n'ont pas à en attendre de reconnaissance.

"Cette particularité du caractère des prostituées est générale et constante. . . . Ce caractère généreux, qui les rend prodigues de tout ce qu'elles ont, les porte souvent à secourir des gens étrangers à leur classe, mais qu'elles savent dans le besoin. On m'a cité et fait remarquer un grand nombre de filles qui ont fourni, dans des temps difficiles, un pain par semaine, et quelquefois par jour, à des vieillards, à des infirmes, ou à des familles nombreuses qui demeuraient dans leurs voisinage."—Vol. i. p. 144.

A very touching instance of these amiable feelings was related to us a short time ago. A poor girl who, after a few years spent in infamy and wretchedness, was rapidly sinking into a decline, had still no means of livelihood but in the continued practice of her calling. But, with a mixture of kindness and of conscience which may well surprise us under such circumstances, her companions in degradation resolved among themselves that, as they said, "at least she should not be compelled to die in sin," and contributed out of their own poor and sad earnings a sufficient sum to enable her to pass her few remaining weeks in comfort and repentance. This is not a trait of the wholly lost.

But if sympathy be due to these unhappy women on the mere ground of the sufferings they undergo, it will perhaps be even more readily rendered when we examine a little into the antecedents which have led them to their fate. There is, we think, a very general misapprehension, especially among the fair sex, as to the original causes which reduce this unfortunate class of girls to their state of degradation—the primary circumstances of their fall from chastity. On this matter, those who know the most will assuredly judge the most leniently. Those who think of this class of sinners as severely as closet moralists, and voluptuaries with filthy fancies and soiled souls, and—alas! as most women are apt to do—fancy the original occasion of their lapse from virtue to have been either lust, immodest and unruly desires, silly vanity, or the deliberate exchange of innocence for luxury and show. We believe they are quite mistaken: it is the first *never*, or so rarely, that in treating of the subject we may be entitled to ignore the exceptions; it is the latter only in a small portion of the cases that occur. It is very important to a true view and a sound feeling on these matters, to set this error right. Women's *desires* scarcely ever lead to their fall; for (save in a class of whom we shall speak presently) the desire scarcely exists in a definite and conscious form, till they *have* fallen. In this point there is a radical and essential difference between the sexes: the

arrangements of nature and the customs of society would be even more unequal than they are, were it not so. In men, in general, the sexual desire is inherent and spontaneous, and belongs to the condition of puberty. In the other sex, the desire is dormant, if not non-existent, till excited; always till excited by undue familiarities; almost always till excited by actual intercourse. Those feelings which coarse and licentious minds are so ready to attribute to girls, are almost invariably *consequences*. Women whose position and education have protected them from exciting causes, constantly pass through life without ever being cognizant of the promptings of the senses. Happy for them that it is so! We do not mean to say that uneasiness may not be felt—that health may not sometimes suffer; but there is no consciousness of the cause. Among all the higher and middle classes, and, to a greater extent than would commonly be believed, among the lower classes also, where they either come of virtuous parents, or have been carefully brought up, this may be affirmed as a general fact. Were it not for this kind decision of nature, which, in England, has been assisted by that correctness of feeling which pervades our education, the consequences would, we believe, be frightful. If the passions of women were ready, strong, and spontaneous, in a degree even remotely approaching the form they assume in the coarser sex, there can be little doubt that sexual irregularities would reach a height, of which, at present, we have happily no conception. Imagine for a moment, the sufferings and struggles the virtuous among them would, on that supposition, have to undergo, in a country where, to hundreds of thousands marriage is impossible, and to hundreds of thousands more, is postponed till the period of youth is passed; and where modesty, decency, and honour, alike preclude them from that indulgence which men practise without restraint or shame. No! Nature has laid many heavy burdens on the delicate shoulders of the weaker sex: let us rejoice that this at least is spared them.

The causes which lead to the fall of women are various; but all of them are of a nature to move grief and compassion rather than indignation and contempt, in all minds cognizant of the strange composition of humanity—the follies of the wise, the weakness of the strong, the lapses of the good; cognizant, also, of those surprising and deplorable inconsistencies “by which faults may sometimes be found to have grown out of virtues, and very many of our heaviest offences to have been grafted by human imperfection upon the best and kindest of our affections.”

The first and perhaps the largest class of prostitutes are those who may fairly be said to have had no choice in the matter—

who were born and bred in sin ; whose parents were thieves and prostitutes before them ; whose dwelling has always been in an atmosphere of squalid misery and sordid guilt ; who have never had a glimpse or a hearing of a better life ; whom fate has marked from their cradle for a course of degradation ; for whom there is no *fall*, for they stood already on the lowest level of existence ; in whom there is no crime, for they had, and could have, neither an aspiration, a struggle, nor a choice. Such abound in London, in Dublin, in Glasgow ; and, though to a less extent, in almost all large towns. Their families form the *classes dangereuses* of French statisticians ; and it is from these that is recruited the population of the gaols, the lowest brothels, the hulks, and latterly, to some extent, the ragged schools. How this class is to be checked, controlled, diminished, and finally extirpated, presents one of the most difficult practical problems for English statesmen, and one, to the solution of which they must address themselves without delay ; but it is one with which, at present, we have not to do. All that we wish to urge is, that the prostitutes who spring from this class, are clearly the victims of circumstances ; and therefore must on all hands be allowed to be objects of the most unalloyed compassion.

Others, unquestionably, and alas ! too many, fall from the snares of vanity. They are flattered by the attentions of those above them in station, and gratified by a language more refined and courteous than they hear from those of their own sphere. They enjoy the present pleasure, think they can secure themselves against being led on too far, and, like foolish moths, flutter round the flame which is to dazzle and consume them. For these we have no justification, and little apology to offer. Silly parents, and a defective or injudicious education, form their most frequent excuse. Still, even these are not worthy of the treatment they meet with, even from those of their own sex, who cannot be unconscious of the same foibles—still less from men. Let those who are without sin among us, cast the first stone at them.

Some, too, there are for whom no plea can be offered—who voluntarily and deliberately sell themselves to shame, and barter, in a cold spirit of bargain, chastity and reputation for carriages, jewels, and a luxurious table. All that can here be urged is the simple fact—too notorious to be denied, too disgraceful for the announcement of it to be listened to with patience—that in this respect the unfortunate women who ultimately come upon the town, are far from being the chief or the most numerous delinquents. For one woman who thus, of deliberate choice, sells herself to a lover, ten sell themselves to a husband. Let not

the world cry shame upon us for the juxtaposition. The barter is as naked and as cold in the one case as in the other; the thing bartered is the same; the difference between the two transactions lies in the price that is paid down.

Many—and these are commonly the most innocent and the most wronged of all—are deceived by unreal marriages; and in these cases their culpability consists in the folly which confided in their lover to the extent of concealing their intention from their friends—in all cases a weak and in most cases a blameable concealment; but surely not one worthy of the fearful punishment which overtakes it. Many—far more than would generally be believed—fall from pure unknowingness. Their affections are engaged, their confidence secured; thinking no evil themselves, they permit caresses which in themselves, and to them, indicate no wrong, and are led on ignorantly and thoughtlessly from one familiarity to another, not conscious where those familiarities must inevitably end, till ultimate resistance becomes almost impossible; and they learn, when it is too late—what women can never learn too early or impress too strongly on their minds—that a lover's encroachments, to be repelled successfully, must be repelled and negated at the very outset.

We believe we shall be borne out by the observation of all who have inquired much into the antecedents of this unfortunate class of women—those, at least, who have not sprung from the very low, or the actually vicious sections of the community—in stating that a vast proportion of those who, after passing through the career of kept mistresses, ultimately come upon the town, fall in the first instance from a mere exaggeration and perversion of one of the best qualities of a woman's heart. They yield to desires in which they do not share, from a weak generosity which cannot refuse anything to the passionate entreaties of the man they love. There is in the warm fond heart of woman a strange and sublime unselfishness, which men too commonly discover only to profit by,—a positive love of self-sacrifice,—an active, so to speak, an *aggressive* desire to show their affection, by giving up to those who have won it something they hold very dear. It is an unreasoning and dangerous yearning of the spirit, precisely analogous to that which prompts the surrenders and self-tortures of the religious devotee. Both seek to prove their devotion to the idol they have enshrined, by casting down before his altar their richest and most cherished treasures. This is no romantic or over-coloured picture; those who deem it so have not known the better portion of the sex, or do not deserve to have known them. We refer confidently to all whose memory unhappily may furnish an answer to the question, whether an

appeal to this perverted generosity is not almost always the final resistless argument to which female virtue succumbs. When we consider these things, and remember also, as we must now proceed to show, how many thousands trace their ruin to actual want—the want of those dependent on them—we believe, upon our honour, that nine out of ten originally modest women who fall from virtue, fall from motives or feelings in which sensuality and self have no share; nay, under circumstances in which selfishness, had they not been of too generous a nature to listen to its dictates, would have saved them.

We now come to speak of that hard necessity—that grinding poverty approaching to actual want—which, by unanimous testimony, is declared to be the most prolific source of prostitution, in this and in all other countries. In Paris the elaborate researches of Duchatelet have established this point in the clearest manner. After speaking of the prostitutes supplied by those families who live in vice and hopeless abandonment, he proceeds thus:—

“Of all causes of prostitution in Paris, and probably in all great towns, there are none more influential than the want of work, and indigence resulting from insufficient earnings. What are the earnings of our laundresses, our sempstresses, our milliners? Compare the wages of the most skilful with those of the more ordinary and moderately able, and we shall see if it be possible for these latter to procure even the strict necessities of life; and if we further compare the price of their work with that of their dishonour, we shall cease to be surprised that so great a number should fall into irregularities thus made almost inevitable. This state of things has naturally a tendency to increase, in the actual state of our society, in consequence of the usurpation by men of a large class of occupations, which it would be fitter and more honourable in our sex to resign to the other. Is it not shameful, for example, to see in Paris thousands of men in the prime of their age, in *cafés*, shops, and warehouses, leading the sedentary and effeminate life which is only suitable for women?”—Vol. i. p. 96.

M. Duchatelet adds some other facts, which fully confirm the testimony we shall have to bring respecting an unfortunate class in our own country, viz.: that filial and maternal affection drive many to at least occasional prostitution, as a means, and the only means left to them, of earning bread for those dependent on them for support.

“It is difficult to believe the trade of prostitution should have been embraced by certain women as a means of fulfilling their maternal or filial duties—nothing, however, is more true. It is by no means rare to see married women, widowed, or deserted by their husbands, and in consequence deprived of all support, become prostitutes with the sole

object of saving their family from dying of hunger. It is still more common to find young girls, unable to procure from their honest occupations an adequate provision for their aged and infirm parents, reduced to prostitute themselves in order to eke out their livelihood. I have found too many particulars regarding these two classes, not to be convinced that they are much more numerous in Paris than is generally imagined."—vol. i. p. 98.

He afterwards sums up the results of his investigations into the cases of 5,183 Parisian prostitutes, as follows:—

"2,696 driven to the profession by parental abandonment, excessive want, and actual destitution.

89 to earn food for the support of their parents or children.

280 driven by shame to fly from their homes.

2,118 abandoned by their seducers, and having nothing to turn to.

5,183 "

We shall not take much pains in proving that poverty is the chief determining cause which drives women into prostitution in England, as in France; partly because we have no adequate statistics, and we are not disposed to present our readers with mere fallacious estimates, but mainly because no one doubts the proposition. Granting all that is or can be said of the idleness, extravagance, and love of dress of these poor women, the number of those who would adopt such a life, were any other means of obtaining an adequate maintenance open to them, will be allowed on all hands to be small indeed. But we are particularly desirous to direct attention to some evidence recently laid before the public in Mr. Mayhew's letters to the *Morning Chronicle*, as to the severity of distress which daily drives many well-disposed and otherwise well-educated women to this disastrous and degrading resource.

"During the course of my investigation into the condition of those who are dependent upon their needle for their support, I had been so repeatedly assured that the young girls were mostly compelled to resort to prostitution to eke out their subsistence, that I was anxious to test the truth of the statement. I had seen much want, but I had no idea of the intensity of the privations suffered by the needlewomen of London until I came to inquire into this part of the subject. But the poor creatures shall speak for themselves. I should inform the reader, however, that I have made inquiries into the truth of the almost incredible statements here given, and I can in most of the particulars at least vouch for the truth of the statement. Indeed, in one instance—that of the last case here recorded—I travelled nearly ten

miles in order to obtain the character of the young woman. The first case is that of a good-looking girl. Her story is as follows:—

“ ‘ I make moleskin trowsers. I get 7*d.* and 8*d.* per pair. I can do two pairs in a day, and twelve, when there is full employment, in a week. But some weeks I have no work at all. I work from six in the morning to ten at night; that is what I call my day's work. When I am fully employed I get from 7*s.* to 8*s.* a week. My expenses out of that for twist, thread, and candles are about 1*s.* 6*d.* a week, leaving me about 6*s.* a week clear. But there's coals to pay for out of this, and that's at the least 6*d.* more; so 5*s.* 6*d.* is the very outside of what I earn when I'm in full work. Taking one week with another, all the year round, I don't make above 3*s.* clear money each week. I don't work at any other kind of slop work. The trowsers work is held to be the best paid of all. I give 1*s.* a week rent. My father died when I was five years of age. My mother is a widow, upwards of 66 years of age, and seldom has a day's work. Generally once in the week she is employed pot-scouring—that is, cleaning publicans' pots. She is paid 4*d.* a dozen for that, and does about four dozen and a half, so that she gets about 1*s.* 6*d.* in the day by it. For the rest she is dependent upon me. I am twenty years of age the 25th of this month. We earn together, to keep the two of us, from 4*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.* each week. Out of this we have to pay 1*s.* rent, and there remains 3*s.* 6*d.* to 4*s.* to find us both in food and clothing. It is of course impossible for us to live upon it, and the consequence is, I am obligated to go a bad way. I have been three years working at slop work. *I was virtuous when I first went to work, and I remained so till this last twelvemonth. I struggled very hard to keep myself chaste, but I found that I couldn't get food and clothing for myself and mother; so I took to live with a young man. He is turned twenty. He is a tinman. He did promise to marry me, but his sister made mischief between me and him; so that parted us. I have not seen him now for about six months, and I can't say whether he will keep his promise or not. I am now pregnant by him, and expect to be confined in two months' time. He knows of my situation, and so does my mother. My mother believed me to be married to him. She knows otherwise now. I was very fond of him, and had known him for two years before he seduced me. He could make 14*s.* a week. He told me if I came to live with him he'd take care I shouldn't want, and both mother and me had been very bad off before. He said, too, he'd make me his lawful wife, but I hardly cared so long as I could get food for myself and mother. Many young girls at the shop advised me to go wrong. They told me how comfortable they was off; they said they could get plenty to eat and drink, and good clothes. There isn't one young girl as can get her living by slop work. I am satisfied there is not one young girl that works at slop work that is virtuous, and there are some thousands in the trade. They may do very well if they have got mothers and fathers to find them a home and food, and to let them have what they earn for clothes; then they may be virtuous, but not*

without. I've heard of numbers who have gone from slop work to the streets altogether for a living, and I shall be obligated to do the same thing myself, unless something better turns up for me. If I was never allowed to speak no more, it was the little money I got by my labour that caused me to go wrong. Could I have honestly earned enough to have subsisted upon, to find me in proper food and clothing, such as is necessary, I should not have gone astray; no, never! As it was, I fought against it as long as I could—that I did—to the last. I know how horrible all this is. It would have been much better for me to have subsisted upon a dry crust and water rather than be as I am now. But no one knows the temptations of us poor girls in want. Gentlefolks can never understand it. If I had been born a lady, it wouldn't have been very hard to have acted like one. To be poor and to be honest, especially with young girls, is the hardest struggle of all. There isn't one in a thousand that can get the better of it. I am ready to say again, that it was want, and nothing more, that made me transgress. If I had been better paid I should have done better. Young as I am, my life is a curse to me. If the Almighty would please to take me before my child is born, I should die happy.'

"The next were two 'trowsers hands,' working for the same piece-mistress. I was assured by the woman by whom they were employed, and whom I visited expressly to make inquiries into the matter, that they were both hard-working and sober individuals. The first of these made the following extraordinary statement:—

"'I work at slop trowsers, moleskin and cord—no cloth. We make about 4s. a week, but we must work till nine or ten o'clock every night for that. We never make more than 4s., and very often less. If you go of an errand, or want a bit of bread, you lose time; and sometimes the work comes out harder—it's more stubborn, and takes more time. I've known it like a bit of board. I make, I should say, taking one week with another, about 3s. 4d. a week. The sweater finds us our lodging; but we has to buy our candles out of what we make, and they cost us about 1d. each evening, or, I should say, 5d. a week. I earn clear just upon 3s.; that's about it. I find it very hard indeed to live upon that. If we fall ill we're turned off. The sweater won't keep us with her not the second day. I have been married. My husband has been dead seven year. I wish he wasn't. I have no children alive. I have buried three. I had two children alive when my husband died. The youngest was five and the other was seven. My husband was a soap-maker. He got £1 a week. I worked at the slop trade while he was alive. Our weekly earnings—his and mine together—was about 26s. The slop trade was better paid then than now, and what's more, I had the work on my own account. I was very happy and comfortable while he lived.' [Here the woman burst out crying, and wiped her eyes with the corner of her old rusty shawl.] 'I was always true to him while he was alive, so help me God! After his death I was penniless, with two young children. The only means I had of keeping myself and little ones

was by the slop work; and that brought me in about 5s. 6d. a week first-hand. That was to keep me and my two boys. When my eldest boy died—and that was two year after his father—I couldn't afford to bury him. My sister paid for the funeral. I was very thankful to the Almighty when he took him from me, for I had not sufficient to feed him. He died of scarlatina. My second boy has only been dead five months. He died of the hooping-cough. I loved him as I did my life; but I was glad he was taken from me, for I know he's better now than I could have done for him. He could but have been brought up in the worst kind of poverty by me, and God only knows what might have become of him if he had lived. My security died five year ago, and then the house that I had been used to work for refused to give me any more, so I was obligated to work for a sweater, and I have done so ever since. This was a heavy blow to me. I was getting about 5s. 6d. a week before then. The trowsers was better paid for at that time besides, and when I was obligated to work second-handed I couldn't get more than 4s. One of my boys was alive at this time, and we really could not live upon the money. I applied to the parish, and they wanted me to go into the house; but I knew if I did so, they'd take my boy from me, and I'd suffer anything first. *At times I was so badly off, me and my boy, that I was forced to resort to prostitution to keep us from starving.* It was not until after my security died that I did this. Before that we could just live by my labour, but afterwards it was impossible for me to get food and clothing for myself and child out of 4s. a week, which was all I could earn; so *I was obligated to get a little more money in a way that I blush to mention to you. Up to the time of the death of my security, I can swear, before God, I was an honest woman;* and had the price I was paid for my labour been such that I could get a living by it, I would never have resorted to the streets for money. I am sorry to say there is too many persons like me in the trade—*hundreds of married and single doing the same as I do, for the same reason.'*"

Continuing this branch of the inquiry, Mr. Mayhew gives the statement of the second trowsers hand, which was to the same effect, and ran as follows:—

"I work at the slop, make trowsers—moleskin and cord—any sort of plain work. I work at the same place as the other woman works at, and for the same prices. I earn, like her, taking one week with another, about 3s. 4d., and, taking off the candles, about 3s. every week. I have been married, but my husband's been dead eleven year. I have had two children, but I've buried them. When he died he left me penniless, with a baby to keep. I was an honest woman up to the time of my husband's death. I never did him wrong. I can lay my hand on my heart and say so. But since then the world has drove me about so, and poverty and trouble has forced me to do what I never did before. I do the best I can with what little money I

earn, and the rest I am obligated to go to the streets for. That is true, though I says it as shouldn't. *I can't get a rag to wear without flying to prostitution for it.* My wages will barely find me in food. Indeed, I eat more than I earn, and I am obligated to make up my money in other ways. I know a great many women who are situated in the same way as I am. We pretty well all share one fate in that respect—with the exception of those that's got husbands to keep them. The young and middle-aged all do the same, as far as I know. There's good and bad in all; but with the most of 'em I'm sure they're drove to it—yes, that they are. I have frequently heard them regret that they are forced to go to the streets to make out their living.'

"The story which follows is perhaps one of the most tragic and touching romances ever read. I must confess, that to myself the mental and bodily agony of the poor Magdalene who related it, was quite overpowering. She was a tall, fine-grown girl, with remarkably regular features. She told her tale with her face hidden in her hands, and sobbing so loud that it was with difficulty I could catch her words. As she held her hands before her eyes, I could see the tears oozing between her fingers. Indeed, I never remember to have witnessed such intense grief. Her statement was of so startling a nature, that I felt it due to the public to inquire into the character of the girl. Though it was late at night, and the gentleman who had brought the case to me assured me that he himself was able to corroborate almost every word of the girl's story, still I felt that I should not be doing my duty to the office that had been entrusted to me, if I allowed so pathetic and romantic a statement to go forth without using every means to test the truth of what I had heard. Accordingly, being informed that the girl was in service, I made the best of my way, not only to her present master, but also to the one she had left but a few months previous. The gentleman who had brought her to me, willingly accompanied me thither. One of the parties lived at the east end of London, the other in the extreme suburbs of London. The result was well worth the journey. Both persons spoke in the highest terms of the girl's honesty, sobriety, and industry, and of her virtue in particular.

"With this preamble let me proceed to tell her story in her own touching words:—

"*'I used to work at slop work—at the shirt work—the fine full-fronted white shirts; I got 2½d. each for 'em. There were six button-holes, four rows of stitching in the front, and the collars and wrist-bands stitched as well. By working from five o'clock in the morning till midnight each night, I might be able to do seven in the week. These would bring me in 17½d. for my whole week's labour. Out of this the cotton must be taken, and that came to 2d. every week, and so left me 15½d. to pay rent and living and buy candles with. I was single, and received some little help from my friends; still it was impossible for me to live. I was forced to go out of a night to make out my living. I had a child, and it used to cry for food; so, as I*

could not get a living for him myself by my needle, I went into the streets, and made out a living that way. Sometimes there was no work for me, and then I was forced to depend entirely upon the streets for my food. On my soul, I went to the streets solely to get a living for myself and child. If I had been able to get it otherwise, I would not have done so. I am the daughter of a minister of the Gospel. My father was an Independent preacher, and I pledge my word, solemnly and sacredly, that it was the low price paid for my labour that drove me to prostitution. I often struggled against it, and many times have I taken my child into the streets to beg, rather than I would bring shame upon myself and it any longer. I have made pin-cushions and fancy articles—such as I could manage to scrape together—and taken them to the streets to sell, so that I might get an honest living, but I couldn't. Sometimes I should be out all night in the rain, and sell nothing at all, me and my child together; and when we didn't get anything that way, we used to sit in a shed, for I was too fatigued with my baby to stand, and I was so poor I couldn't have even a night's lodging upon credit. One night in the depth of winter his legs froze to my side. We sat down on the step of a door. I was trying to make my way to the workhouse, but was so weak I couldn't get on any further. The snow was over my shoes. It had been snowing all day, and me and my boy out in it. We hadn't tasted any food since the morning before, and that I got in another person's name. I was driven by positive starvation to say that they sent me, when they did no such thing. All this time I was struggling to give up prostitution. I had many offers, but I refused them all. I had sworn to myself that I would keep from that mode of life for my boy's sake. A lady saw me sitting on the door-step, and took me into her house, and rubbed my child's legs with brandy. She gave us some food, both my child and me, but I was so far gone I couldn't eat. I got to the workhouse that night. I told them we were starving, but they refused to admit us without an order; so I went back to prostitution again for another month. I then made from 3s. to 4s. a week, and from that time I gave up prostitution. For the sake of my child I should not like my name to be known; but for the sake of other young girls, I can and will solemnly state, that it was the smallness of the price I got for my labour that drove me to prostitution as a means of living. In my heart I hated it; my whole nature rebelled at it, and nobody but God knows how I struggled to give it up. I was only able to do so by getting work at something that was better paid. Had I remained at shirt-making, I must have been a prostitute to this day. I have taken my gown off my back and pledged it, and gone in my petticoat—I had but one—rather than take to the streets again; but it was all in vain."

At the risk of wearying our readers, we must give another extract from the reports of the same indefatigable inquirer.

"I now come to the second test that was adopted in order to verify my conclusions. This was the convening of such a number of needle-

women and slop-workers as would enable me to arrive at a correct *average* as to the earnings of the class. I was particularly anxious to do this, not only with regard to the more respectable portion of the operatives, but also with reference to those who, I have been given to understand, resorted to prostitution in order to eke out their subsistence. I consulted a friend who is well acquainted with the habits and feelings of the slop-workers, as to the possibility of gathering together a number of women who would be willing to state that they had been forced to take to the streets on account of the low prices for their work. He told me he was afraid, from the shame of their mode of life becoming known, it would be almost impossible to collect together a *number* of females who would be ready to say as much *publicly*. However, it was decided that at least the experiment should be made, and that everything should be done to assure the parties of the strict privacy of the assembly. It was arranged that the gentleman and myself should be the only male persons visible on the occasion, and that the place of meeting should be as dimly lighted as possible, so that they could scarcely see or be seen by one another, or by us. Cards of admission were issued and distributed as privately as possible, and, to my friend's astonishment, as many as twenty-five came, on the evening named, to the appointed place—intent upon making known the sorrows and sufferings that had driven them to fly to the streets, in order to get the bread which the wretched prices paid for their labour would not permit them to obtain. Never in all history was such a sight seen, or such tales heard. There, in the dim haze of the large bare room in which they met, sat women and girls, some with babies suckling at their breasts—others in rags—and even these borrowed, in order that they might come and tell their misery to the world. I have witnessed many a scene of sorrow lately; I have heard stories that have unmanned me; but never till last Wednesday had I heard or seen anything so solemn, so terrible as this. If ever eloquence was listened to, it was in the outpourings of those poor lorn mothers' hearts for their base-born little ones, as each told her woes and struggles, and published her shame amid the convulsive sobs of the others—nay, all present. Behind a screen, removed from sight, so as not to wound the modesty of the women—who were nevertheless aware of their presence—sat two reporters from this journal, to take down *verbatim* the confessions and declarations of those assembled, and to them I am indebted for the following report of the statements made at the meeting."

Then follow a series of most heart-rending statements, all to the same purport as those we have already quoted, and bearing all the internal marks of truth. The letter concludes with the following sentence:—

"They were unanimous in declaring that a large number in the trade—probably one-fourth of the whole, or one-half of those who had no husband or parent to support them—resorted to the streets to

eke out a living. Accordingly, assuming the government returns to be correct, and that there are upwards of eleven thousand females under twenty, living by needle and sloop-work, the numerical amount of prostitution becomes awful to contemplate."

Truly, England is indeed "opulent in women ready to be ruined."

There are many modes in which the destitution and insufficient earnings of many classes of the poor lead, directly or indirectly, to prostitution, on which, were we disposed to swell our pages with details, we might dwell at great length. Such is the gang-system by which much of the agriculture in the Eastern Counties of England is carried on, of the brutalizing consequences of which, full particulars may be found in the 'Report on the Employment of Women and Children in Agriculture,' published officially some years ago. Such is the mode in which many of the secondary branches of our manufacturing industry are carried on. The mode, however, in which, among the working classes, poverty most directly leads to loss of chastity, and ultimate prostitution, is common to all occupations and to all parts of the country; to the rural districts even more than to the towns. We allude to the insufficient house accommodation which, if we except the better portion of the manufacturing districts of Lancashire, Cheshire, Yorkshire, and Warwickshire, may be said to be almost universal. Such is the state of the cottages inhabited by the labouring people that, however large the family, they have seldom more than one bed-room, never more than two. Married couples, grown-up children of both sexes, cousins, and even lodgers, occupy the same room, where the bedding is often insufficient, and the proximity necessarily close. The consequences may be easily imagined—more easily than described. The evidence on this point is frightful and overwhelming. We shall restrict ourselves to a very few extracts. The first are from the General Sanitary Report, published in 1842:—

"In Hull" (says Mr. R. Wood) "I have met with a mother fifty years of age, and her son above twenty-one, sleeping in the same bed, and a lodger in the same room. . . . In a cellar in Liverpool, I found a mother and her grown-up daughter sleeping on a bed in one corner of the cellar, and in the other corner three sailors had their bed. . . . In Manchester I could enumerate a variety of instances in which I found such promiscuous mixture of the sexes in sleeping-rooms. I may mention one: a man, his wife and child sleeping in one bed; in another bed, two grown-up females, and in the same room two young men, unmarried. I have met with instances of a man, his wife, and his wife's sister, sleeping in the same bed together. . . . I have frequently met with instances in which the parties themselves have

traced their own depravity to these circumstances. For example, I found in one room in Hull a prostitute; and on asking the cause of her being brought to her present condition, she stated that she had lodged with a married sister, and slept in the same bed with her and her husband; that hence improper intercourse took place, and from that time she gradually became more and more depraved, until at length the town was her only resource. Another female of this description admitted that her first false step was in consequence of sleeping in the same room with a married couple. In the instance I have mentioned of the two single women sleeping in the same room with the married people, I have good authority for believing that they were common to the men."

Mr. Thomson says—

"I have one highly respectable foreman, who has one daughter aged twenty, and another aged twenty-two, sleeping on each side of the bed in which himself and his wife sleep. The next bed-room is filled with the younger children of both sexes, boys and girls up to sixteen years of age."

We might fill twenty pages with similar evidence from official reports, but we prefer to satisfy ourselves with the following picture from the more recent observations of the *Morning Chronicle*, (Letter XIII.)

"Let us consider, for a moment, the progress of a family amongst them. A man and woman intermarry, and take a cottage. In eight cases out of ten it is a cottage with but two rooms. For a time, so far as room at least is concerned, this answers their purpose; but they take it, not because it is at the time sufficiently spacious for them, but because they could not procure a more roomy dwelling, even did they desire it. In this they pass with tolerable comfort, considering their notions of what comfort is, the first period of married life. But, by-and-by, they have children, and the family increases until, in the course of a few years, they number perhaps from eight to ten individuals. But all this time there has been no increase to their household accommodation. As at first, so to the very last, there is but the one sleeping room. As the family increases additional beds are crammed into this apartment, until at last it is so filled with them that there is scarcely room left to move between them. As already mentioned, I have known instances in which they had to crawl over each other to get to their beds. So long as the children are very young, the only evil connected with this is the physical one arising from crowding so many people together into what is generally a dingy, frequently a damp, and invariably an ill-ventilated apartment. But years steal on, and the family continues thus bedded together. Some of its members may yet be in their infancy, but others of both sexes have crossed the line of puberty. But there they are, still together in the same room—the father and mother, the sons and the daughters—young men, young women, and children. Cousins, too, of both

sexes, are often thrown together into the same room, and not unfrequently into the same bed. I have also known of cases in which uncles slept in the same room with their grown-up nieces, and newly-married couples occupied the same chamber with those long married, and with those marriageable but unmarried. A case also came to my notice—already alluded to in connexion with another branch of the subject—in which two sisters, who were married on the same day, occupied adjoining rooms in the same hut, with nothing but a thin board partition, which did not reach the ceiling, between the two rooms, and a door in the partition which only partly filled up the doorway. For years back, in these same two rooms, have slept twelve people, of both sexes and all ages. Sometimes, when there is but one room, a praiseworthy effort is made for the conservation of decency. But the hanging up of a piece of tattered cloth between the beds, which is generally all that is done in this respect—and even that but seldom—is but a poor set-off to the fact that a family, which, in common decency, should, as regards sleeping accommodations, be separated at least into three divisions, occupy, night after night, but one and the same chamber. This is a frightful position for them to be in when an infectious or epidemic disease enters their abode. But this, important though it be, is the least important consideration connected with their circumstances. That which is most so is the effect produced by them upon their habits and morals. In the illieit intercourse to which such a position frequently gives rise, it is not always that the tie of blood is respected. Certain it is that, when the relationship is even but one degree removed from that of brother and sister, that tie is frequently overlooked. And when the circumstances do not lead to such horrible consequences, the mind, particularly of the female, is wholly divested of that sense of delicacy and shame which, so long as they are preserved, are the chief safeguards of her chastity. She therefore falls an early and an easy prey to the temptations which beset her beyond the immediate circle of her family. People in the other spheres of life are but little aware of the extent to which this precocious demoralization of the female amongst the lower orders in the country has proceeded. But how could it be otherwise? The philanthropist may exert himself in their behalf, the moralist may inculcate even the worldly advantages of a better course of life, and the minister of religion may warn them of the eternal penalties which they are incurring; but there is an instructor constantly at work more potent than them all, an instructor in mischief, of which they must get rid ere they make any real progress in their laudable efforts—and that is, *the single bed-chamber, in the two-roomed cottage.*"

Now we surely cannot be wrong in assuming that we have said enough to induce those who have hitherto thought of prostitutes only with disgust and contempt, to exchange these sentiments for the more just and more Christian feelings of grief, compassion, and desire to soothe and to save. The sin that arises

from generous, though weak self-abandonment; the sin that is induced by the intolerable anguish of a child's starvation, must be regarded, both in heaven and on earth, with a very different degree and kind of condemnation from that which is called forth by frailty arising out of the cravings of vanity, or the unbridled indulgence of animal desire. Enough has surely been said to induce us to regard these unfortunate creatures rather as erring and suffering fellow-creatures, than as the outcasts and Pariahs they are now considered. But one more most weighty consideration remains before we quit this part of our subject.

We have seen that the great majority of these poor women fall, in the first instance, from causes in which vice and selfishness have no share. For that almost irresistible series of sequences, by which one lapse from chastity conducts ultimately to prostitution, *we*—the world—must bear the largest portion of the blame. What makes it *impossible* for them to retrace their steps?—almost impossible even to pause in the career of ruin? Clearly, that harsh, savage, unjust, unchristian public opinion which has resolved to regard a whole life of indulgence on the part of one sex as venial and natural, and a single false step on the part of the other as irretrievable and unpardonable. How few women are there who, after the first error, do not awake to repentance, agony, and shame, and would not give all they possess to be allowed to recover and recoil! They may be in love with their seducer—never with their sin. On the contrary, they hate it the more earnestly from having felt the weight of its chains, and tasted the bitterness of its degradation. They yearn, with a passionate earnestness of which mere innocence can form no conception, to be permitted to recover their lost position at the expense of any penitence, however severe, after the lapse of any time, however long. But we brutally refuse to lend an ear to these entreaties. Forgetting our Master's precepts—forgetting our human frailty—forgetting our own heavy portion in the common guilt—we turn contemptuously aside from the kneeling and weeping Magdalen, coldly bid her to despair, and leave her *alone with the irreparable*. Instead of helping her up, we thrust her down when endeavouring to rise; we choose to regard her, not as frail, but as depraved. Every door is shut upon her, every avenue of escape is closed. A sort of fate environs her. The more shame she feels (*i.e.*, the less her *virtue* has suffered in reality), the more impossible is her recovery, because the more does she shrink from those who might have been able to redeem her. She is driven into prostitution by the weight of all society pressing upon her.

If she is in the lower ranks of life, what resource but prosti-

tution is open to her? If she be a sempstress, what lady will take her into her house to work? If she be a maid-servant, what mistress will either accept her, or retain her? If she belong to the classes immediately above those in the social scale, is the refuge of the family hearth freely opened to the repentant sinner, if her shame allows her to approach it? Has she most reason to expect that she will be spurned away from it with anger, or welcomed home with the tears of joy that are shed over the lost sheep? Alas! is it not notorious that, of a hundred fathers who would fall upon the neck of the prodigal son, and hail his return with unlimited forgiveness, there is scarcely one who, obedient to the savage morality of the world, would not turn his back upon the erring and repentant daughter? When shall we learn, in judging the moral delinquencies of the two sexes, to eschew those partial balances and false weights, which are an abomination to the Lord?

One only chance of restoration does society offer to the poor victim of seduction; and even this chance does not lie within her option. * If her seducer can be induced, by bribe, persuasion, or threat, to marry her, her fault is, not expiated, but amended and obliterated; as the phrase goes, she is "made an honest woman again." What a withering sarcasm upon our ethical notions is contained in that coarse expression! If the poor girl can induce or compel the man who has betrayed her to swear a lie of fidelity to her at the altar,—if she can bind to her by legal process a libertine who, being bound against his will, is certain to hate her and abuse her,—if, having committed the one pitiable folly of yielding to an unworthy deceiver, she is willing to commit the still more monstrous folly of putting her whole future fate in his hands after his unworthiness has been made manifest,—then, on that hard condition, and on that only, can her character be whitewashed. The pardon of society is granted or withheld, according as she can, or cannot, obtain a legal hold on her betrayer! For ourselves, we confess that in the cases which have come before us, we have seldom felt disposed to counsel such views or such proceedings. We have said, "Do not let one false step lead you on to commit another, of which the punishment may last through life: we will do everything that lies in our power to hide your shame, and enable you to recover your position and atone for your sin; but do not, for the sake of avoiding what you have brought upon yourself, make yourself the slave of a man who has already injured you, and now wishes to desert you. Do not take a step of irremediable mischief, for the sake of escaping the world's reproaches; for the deed itself, and its appearance to your own conscience, can be changed by no subse-

quent proceedings!" We must, however, add, that we have rarely found the victims of seduction willing to listen to our reasoning. Their desire of recovering a social position, and their horror of the probable alternative, were generally strong enough to induce them to welcome all the terrors of an unhappy marriage.

Yet this is really the sole condition on which society will pardon the erring; the only way it offers to them of retrieving that which, were better and kindlier notions to prevail, might generally be retrievable. At its door lie the consequences of this harsh decision.

For the *first* fatal, but pardonable error of women, vanity, weakness, unregulated affection, the pressure of want, the perversion of generosity, or the cruel deceptions of others, must bear the blame; for those subsequent and far guiltier steps, by which frailty gradually darkens into coarse and grievous sin, the hard-hearted, inequitable Pharisaism of society must be held responsible. In this matter "we are verily guilty concerning our sister;" and women are even guiltier than men. Let us, for a moment, look at this monstrous barbarity from a natural, rather than a conventional point of view; and let those who are shocked at the uncompromising plainness of our speech, look back upon their own experience, and question, if they can, the experience of others as to the truth of our remarks, before they venture to condemn us. We have no wish to extenuate the sin or to palliate the weakness; but above all, and before all, let us be *just*. What is, among the originally correct-minded and well-conducted, the real difference between the first sacrifice at the shrine of love, in the case of a married and of an unmarried woman? It is not that the one feels that she is acting virtuously, and the other that she is acting viciously—the *sense of shame is the same in both cases*: we appeal to all modestly brought up women if it be not so. Indeed, can it be otherwise? As a most virtuous and sensible lady once said, "It is not a quarter-of-an-hour's ceremony in a church that can make *that* welcome or tolerable to pure and delicate feelings, which would otherwise outrage their whole previous notions, and their whole natural and moral sense." Among the decorously educated (and it is of such only that we are now speaking), the first sacrifice is made and exacted, *in both cases*, in a delirium of mingled love and shame. The married woman feels shame, often even remorse, and a strange confusion of all her previous moral conceptions; but the world laughs at her scruples—tells her that her feelings are all nonsense, and exalts her to the honours of a matron. The unmarried woman experiences the same confusion, remorse, and shame; and the world re-echoes her feelings—confirms the

sentence she has passed upon herself, and casts her out upon a dunghill. The practical difference between them being, that the church ceremony—which could not change the nature of the action *common to both, and accompanied and prompted by the same feelings in both*—secures to the one a permanent protection, and the sanction of the world and the world's laws; while the other imprudent, deceived, or self-sacrificing creature, is left destitute of either; and the world steps in and says to her, "You shall not return to peace, or virtue, or domestic life—the paradise of comfort and hope is closed to you for ever upon earth!" Let us trust that Heaven is more merciful and just. The married woman says to her, "We have both submitted with reluctance and distress to the embraces of the man we loved; but to me the consequences are a happy home and loving children, who are a glory and a crown of honour to my hearthstone; to you, the consequences are desertion, horror, and degradation, and your children shall be a terror and a curse to you. The very same deed—varied only in its antecedents—which leaves *me* free to kneel the next morning at the throne of grace, with an unstained conscience and an assured hope—makes *you* feel that Heaven has cast you off, and that the altar, to which you cling in your agony, is polluted by your touch: and all this because *I* had secured a protector and a legal sanction before I yielded, and you had *not*." Let us not be misunderstood. We are far from meaning to affirm that the circumstance of obtaining a legal and religious licence beforehand, does not constitute a wide and vital distinction between the cases; but where it is, as it often is, the only distinction, it cannot of itself suffice to constitute the one a loathsome wretch, while the other is a pure and honored matron. The instinctive feeling of mankind assures us that there must be something sadly wrong and out of joint in the premises that lead to such a decision. Justice and mercy forbid us to confirm the harsh decree.

Moreover, the mercy, the gentleness, the kind consideration towards human infirmity, the tender treatment of guilt, which we deny to the victim, we lavish on the betrayer. *Hers* is innate depravity, hopeless degradation, unworthiness which must be pushed out of sight, blotted from memory, ignored in good society and polite speech; *his* are the venial errors of youth, the ordinary tribute to natural desires, the common laxity of a man of the world. Truly, it is time we should come to a sounder estimation and a juster judgment-seat: we owe a fairer reckoning both to those whom we condemn, and to those whom we absolve.

Let us now cast a short glance at the *extent* of this hideous

gangrene of English society. We have given a sketch of the life of one prostitute: we have to multiply this by thousands for every large town, by tens of thousands for the metropolis. We shall not pretend to give any definite numbers; little is known with certainty; and the estimates, even among those likely to be best informed, vary enormously. Colquhoun, at the end of the last century, gave the numbers residing in London alone at 50,000. This is now admitted on all hands to have been a monstrous exaggeration. Mr. Mayne, one of the Commissioners of Police, states the number of regular prostitutes who might be traced, at from 8,000 to 10,000 in the metropolis, *exclusive of the city*; but he adds, "There is no means of ascertaining the number of female servants, milliners, and women in the upper and middle ranks of society, who might properly be classed with prostitutes, or the women who frequent theatres exclusively, barracks, ships, prisons, &c., &c." Mr. Talbot states, as the result of the most careful inquiries that have been made, that the number in Edinburgh is about 800; in Glasgow, 1,800; in Liverpool, 2,900; in Leeds, 700; in Bristol, 1,300; in Manchester, about 700; and in Norwich, between 500 and 700. If to these we add the number furnished by other towns, and the numbers who everywhere escape the knowledge of the police, the impression among the best informed is, that the number who live by prostitution, whose sole profession it may be said to be, cannot be under 50,000 in Great Britain. This of course does not include those women of loose character who follow also some ostensible and honest occupation.

We are desirous of avoiding all needless details which would deter readers from following us to our conclusions. We shall therefore pass over many facts, which it might otherwise have been desirable to publish, and will refer those who wish for further information, to the works of Dr. Ryan, and more especially to that of Mr. Talbot. We shall here content ourselves with three or four brief statements.

1. Most of the higher class of brothels are supplied by means of regularly-employed and highly-paid procuresses, whose occupation it is to entice to their houses female servants and governesses applying in answer to advertisements, and young women—frequently young ladies—who come up to London for employment, and do not know where to fix their lodgings. Sometimes by cajolery, sometimes by force, sometimes by drugs, they are kept close prisoners till their ruin is effected; when they are handed over to the brothel-keepers, and their place supplied by fresh victims.

2. One of the most painful facts connected with the whole

subject, is the tender age at which thousands of these poor creatures are seduced. On no point is the evidence more clear than this. Not only is a vast proportion of existing prostitutes under twenty, but the number who become prostitutes at the age of fifteen, twelve, and even ten years, is such as almost to exceed credibility. This is known from the testimony of the hospitals into which they are brought to be treated for syphilitic diseases. Mr. Laing (Talbot, p. 29) tells us of one child who died of a worn-out constitution at the age of thirteen! It is for the old and withered *débauché* that these youngest victims are ordinarily selected.

3. The extent to which the frequentation of brothels is carried among all classes and professions, and even among the married of both sexes, is little suspected by the public at large. On this topic some frightful disclosures have, from time to time, had to be hushed up; though not soon enough to prevent an astounding glimpse of the hideous iniquity within. What does the reader think of the following, which we give on the authority of Mr. Talbot?

"In a recent examination of a man named D—, before the Court of Bankruptcy, Birmingham, the bankrupt stated (and had entered the expenses in his schedule), that he was constantly in the habit of visiting brothels, in one of which he expended in one night the enormous sum of £40 for champagne only; and that, among numerous items of a most extravagant nature, there appeared one of £2,000 a-year for a kept mistress. Mr. Smith, solicitor for the bankrupt, stated publicly, that 'if the examination be pursued, parties now living in happiness with their families may be brought before this court for examination, and disclosures made which must inevitably ruin their domestic peace. Some men in this town, respectable in their stations, must have their names brought before the world as visitors of a brothel, and associates of one whose immorality cannot be doubted. The persons I refer to are holding important positions in the town; and, as I am anxious to avoid such disclosures, I would rather throw up the case, and leave it in the hands of any one who may succeed me, than proceed.'"

4. It is notorious that nearly all prostitutes except the highest class are either thieves themselves, or are connected with and supporters of professional thieves. It is calculated, by those most conversant with police courts, that more than one half of those convicted of larceny are prostitutes or their associates.

5. One of the most important practical points connected with this painful subject, is the deplorable extent and virulence of disease which prostitution is the means of spreading throughout the community. Sanitary matters occupy so large a share of public attention at the present moment, that so important a branch

of them cannot be wholly overlooked. The amount of social evil arising from syphilitic maladies, statistics cannot measure, even if trustworthy statistics on the subject were within our reach, which they are not. All that we know with certainty is, that the Lock Hospitals (those devoted to syphilitic patients) throughout the country are always full, and generally insufficient. One witness affirms that not one man in ten goes through life without being diseased at one period or another of his career. We do not believe this statement: but we do know that the disease prevails to an extent that is perfectly appalling; and that where there are 50,000 prostitutes scattered over the country (a vast majority of whom are, or have been diseased), spreading infection on every side of them, quarantines against the plague, and costly precautions against cholera, seem very like straining at gnats and swallowing camels. It must not be imagined that the mischief of syphilis can be measured by the number of those who are ostensibly its victims, even could we ascertain this datum. We must take into account the sufferings of those innocent individuals in private life who are infected through the sins of others; we must take into account the happiness of many families thus irretrievably destroyed; the thousands of children who are in consequence born into the world with a constitution incurably unsound; the certain, but incalculable deterioration of public health and of the vigour of the race, which must ensue in the course of a generation or two more. None but medical men can have an adequate insight into the degree or the ramifications of this great social mischief; and medical men will tell us that it is not easy to overrate either. Surely this is a point which must soon command the most anxious attention of the state authorities.

"De toutes les maladies" (says Duchatelet, vol. ii. p. 37) "qui peuvent affecter l'espèce humaine par voie de contagion, et qui portent à la société les plus grands préjudices, il n'en est pas de plus grave, de plus dangereuse, et de plus à redouter, que la syphilis. Sous ce rapport, je ne crains pas d'être démenti en disant que les désastres qu'elle procure l'emportent sur les ravages qu'ont exercés toutes les pestes qui, de temps en temps, sont venues porter la terreur dans la société.

"La peste, et en général toutes les épidémies, nous effraient parce que nous n'y sommes pas accoutumés, parcequ'elles frappent à la fois un grand nombre de victimes, parcequ'elles se jouent des moyens qu'on leur oppose et des remèdes avec lesquelles on cherche à les combattre; mais toutes ces pestes sont passagères, les vides qu'elles laissent dans les populations sont à peine sensibles; de longs intervalles séparent le plus ordinairement les moments de leurs apparitions, et les coups qui frappent quelques uns tombent souvent de préférence sur les vieillards,

les infirmes, et ces êtres débiles, inutiles à la société, et qui dans tout état de choses, ne sauraient long-temps prolonger leur carrière.

“ La syphilis est chez nous—elle est chez nos voisins,—elle est dans l’univers ; elle ne tue pas immédiatement, il est vrai, comme beaucoup d’autres maladies, mais cela n’empêche pas que le nombre de ses victimes ne soit immense. Ses ravages n’ont pas d’interruption ; elle frappe de préférence cette partie de la population qui, par son âge, fait la force aussi bien que la richesse des états. La syphilis vient énerver cette population au moment même de son existence, où, par les lois de la nature, elle se trouve en état de procréer des êtres vigoureux ; et si elle ne rend pas cette population stérile, les malheureux qui en proviennent forment une race abâtardie, aussi impropre aux fonctions civiles qu’au service militaire. Enfin, l’innocence et la vertu la plus pure ne sont pas, dans nos sociétés modernes, à l’abri de ses atteintes ; que de nourrices mercénaires, que d’épouses vertueuses, que d’enfants à la mamelle, n’en sont pas tous les ans cruellement atteints.”

Such being the evil we have to deal with, we now come to the practical and most painful questions—Can it be eradicated?—and if not, what can and ought to be done to mitigate its mischief and diminish its amount? And is the *quasi*-sanction given to the practice, by such a recognition of it as is involved in the attempt to control it by certain administrative regulations, a greater or less evil than the consequences which at present flow from its unchecked prevalence?

Can Prostitution be eradicated?—At present, *per saltum* and *ab extra*, certainly not. In a state of society like that which now prevails in England,—with livelihood so difficult, and marriage so impeded by scantiness of means,—with so many thousands constantly on the verge, and sometimes beyond the verge, of starvation, and whose urgent poverty will therefore overrule their reluctant wills,—with idleness so prevalent among the rich, and education so defective among the poor,—with the vice so sanctioned by the custom of centuries as to have become a thing of course,—with the hundreds of female devils who prowl about day and night seeking for their prey,—with the countless temptations which beset the path of the innocent, and the countless obstacles which are cast in the backward steps of the repentant,—we fear that the extinction of the practice, or even its reduction from a rule to an exception, must be a most slow, gradual, and incalculably difficult process. That it may, in time, and by bringing to bear upon it all the sound, moral, social, and economic influences in our power, be more and more discarded by the respectable, as a low and disreputable habit, and confined to the vulgar and the vicious, we are not without strong hopes ;

but at present we must be content, however reluctantly, to regard it as one of those admitted and established evils which the statist has to accept and to deal with as he best may.

Into the question of the possibility of men in general leading a chaste life before marriage, where marriage is so long deferred as prudence and justice require it to be in England, under actual social arrangements—we must at present decline entering. Whatever may be our own opinion, we are anxious to broach nothing which sensible, sober, and practical men would feel inclined to pronounce puritanic or Quixotic; nothing which the respectable mediocrities of society would be set against as romantic or high-flown. We will venture only on a few remarks, which we throw out rather for the thoughtful consideration of our readers, than as meaning to commit ourselves to any decision on a question which we confess to be the knottiest, the saddest, and the most disturbing which can engage the ethical inquirer.

First. Is it not the fact that the sexual propensity is awakened into unnaturally early and undue activity, by the bad condition and regulation of nearly all seminaries of education—for all classes? The early initiation, if not into vice, at all events into vicious ideas; the licentious language and the coarse and vulgar habits which there prevail; have undoubtedly to answer for much of the evil that exists. For where modesty is so early broken down, and where the passions are awakened before the principles have had time to become formed or fixed, the difficulty of maintaining virtue, when temptations press around, becomes excessive. If, instead of permitting among all ranks careless association with the coarse and bad, and enforcing, in addition, among the higher classes, daily perusal of the works of a licentious age, the education of boys were to be conducted with any degree of the same watchful attention to purity that marks that of girls, and that of young Catholic priests (in this country, at least), the gain to the whole tone of public morals would, we are convinced, be something beyond estimation. The difficulties in the way of this amelioration are great; but if the immense importance of the object were once duly felt, they would not be found insurmountable.

Secondly. In all moral perplexities there is no guide so sure as nature, when interrogated honestly and with competent knowledge. Now, as physiologists and psychologists well know, it is an entire misapprehension to assume, as is generally done, that nature intended the gratification of the passions to commence with the age of puberty, or indeed till some years after. If it were so, the degeneration of the race would be the certain and speedy consequence, by a double operation; for though puberty is reached at the age of fifteen or sixteen, yet the power

of procreation in the human animal, consistently with the conservation of full vigour in the parent and the transmission of due vigour to the offspring, is rarely attained before twenty-five, and never before twenty-one. The ancient Germans were so well aware of this, that they fixed the former period of life as the earliest at which marriages could be legally contracted; and they made the regulation avowedly on these grounds. Furthermore, what would be the result on the general tone of society, were the sexual desire gratified as soon as it arose? Where should we find that reverence for the female sex, that tenderness towards their feelings, that deep devotion of the heart to them, which is the beautiful and purifying part of love? Is it not certain that all of delicate and chivalric which still pervades our sentiments towards women, may be traced to *repressed*, and therefore hallowed and elevated passion? Whence could chivalry of old have arisen, save out of chastity? and what, in these days, can preserve chastity, save some relic of chivalrous devotion? Are we not all aware that a young man can have no safeguard against sensuality and low intrigue, like an early, virtuous, and passionate attachment?

Thirdly. Even if religion and religious men had never spoken upon the subject, is there any form of unchastity which a man can deliberately regard without instinctive condemnation,—considering merely the dictates of natural justice and the requirements of social well-being,—arguing and feeling, in a word, simply as a judicious and right-minded heathen might do? The frequenting of prostitutes revolts at once his natural instincts, his acquired refinement, and his better tastes:—a proceeding which inevitably leads him into low company, which exposes him to filthy language and disgusting scenes, and which, till custom has dulled his susceptibility, quenches the very desire it is intended to gratify, he feels must carry its own condemnation on its face. Then how can he reconcile to *any* code his bearing a share in conduct which sinks so many fellow-creatures, meant for a purer vocation and capable of better things, into a state of wretchedness so abject, of degradation so vile, of squalor so hopeless and despairing?—Can he enjoy with any complacency the company of a kept mistress, when he thinks whence she comes and whither she is tending?—when he admits to himself, what no specious glosses can conceal—that her position is no tenable one, but is only a half-way house between innocence and prostitution?—In what cloak or guise can he so dress up seduction, as to persuade himself into conceiving it admissible? If he intends to desert the girl who yields to him, he is a robber and a ruffian, and must regard himself as such. If he

remains faithful to her, in what way is that connexion possible to him in which marriage would not have been possible also? How can he maintain her more cheaply than he could have maintained a wife, unless by refusing to his companion the luxuries which he would not resign for himself, and could not afford for two; or by bringing up the children that would result equally in either case, in a lower condition of life than his own? And how can any man reconcile the gross selfishness of the first alternative, and the violation of all paternal duty of the second, with the commonest notions either of generosity, of justice, or of gentlemanly feeling? And, as a matter of fact, looking to the mere economics of the question, is seduction found by those whose conscience compels them to do anything like justice to their companion and their children, to be at all cheaper than a well-assorted and reputable marriage?—The only remaining form of unchastity—that of intrigue with a married woman—is condemned, by Christian and worldly moralists alike, as a violation of vows, a deception of confidence, and a cruel destruction of domestic felicity. When, therefore, we find that it is not religion only, but taste, refinement, and a simple sense of justice, equally, which forbid unchastity, we should pause and reflect deeply before we give ourselves the ready excuses and the easy absolution that we do.

Without further discussion, however, we are prepared to concede that, as society is at present constituted, illicit intercourse will and must prevail to a very considerable extent; and from this, prostitution, we fear, must inevitably flow. In all countries, and in all times, ancient or modern, prostitution has invariably been found wherever the population has been congregated in large masses. But it is our firm conviction that, by looking the difficulty fairly in the face, this unhappy vice might be vastly diminished in degree, and the social evils which arise from it greatly mitigated in intensity. For example, there can be no doubt that it exists in France to at least as great an extent as with us, yet without being productive of nearly the same amount of mischief either to society, or to the unfortunate women themselves. Let us inquire whence this difference arises.

Some years since, a physician of great eminence and still greater benevolence, Parent-Duchatelet by name, was led to investigate the whole subject in that minute, elaborate, and scientific manner, which is peculiar to French statisticians. He devoted eight years to the investigation, and has left behind him in two large volumes, an immense mass of curious and instructive details, both as to the numbers, the characters, and the habits of Parisian prostitutes, and as to the measures adopted by the

administration in dealing with them. He encountered many obstacles, and not a little blame, in the course of his labours. He writes thus in his introduction :—

“J’ai trouvé dans le plupart des esprits une défaveur particulière attachée aux fonctions de tous ceux qui, d’une manière ou d’une autre, s’occupent des prostituées : plusieurs personnes, même des plus éclairées, scandalisées de voir qui je me livrais à des recherches, suivant elles, si dégoûtantes, ne m’ont pas épargné sur cela les observations et les avis charitables ; mais en y réfléchissant, je n’ai pu comprendre cet excès de délicatesse, et me rendre aux observations qui m’ont été faites. Si j’ai pu, sans scandaliser qui que ce soit, pénétrer dans les cloaques, manier les matières putrides, passer un partie de mon temps dans les voiries, et vivre en quelque sorte au milieu de tout ce qui les réunions d’hommes renferment de plus abject et de plus dégoûtant, pourquoi rougerais-je d’aborder un cloaque d’une autre espèce (cloaque plus immonde, je l’avoue, que tous les autres), dans l’espoir fondé d’opérer quelque bien, en l’examinant sous toutes les faces qu’il peut offrir. En me livrant à des recherches sur les prostituées, serais-je donc nécessairement flétri par le contact de ces malheureuses ? Et si de vénérables dames, qui, par leur naissance et leur position sociale, appartiennent à tout ce que nous avons de plus élevé, ne croient pas déroger en venant de temps en temps au milieu des prostituées, pour les instruire et les éclairer, pendant qu’elles sont dans les prisons, ou dans les infirmeries, que dois-je craindre, moi, simple particulier, en imitant leur conduite et en tâchant d’arriver au même but, bien que je suive une route un peu différente de la leur.”

M. Parent-Duchatelet persevered in his researches, and we will now proceed to give a few of the more important results which he brought to light, omitting all such as are merely curious.

For some centuries back, the evils which prostitution inflicted on public decency, public morals, and public health, have attracted the anxious attention of the French administration ; and various schemes of repression and regulation have been tried, in turns, by the able men who have succeeded one another at the head of the police department. Some of these have been in a great measure successful ; some have altogether failed, and have been from time to time abandoned. At present few or no regulations are embodied in the code ; but the matter is left pretty much to the discretion of the chiefs of the *Bureau des Mœurs* and the general police. These authorities act as they deem best, taking care not to go further in any direction than public sympathy will go with them, but complaining bitterly of the insufficiency and the indefiniteness of their powers.

The prostitutes of Paris may be divided into three classes :—those who are registered, and are in consequence under the protection and surveillance of the authorities ; those who exercise

their profession in too clandestine or too respectable a manner to come under the supervision of the police; and those wretches who swarm in the common lodging-houses, and in those haunts of vice and squalor near the barracks and the outskirts of the city, which in every country are the opprobrium and despair of the guardians of social order. The number of the two latter classes cannot even be guessed at; the last are unquestionably very numerous, and their general condition wretched and filthy past description. It has, for a long period, been the chief aim of the administration to increase the first class at the expense of the two others, and towards this desirable end they are making slow but steady progress. They argue thus: "All experience and all history shows that prostitution is an evil inherent in large towns. Wherever great numbers of men assemble together, prostitutes are certain to abound; all the efforts of statesmen, moralists, and ministers of religion, have been found inadequate to repress, or even materially to diminish, this sad practice. The wretchedness which results to one sex, and the frightful maladies which it entails on both, have never been effectual or even appreciable checks to its prevalence; it must be accepted therefore as a disease, like any other, incident to our state of society, and its evil consequences met and mitigated as they best may. By gradually drawing all prostitutes within the circle of our control, we can introduce regulations, and enforce checks on their proceedings, which will enable us to repress all more scandalous disorders, keep the evil within some limits, greatly promote the externals of decency, and materially diminish, and in time extinguish, the disease which now makes such grievous ravages among all classes."

On these principles they have now acted for many years with steady perseverance; and the number of prostitutes inscribed on the register of the *Bureau des Mœurs* increased from 1,300 in 1812, to 3,600 in 1832, and now considerably exceeds 4,000. These girls, whether resident in "*maisons tolérées*," or in private lodgings, are subject to the constant surveillance of authorized inspectors and medical men; certain rules of behaviour are enforced upon them, to ensure external decency and the absence of all appearances that could scandalize the public eye or ear; and they are subject to frequent periodical visits (generally once a fortnight, at least) from an appointed physician, who, if he finds them diseased, at once withdraws their certificate (for practising without which, they are liable to arbitrary arrest), and sends them to the hospital appointed for their reception. The same authorities give permission to certain women called "*dames des maisons*," to keep brothels, on condition of their observing

such regulations as shall from time to time be laid down for their government. These women are selected with great care from among the applicants, and licenses are only granted to such as are supposed to possess the needful qualities for enforcing order among their inmates. The number of girls they are allowed to have is fixed; the strictest rules for decorum are enforced, and the inspectors are entitled to enter these houses at any hour, to see that none of these rules are contravened. In 1832 there were about 200 of these "*maisons tolérées*" in Paris.

Duchatelet enters into a number of curious details as to the provinces whence the Parisian prostitutes chiefly come; the occupation they followed before their registration; the reasons which drove them to their mode of life; the degree of education they had received, &c.,—into which matters we shall not follow him. Two points, however, of especial interest we shall mention. Of 3,235 registered prostitutes in the year 1831, 29 were under sixteen years of age; 344 were under twenty; and 44 were upwards of fifty! Of the same number, 14 began their professional life (or rather were registered *as already practising it*) before the age of fourteen! 196 before the age of seventeen; and 946 before the age of twenty. Of 3,517, whose cases M. Duchatelet was able to inquire into minutely, 242 had practised for upwards of fourteen years, and 641 more than ten years! a result differing greatly from any we should find in London. Another very important difference between the two countries is this: in England prostitutes sink rapidly from one grade of their miserable profession to a lower and a lower; their career is said seldom to exceed three years, and they almost never succeed in escaping from their condition. In Paris, among the registered prostitutes (of whom only we have the means of speaking with any certainty), M. Duchatelet informs us that they seldom remain long on the books;* the names of about 700 (out of 4,000) are every year erased, in consequence of their silent disappearance; sometimes by death, but oftener from having found some other mode of life, honest, or less dishonourable than their former one; while 400 every year *claim the erasure of their own names*, and procure it on proving to the authorities that they have obtained some other mode of livelihood. What becomes of these girls after quitting their discreditable career, it is interesting to inquire. M. Duchatelet was able to trace the course of 1,680 of them, who disposed of themselves as follows:—

* "*Rappelons-nous que la prostitution n'est, pour la masse des filles publiques, qu'un état transitoire; qu'elle le quitte pour la plupart dès la première année, et que très peu y persistent jusqu'à l'extinction.*"—*Duchatelet*, vol. ii. p. 16.

- 108 became *dames des maisons*.
 864 became milliners, sempstresses, washerwomen, &c.
 247 became shopkeepers either on their own account, or in partnership with others.
 461 became domestic servants.

1680

Of 3,401 other individuals who were erased from the lists, the reasons assigned for their erasure were as follows:—

- 239 were rescued, and sent to their native districts by the kind offices of others.
 428 died.
 1206 retired of their own accord, and left Paris with regular passports.
 254 were reclaimed by their parents.
 28 were reclaimed by their husbands.
 114 retired, having a competence.
 121 married!
 101 became kept mistresses.
 319 entered Magdalen hospitals, or similar institutions.
 591 various causes.

3401

It is not, we think, possible to doubt that the *power of recovery* indicated by the above figures, so different from anything which obtains in England, is mainly attributable to the fact that the protection and supervision of the authorities has not only secured in these girls greater decency of conduct than would otherwise have prevailed, but, by making them feel that they are no longer outcasts from all law, whose very existence is ignored, has prevented that desperation and utter self-abandonment which cannot but ensue from the impression (which the whole course of *our* language and proceedings towards them is calculated to convey) that their case is hopeless, and that the whole human race is at enmity with them.

That a steady and marked amelioration in the character of the Parisian *filles-de-joie* has of late years been observable, there can be no doubt.

“Tous ceux (says M. Duchatelet) qui, depuis vingt-cinq à trente ans, ont étudié les filles publiques de Paris, conviennent que sous le rapport de la décence, de la retenue, on pourrait dire de la pudeur, il s'est opéré en elles un changement bien remarquable: en public elles n'ont plus le ton insolent, l'air hautain, et le regard agaçant qu'elles affectaient autrefois; dans les hôpitaux et surtout dans les prisons, elles sont, sous ce rapport, métamorphosées. Ce changement s'est fait particulièrement depuis dix à douze ans: en faisant mes recherches, et en consultant les dénonciations et les rapports, je trouvais, à mesure

que je m'approchais de l'époque actuelle, moins de détails de ces scènes d'une lubricité dégoûtante, qui maintenant sont fort rares dans l'intérieur de Paris. Pendant et avant la révolution, on parle souvent de femmes nues se promenant et dansant en plein jour en cet état ; il n'y a pas encore vingt ans que l'on comptait parmi les prostituées de Paris cinquante ou soixante mauvais sujets qui par l'excès de leur libertinage, leur hardiesse, et la turbulence de leur esprit, donnaient le ton à toutes les autres, et rendaient très difficiles le maintien de l'ordre et de la décence. Ces filles ont successivement disparu, et celles qui les ont remplacées n'ont pas présenté le même caractère.

" Cette amélioration est due aux soins de l'administration, à sa continuelle surveillance, et à la persévérance avec laquelle elle poursuit les projets de répression et de réforme ; *les prostituées restant, en général, peu de temps dans l'exercice de leur métier*, et ne faisant, pour ainsi dire, qu'y passer, les traditions se perdent et s'oublient facilement chez elles : on est donc maître en quelque sorte de les obliger à respecter la décence publique, et à conserver les dehors de la pudeur."

The benefit to public health which has resulted from the administrative measures that have been pursued, may be imagined from these two facts : upwards of 1,000 girls annually are arrested in the exercise of their profession, in consequence of syphilitic symptoms, and sent by authority into the hospital, where they are sequestered till their complete recovery is certified. Had it not been for this precaution, these girls would have continued to spread disease around them, and might have infected thousands, both of the guilty and the innocent. The other fact is this : in the year 1812, when the present sanitary regulations were first introduced, the proportion of registered prostitutes found infected at the periodical visits of the medical inspector, was one in twenty—it is now reduced to one in thirty-four. The impression of the authorities, and of M. Duchatelet also, is, that if they were empowered to extend their control over all, in any rank, who practice prostitution, and could subject them to periodical visits, and to sequestration when their sanitary condition required it, the syphilitic disease might be extirpated in a few generations ; and we make no question that they are right.

We have now placed before our readers the data necessary to enable them to follow us in the inquiry which will close this paper :—Ought we to do anything, and *what* ought we to do, in England, to diminish prostitution, and mitigate the intensity of the evils which arise from it ?

On two points all parties are agreed, and the law has ratified the decision of the public. The first of these is, that traders in prostitution—those who make it their occupation to collect and

entrap victims for the lust of others—shall be punished with wholesome severity. On the unpardonable, unredeemed infamy of this trade, all men are unanimous: to those who carry it on no mercy should be shown. The common law having been found insufficient to meet crimes of this sort, a very concise and peremptory Act of Parliament was passed in the last session, by which it is provided, “that if any person shall, by false pretences, false representations, or other fraudulent means, procure any woman or child under the age of twenty-one years, to have illicit carnal connexion with any man, such person shall be guilty of a misdemeanour, and shall, being duly convicted thereof, suffer imprisonment for a term not exceeding two years, with hard labour.” All that is needed to give full effect to this enactment is, that public opinion shall be thoroughly enlisted in its behalf; that the police authorities shall give instructions to their detective agents to keep a watchful eye upon the procurers and procuresses (whose persons will soon become known to them) who make it their business to haunt and waylay young girls on their first arrival from the country, and entrap them into houses of ill-fame under pretence of providing them with lodgings; and who frequent, for the same purpose, the registration offices for servants out of place; that the police should have authority, *suo periculo*, and under due restrictions, to enter, without notice, any houses which they *know* to be used for improper purposes, in order to be at hand to rescue those girls (whose number we know to be considerable) who are anxious to make their escape as soon as they find out the true character of the place into which they have been inveigled, but who are prevented, by force or fraud, from doing so; and finally, that the judge should, in all cases, inflict the highest penalty the law awards. By this means it would soon be understood that this mode of pandering to the passions of the depraved was an enormity which society would not tolerate, and it would speedily be reduced within very narrow limits; for though the gains of these creatures are often so immense that fines have no effect upon them, yet imprisonment, with hard labour, would have a very different result. Moreover, it must never be forgotten that law, when steadily enforced, has an immense influence in forming public opinion; and that any act regularly visited with a disgraceful punishment will soon come to be *looked upon* as disgraceful, both to the actors and the abettors.

The second point upon which all are agreed is, that carnal connexion with children of tender years, *with or without consent*, is a high crime and misdemeanour. On this subject, also, the law has spoken clearly; and by an enactment now some years old, a man charged with rape on the person of a child under

thirteen years of age, cannot plead her consent in bar of judgment. If any of those hoary sinners, for whose depraved appetites so many of these infant victims are yearly provided in the metropolis, could be brought to justice, and either hanged or transported for the offence, this, too, would become infamous and dangerous, and would cease to be practised by those who are now the chief offenders, viz., men whose wealth and position in society render pecuniary penalties matters of no consideration, but who would not for worlds encounter the risk of a personal and publicly dishonouring punishment. The first worn-out *débauché* of rank who was hanged for corrupting a child of twelve years old (an offence committed probably every day in the year), would almost ensure the safety of this class of victims for the future.

A third proposition, which meets with the consent of most sober thinkers on this painful subject is, that voluntary intercourse between parties of mature age, however immoral in itself, must not be interfered with, unless carried on in such a manner as to outrage public decency, or endanger public health. On this point, however, we are at issue with those closet moralists who think that prostitution is, in itself and in any form, a sin which calls for legal repression; and also with those societies, composed of most estimable men, and productive unquestionably of much good, who make it their object to suppress brothels wherever they can obtain sufficient evidence against them. We must enter a little on the question at issue between us, for it is one of much practical importance.

If it were possible really to put down prostitution entirely by penal measures of repression, and if, in doing so, no greater evils were incurred than the one we cured, there could then be no question as to the advisability of a war à l'outrance against brothels, brothel-keepers, and all their inmates and frequenters. But is there any one at all acquainted with the past history or the present state of the matter, who entertains the slightest idea of such a result being attainable by such means? There is no age or country in which statisticians have not been called upon to grapple with the question; in which the virtuous portion of the community have not been shocked and scandalised at the spectacle of public prostitution; in which the evils which resulted from it, both to health and morals, have not arrested the attention of the rulers; in which the disease and misery consequent on this vice have not spoken in the loudest tones of warning to its votaries of both sexes;—yet prostitution still flourishes in undiminished vigour, and, alas! in many countries with augmented mischief. One after another the statesmen who have undertaken

to eradicate or control it, have retired, baffled and defeated, from the contest; and the prospect of imprisonment, scourging, public ignominy, loathsome disease, and lingering death, have proved alike unavailing to counteract the passions of one sex, and the weakness of the other. Without, therefore, going so far as some writers, who maintain that prostitution is necessary, and that it contributes to the maintenance of order and tranquillity, we feel obliged to admit it as a constant fact—a social datum which we have to deal with—an evil inseparable from the agglomeration of large numbers in one locality. “*Sous des formes qui varient suivant les climats, les mœurs nationales, la prostitution reste inhérente aux grandes populations; elle est, et sera toujours comme ces maladies de naissance, contre lesquelles les expériences et les systèmes ont échoué, et dont on se borne à limiter les ravages.*” (Duchatelet, vol. ii. p. 525).

It is a common mistake with many excellent men, to suppose that, because any action is wicked and mischievous, it necessarily follows that it is desirable to proceed against it by legal means, or forcible repression. Law is not omnipotent, and force is often very weak. To attack the consequence instead of the cause, is the error of the indolent, the hasty, and the violent. All experience has shown that you cannot, by enactment, prevent *any* demand from being met by an adequate supply. A lesson—which might be salutary were we a people given to profit by the experience of our past failures—may be learnt from a glance at the results of our proceedings in a case not very dissimilar from the one we are now considering. Towards the end of the last century, the enormities of the slave trade aroused the attention of Englishmen. It was shown that, apart from the sin involved in the very idea of such a traffic, thousands of the unhappy negroes perished in their forced voyage across the Atlantic, in consequence of inadequate accommodation in the trading vessels, and an insufficient supply of water. Mr. Wilberforce's first step was a wise one—almost the only wise one he ever took. He procured an enactment, not to forbid the trade, but *to regulate the number of slaves per tonnage* that each vessel was allowed to carry, and to enforce a fixed number of gallons of water being provided for the use of each. *So far the evil of the trade was mitigated.* But his zeal did not allow him to stop here. After inducing the legislature to prohibit the traffic to all British subjects (which we assuredly find no fault with), he induced our government to adopt that system of armed repression, which, in spite of repeated demonstration of its evils, has ever since been obstinately maintained. The consequence—the inevitable consequence—has been (since the demand for slaves

is so great that slaves *will* be had), that our squadron, by compelling the slave traders to use smaller and swifter vessels, and to pack their living cargoes into closer and closer compass, has augmented their sufferings to a degree which it is appalling to contemplate, and absolutely wicked to persist in causing.

"It has been proved," says Mr. Buxton,* "by documents that cannot be controverted, that for every village fired, and for every drove of human beings marched in former days, there are now double. For every cargo then at sea, two cargoes wedged together in a mass of living corruption, are now borne on the waves of the Atlantic. But while the numbers who suffer have increased, there is no reason to believe that the sufferings of each have abated; on the contrary, we know that in some particulars these have increased; so that the sum total of misery swells in both ways. Each individual has more to endure, and the number of individuals is twice what it was. The result therefore is, that aggravated suffering reaches multiplied numbers."

Mr. Buxton and subsequent witnesses have proved, with a degree of clearness which leaves no room for doubt, that our attempts to repress the slave traffic by an armed force are not only in a great measure answerable for its *increase* (since more must now be *embarked* in order that the same number may *arrive*), but have actually been the *cause* of its having quadrupled in suffering and atrocity—by those changes in the construction of their vessels, and in the mode of embarking their cargo, which the vigilance of our cruisers has compelled the slavers to adopt, in order to avoid capture and detection.

The retrospect is pregnant with instruction. And it is to be feared that those who hope, by suppressing brothels, to extinguish prostitution, will find that they, like their fellow-philanthropists, have merely changed its localities (perhaps for the worse); and increased its intrinsic evil by shrouding it in still darker concealment. To endeavour forcibly to cut off the supply of prostitutes while the demand for them continues unchecked, must be futile, as both experience and reasoning might teach us. Moreover, it is beginning at the wrong end. Let us endeavour, by well considered and appropriate means, to sap the mischief in its source; and content ourselves, in the meantime, with such measures as may mitigate the evils which flow from it, so long as it shall continue to exist.

Since, then, we are obliged to come to the conclusion that it is unadvisable, as a general rule, to adopt repressive measures against prostitution and fornication, when practised by persons

* 'The Slave Trade, and its Remedy.'

of mature age, it remains to be considered whether this general rule ought not to be departed from when public decency is outraged, or the public health endangered. That breaches of external decorum, of a nature to meet and shock the general eye, should be repressed promptly and efficiently by the strong arm of the law, as offences against society, may be considered as an undisputed matter, into which we need not enter. But whether the frightful injury to public health, which results from unchecked and unsupervised prostitution—an injury compared with which the ravages of plague, cholera, and influenza (against which we have multiplied sanitary precautions), are of light importance—is not such as to call for administrative interference; this is a question still undetermined. Up to the present moment the English have decided in the negative, and the French, and most continental nations, in the affirmative. If public health is an affair which at all merits the attention of the government, or lies within its proper functions,—if the late movement of popular feeling in favour of sanitary measures be not wholly a mistake, and a step in the wrong direction,—if compulsory vaccination of paupers,—if quarantine regulations against imported pestilence,—if enforced cleanliness in times of cholera visitation,—be justifiable and right, then the natural *à priori*, *à fortiori* conclusion unquestionably is, that it is an imperative duty on the administrative authorities to take all needful and feasible measures to check the spread of a malady more general, more constantly present, and more terrible than all other epidemics. There may, however, we are well aware, be considerations of public morals, or of general expediency, which over-ride even considerations of public health. Let us, therefore, weigh dispassionately the objections commonly urged against any attempt to check and eradicate the spread of syphilitic poison through our population, by such regulation and supervision of prostitutes as shall prevent them from practising their *métier* when diseased.

The first objection we shall dispose of very cavalierly. We are told that such supervision and interference would be an infringement of the liberty of the subject. To this we shall content ourselves with replying, that no law and no society recognises in individuals a degree of liberty incompatible with the welfare and the rights of others; that in all civilised states the acknowledged boundary of the freedom of each citizen is the well-being of the community of which he forms a part; and that the same rule of natural law which justifies the officer in shooting a plague-stricken sufferer who breaks through a *cordon sanitaire*, justifies him in arresting and confining the syphilitic prostitute who, if not arrested, would spread infection all around her.

A second, and a more rational objection is, that the fear of the maladies communicated by prostitutes acts as a powerful motive in restraining men from frequenting them; that if fornication were attended with no risk to health, the young would indulge in it far more freely and unreservedly than they dare to do at present; and that, in short, it is very desirable that the sin should be kept in check by the knowledge that, in all likelihood, it will carry its own punishment along with it. This, however, is scarcely language that will be held by any but mere recluse reasoners. For two hundred and fifty years, since the middle of the sixteenth century when this malady first appeared, prostitutes have been allowed to spread infection on all sides of them without control. Let us (argues M. Duchatelet) read the history of this long period; let us open the numberless volumes published during it respecting the venereal disease; let us consult those who can remember the state of the matter at the close of the last century; and we shall find that the fear of the most horrible consequences has never produced any effect in deterring men from fornication; that persons of violent passions and irregulated appetites have always, as now, frequented public women, though disease and even death stared them in the face. Again, do we, as a matter of fact, find that fornication is at all more general or more daring in those countries where sanitary regulations against syphilis have succeeded in mitigating its virulence and its dangers, than in those where its ravages are left unchecked? Is it at all more prevalent in Paris than in London?—in Vienna than in Liverpool or New York?

But a yet more weighty consideration remains behind. If the libertine were the only one injured by the indulgence of his libertinage—if the sinner were the only sufferer—much might be said in favour of allowing the penalties of nature to take their course. But this is far from being the case: the children of men who have undergone the venereal disease, in any virulence, are often diseased themselves, and always, more or less, constitutionally injured; for it is absurd to suppose that a poison of this nature can ever be eradicated without permanent damage to the health; and the seeds of deterioration are thus widely sown throughout the race, as physicians and physiologists are too well aware. Moreover, the profligate who frequents abandoned women, does not confine himself to such; the infection which he draws from them he passes on to the modest and deserving. Married men—the fact is as notorious as it is grievous—are, in numberless instances, regular frequenters of brothels, and by their means syphilis is introduced into the bosom of families; and the most virtuous women, and the most innocent children, in this way

become the victims. How frequent, in all ranks, these sad cases are; none but medical men can inform us; and they will be among the very last to underrate either the intensity or the extensive ramifications of this deplorable mischief.

Finally, it is urged that the "tacit sanction" given to vice by such a *recognition* of prostitution as would be involved in a system of supervision, registration, or license, would be a greater evil than all the maladies (moral and physical) which now flow from its unchecked prevalence. But let it be considered that by ignoring, we do not abolish it; we do not even conceal it; it speaks aloud; it walks abroad; it is a vice as patent and as well known as drunkenness; it is already "tacitly sanctioned" by the mere fact of its permitted or connived-at existence—by the very circumstance which stares us in the face, that the legislative and executive authorities, seeing it, deploring it, yet confess by their inaction their inability to check it, and their unwillingness to prohibit it, and virtually say to the unfortunate prostitutes and their frequenters—"As long as you create no public scandal, but throw a decent veil over your proceedings, we shall not interfere with you, but shall regard you as an inevitable evil." By an attempt to regulate and control them, the authorities would confess nothing more than they already in act acknowledge—viz., their desire to mitigate an evil which they have discovered their incompetency to suppress. By prohibiting the practice of prostitution *under certain conditions*, they do not legalize or authorize it under all other conditions; they simply announce that, *under these certain conditions*, they feel called upon promptly to interfere. The legislature does not forbid drunkenness, knowing that it would be futile to do so; but if a man, when drunk, is disorderly, pugnacious, or indecent, or in any other mode compromises public comfort or public morals, it steps forward to arrest and punish him; yet, surely, by no fair use of words can it be represented as thereby *sanctioning* drunkenness when unaccompanied by indecorous or riotous behaviour. It merely declares that in the one case interference falls within its functions, and that in the other case it does not. Likewise, in the parallel case under consideration, such legislative interference as we suggest would merely hold this clear, sound, intelligible language:—"Prostitution *per se* is a sin against taste, morals, and religion; but it is one of those vices, like bad temper, hatred, malice, and covetousness, which, however noxious, is not a part of the duty of government actively to repress or punish: the propagation of syphilis is an overt act of public mischief, a crime committed against society, which it clearly falls within their province to prevent."

"Je terminerai" (says M. Duchatelet) "ces considérations par une supposition : si aujourd'hui tous les cabarets de Paris fabriquaient de mauvais vin ; si il était à la connaissance du public que ce vin contient un poison lent ; si les rues étaient remplies d'ivrognes et la ville de maladies contagieuses ; si, malgré tous ces avertissements, ce public avait un goût tellement décidé pour cette boisson, que ni la honte, ni les reproches, ni les plus graves châtimens ne pussent l'empêcher d'en faire usage, que dirait-on d'un homme qui trouverait le moyen de purifier ce vin, et d'en rendre l'usage moins pernicieux, même pour les intempérans ? Ne lui adresserait-on pas des louanges ?—quelqu'un s'aviserait il de soutenir qu'il fait une mauvaise action en empêchant les gens sensuels et sans prévoyance d'être empoisonnés ? Eh bien ! l'administration se trouve dans le même cas vis-à-vis de la prostitution."—Vol. ii. p. 47.

One word more on this subject. We cannot imagine that any one can seriously suppose that prostitution would be made either more generally attractive or respectable, by the greater decency and decorum which administrative supervision would compel it to throw over its externals. We know that the absence of these does not deter men of irregular passions from the low pursuit ; and we know, moreover, that wherever these are needed for the behoof of a more scrupulous and refined class of fornicators, they are to be found. We are convinced, also, that much of the permanent ruin to the feelings and character which results from the habit of visiting the haunts of prostitution, is to be attributed to the coarse language and the brutal manners which prevail there ; and that this vice, like many others, would lose much of its evil by losing all of grossness that is separable from it. Nor do we fear that the improvement in the *tone* of prostitution which would thus result, would render its unhappy victims less anxious to escape from it. Soften its horrors and gild its loathsomeness as you may, there will always remain enough to revolt all who are not wholly lost. Much, too—everything almost—is gained if you can retain *any* degree of self-respect among the fallen : the more of this that remains, the greater chance is there of ultimate redemption ; it is always a mistaken and a cruel policy to allow vice to grow desperate and reckless. It is for the interest of society at large, as well as for that of the guilty individual, that we should never break down the bridge behind any sinner.

We have now cleared the way for the consideration of the means to which we should look with hope for the diminution and mitigation of prostitution ; and as our function is suggestive, and not legislative, we shall indicate these as concisely as we can.

1. There can be no doubt that such a rectification of social anomalies—such a general amelioration in our social condition, as should place the means of earning an ample livelihood by honourable industry within the reach of women of all classes, would at once remove one of the most prolific of those sources whence prostitutes are supplied. We have seen how often poverty drives women to a vicious mode of life; and this class of victims would be rescued by such an improvement in the position of the mass of our population as we may dream of and toil for, but cannot, for generations at least, hope to see. But the means by which such a result can be obtained, present far too wide a subject for us to enter upon here. Nor must we be too sanguine in anticipating a very great diminution of prostitution from this cause alone; for in the United States, where the sexes are equal in the eye of the law, and the means of an ample maintenance are within reach of all (as far as the most favourable combination of circumstances can secure such a result), we find the vice far from rare. Statistics are unattainable, and the statements of writers differ widely. One American authority estimates the number of abandoned women in New York alone at upwards of 12,000; this is probably an exaggeration. Wakefield and De Tocqueville give exactly opposite opinions; but both seem to argue from what they suppose *must* be, rather than from what they know actually *is* the case. The former says:—"In America the demand for women of the town is very small; and such as it is, arises principally from the sojourn of foreigners in sea-port towns; but if that demand were doubled by a sufficient increase of foreign visitors, it would not be supplied, because in America every girl can readily obtain an honest livelihood." The French writer, on the other hand, declares that the very causes which secure virtuous women from seduction will necessarily increase the number of courtezans, by rendering that the only mode of illicit intercourse attainable.

2. The details we have given in an earlier part of this paper, will show how much might be done by better and ampler house accommodation for the poor. As long as both sexes herd together in bed rooms, the barriers of modesty will be broken down too early in life to admit of their acting as bulwarks of virtue when the day of temptation shall arrive. Much good has been already effected by the amount of public attention which has been turned in this direction; the houses now erected for the manufacturing population are of a very superior description, affording always two, and frequently three, bed rooms; and a

few benevolent proprietors in the agricultural districts are following the example. This is one of the channels into which public charity may be turned, with the greatest hope of good and the least risk of evil; *nuclei* of good examples are being gradually scattered up and down the country, and in a few years we shall expect to trace a marked and general improvement.

3. The common lodging-houses of the metropolis, and of most great towns, are among the worst sinks of iniquity and nurseries of prostitution that exist. These should be brought at once under the control of the police, not for the sake of suppression, but of surveillance and regulation: in these cases, as in that of brothels, suppression merely means closer concealment and removal into worse localities. The following extracts from Mr. Mayhew's letters to the *Morning Chronicle* will suffice to give an idea of the frightful wretchedness of these abodes.

"A good-looking girl of sixteen gave me the following awful statement. Her hands were swollen with cold:—

" 'I am an orphan. When I was ten I was sent to service as maid-of-all-work, in a small tradesman's family. It was a hard place, and my mistress used me very cruelly, beating me often. When I had been in place three weeks, my mother died; my father having died twelve years before. I stood my mistress's ill-treatment for about six months. She beat me with sticks as well as with her hands. I was black and blue, and at last I ran away. I got to Mrs. —, a low lodging-house. I didn't know before that there was such a place. I heard of it from some girls at the Glasshouse (baths and washhouses), where I went for shelter. I went with them to have a halfpenny-worth of coffee, and they took me to the lodging-house. I then had three shillings, and stayed about a month, and did nothing wrong, living on the three shillings and what I pawned my clothes for, as I got some pretty good things away with me. In the lodging-house I saw nothing but what was bad, and heard nothing but what was bad. I was laughed at, and was told to swear. They said, "Look at her for a d— modest fool"—sometimes worse than that, until by degrees I got to be as bad as they were. During this time I used to see boys and girls from ten and twelve years old sleeping together, but understood nothing wrong. I had never heard of such places before I ran away. I can neither read or write. My mother was a good woman, and I wish I'd had her to run away to. I saw things between almost children that I can't describe to you—very often I saw them, and that shocked me. At the month's end, when I was beat out, I met with a young man of fifteen—I myself was going on to twelve years old—and he persuaded me to take up with him. I stayed with him three months in the same lodging-house, living with him as his wife, though we were mere children, and being true to him. At the three months'

end he was taken up for picking pockets, and got six months. I was sorry, for he was kind to me ; though I was made ill through him ; so I broke some windows in St. Paul's Churchyard to get into prison to get cured. I had a month in the Compter, and came out well. I was scolded very much in the Compter, on account of the state I was in, being so young. I had 2s. 6d. given to me when I came out, and was forced to go into the streets for a living. I continued walking the streets for three years, sometimes making a good deal of money, sometimes none, feasting one day and starving the next. The bigger girls could persuade me to do anything they liked with my money. I was never happy all the time, but I could get no character and could not get out of the life. I lodged all this time at a lodging-house in Kent-street. They were all thieves and bad girls. I have known between three and four dozen boys and girls sleep in one room. The beds were horrid filthy and full of vermin. There was very wicked carryings on. The boys, if any difference, was the worst. We lay packed on a full night, a dozen boys and girls squeezed into one bed. That was very often the case—some at the foot and some at the top—boys and girls all mixed. I can't go into all the particulars, but whatever could take place in words or acts between boys and girls did take place, and in the midst of the others. I am sorry to say I took part in these bad ways myself, but I wasn't so bad as some of the others. There was only a candle burning all night, but in summer it was light great part of the night. Some boys and girls slept without any clothes, and would dance about the room that way. I have seen them, and, wicked as I was, felt ashamed. I have seen two dozen capering about the room that way ; some mere children—the boys generally the youngest. . . . There were no men or women present. There were often fights. The deputy never interfered. This is carried on just the same as ever to this day, and is the same every night. I have heard young girls shout out to one another how often they had been obliged to go the hospital, or the infirmary, or the workhouse. There was a great deal of boasting about what the boys and girls had stolen during the day. I have known boys and girls change their 'partners,' just for a night. At three years' end I stole a piece of beef from a butcher. I did it to get into prison. I was sick of the life I was leading, and didn't know how to get out of it. I had a month for stealing. When I got out I passed two days and a night in the streets doing nothing wrong, and then went and threatened to break Messrs. ——— windows again. I did that to get into prison again ; for when I lay quiet of a night in prison I thought things over, and considered what a shocking life I was leading, and how my health might be ruined completely, and I thought I would stick to prison rather than go back to such a life. I got six months for threatening. When I got out I broke a lamp next morning for the same purpose, and had a fortnight. That was the last time I was in prison. I have since been leading the same life as I told you of for three years, and lodging at the same houses, and seeing the same

goings on. I hate such a life now more than ever. I am willing to do any work that I can in washing and cleaning. Anybody may call in the daytime at this house and have a halfpennyworth of coffee, and sit any length of time until evening. I have seen three dozen sitting there that way, all thieves and bad girls. There are no chairs, and only one form in front of the fire, on which a dozen can sit. The others sit on the floor all about the room, as near the fire as they can. Bad language goes on during the day, as I have told you it did during the night, and indeencies too, but nothing like so bad as at night. They talk about where there is good places to go and thieve. The missionaries call sometimes, but they're laughed at often when they're talking, and always before the door's closed on them. If a decent girl goes there to get a ha'porth of coffee, seeing the board over the door, she is always shocked. Many a poor girl has been ruined in this house since I was, and boys have boasted about it. I never knew boy or girl do good, once get used there. Get used there, indeed, and you are life-ruined. I was an only child, and haven't a friend in the world. I have heard several girls say how they would like to get out of the life, and out of the place. From those I know, I think that cruel parents and mistresses cause many to be driven there. One lodging-house keeper, Mrs. —, goes out dressed respectable, and pawns any stolen property, or sells it at public-houses.'

"To show the actual state of these lodging-houses from the testimony of one who has been long resident in them, I give the following statement. It was made to me by a man of superior education and intelligence (as the tone of his narrative fully shows), whom circumstances, which do not affect the object of my present letter, and therefore need not be detailed, had reduced from affluence to beggary, so that he was compelled to be the constant inmate of those places. All the other statements that I obtained on the subject—and they were numerous—were corroborative of his account to the very letter:—

"I have been familiar, unfortunately for me, with low lodging-houses, both in town and country, for more than ten years. I consider that, as to the conduct of these places, it is worse in London than in the country—while in the country the character of the keeper is worse than in London, although but a small difference can be noted. The worst I am acquainted with, though I haven't been in it lately, is in the neighbourhood of Drury-lane—this is the worst, both for filth and for the character of the lodgers. In the room where I slept, which was like a barn in size, the tiles were off the roof, and as there was no ceiling, I could see the blue sky from where I lay. That may be altered now. Here I slept in what was called the single men's room, and it was confined to men. In another part of the house was a room for married couples, as it was called; but of such apartments I can tell you more concerning other houses. For the bed with the view of the blue sky I paid 3d. If it rained there was no shelter. I have slept in a room in Brick-lane, Whitechapel, in which were fourteen beds. In the next bed to me, on the one side, was a man,

his wife, and three children, and a man and his wife on the other. They were Irish people, and I believe the women were the men's wives—as the Irish women generally are. Of all the women that resort to these places, the Irish are far the best for chastity. All the beds were occupied, single men being mixed with the couples of the two sexes. The question is never asked, when a man and woman go to a lodging-house, if they are man and wife. All must pay before they go to bed, or be turned into the street. These beds were made—as all the low lodging-house beds are—of the worst cotton flocks, stuffed in coarse, strong canvas. There is a pair of sheets, a blanket, and a rug. I have known the bedding to be unchanged for three months; but that is not general. The beds are an average size. Dirt is the rule with them, and cleanliness the exception. They are all infested with vermin. I never met with an exception. No one is required to wash before going to bed in any of these places (except at a very few, where a very dirty fellow would not be admitted), unless he has been walking on a wet day without shoes or stockings, and then he must bathe his feet. The people who slept in the room I am describing, were chiefly young men, almost all accompanied by young females. I have seen girls of fifteen sleep with “their chaps”—in some places with youths of from sixteen to twenty. There is no objection to any boy or girl occupying a bed, even though the keeper knows that they were previously strangers to each other. The accommodation for purposes of decency is very bad in some places. A pile in the middle of the room, to which both sexes may resort, is a frequent arrangement. No delicacy or decency is ever observed. The women are, I think, worse than the men. If anyone, possessing a sense of shame, says a word of rebuke, he is at once assailed, by the women in particular, with the coarsest words in the language. The Irish women are as bad as the others with respect to language; but I have known them keep themselves covered in bed when the other women were outraging modesty or decency. The Irish will sleep anywhere to save a half-penny a night, if they have ever so much money.’ [Here he stated certain gross acts common to lodging-houses, which cannot be detailed in print.] ‘It is not uncommon for a boy or a man to take a girl out of the streets to these apartments. Some are the same as common brothels, women being taken in at all hours of the day or night. In most, however, they must stay all night as a married couple. In dressing or undressing there is no regard to decency; while disgusting blackguardism is often carried on in the conversation of the inmates. I have known decent people, those that are driven to such places from destitution, perhaps for the first time, shocked and disgusted at what they saw. I have seen a decent married pair so shocked and disgusted, that they have insisted on leaving the place, and have left it.’

4. Another measure, the urgency of which has been strongly forced upon our minds during the course of our inquiries, is the

establishment throughout the country of an adequate number of asylums for those poor girls who wish either to escape from a life of prostitution, or to avoid having recourse to it. The numbers who might annually be saved or rescued by such institutions must have been made clear to any one who has gone through the evidence we have presented to them. Private benevolence has already exerted itself to some extent in this direction; but, as will be seen, its efforts have been in no way commensurate with the magnitude of the evil. The following summary is from the pen of Mr. Talbot, Secretary of the Society for the Protection of Young Females, whose asylum at Tottenham has already received 472 of these unfortunate women.

“The Magdalen Hospital was founded in 1758, and up to January 1844, has received 6,968 females. Of this number 4,752 have been reconciled to their friends, placed in service, or in other respectable and industrious situations; 107 have been lunatic, troubled with fits, or incurable disorders; 109 have died; 1,185 discharged at their own request; 720 discharged for improper behaviour; two absconded, and 96 remained in the house.

“The Lock Asylum was founded in 1787, for the reception of penitent female patients, when discharged from the Lock Hospital. Up to Lady-day 1837, the number of women received was 984, of whom 170 have been received by their friends; 281 gone to service; 22 have died in the house, and 18 remained there in 1837.

“The London Female Penitentiary was instituted in 1807. Since that time, *out of* 6,939 *applicants*, 2,717 have been admitted into the house; of whom 1,543 have been placed out to service, reconciled and restored to their friends, or otherwise provided for; 350 have left at their own request; 479 discharged from various causes; 23 sent to their parishes; 47 emigrated to Van Dieman's Land; 28 have died, and 95 remained in 1843.

“The Guardian Society was established in 1812; and since that period 1,932 wretched outcasts have partaken of the advantages of the institution; 455 have been placed in service, or satisfactorily provided for; 533 restored to their friends; 53 sent to their respective parishes; 843 have been discharged, or withdrawn; 17 have died, and 31 are now under the care of the institution.

“Besides these institutions, others have been established, having similar objects in view, viz.:—The British Penitent Female Refuge; the Female Mission; the South London Penitentiary, and one or two others. As compared with the great numbers of unfortunate women in London, these institutions have effected but a very small amount of good. During 77 years, ending 1835, 10,005 females were received within the walls of four of the London Penitentiaries; out of which number, 6,262 were satisfactorily provided for, and 2,980 discharged for misconduct. Taking the whole of the institutions in London, up

to the present time, it may be fairly estimated that no more than 14,000 or 15,000 unfortunate women, have had the opportunity of returning to a virtuous life.

"Almost every large town in the country has its Magdalen Institution; and in some extensive places, two or three are to be found. Unhappily, all Magdalen Institutions are but very feebly supported; and in reference to most of them, it may be said that they are in a languishing condition. The public mind has not yet been sufficiently impressed with the magnitude and importance of the subject; hence the little countenance given to the efforts put forth for the benefit of poor and degraded women."

To meet the want of which we are treating, it has been suggested that suitable asylums for females who have been, or are on the brink of becoming prostitutes, shall be established by the authority of law in every parish, and shall be supported by public or parochial funds. Without giving in our adhesion to so comprehensive a scheme—without affecting blindness to the very dangerous abuses which might possibly follow from its adoption—we still think that, under certain modifications, it is worthy of all attention. We think it highly desirable that the experiment should be tried in one locality, and on a limited scale. We earnestly desire to see such asylums established in adequate numbers and suitable situations, for the metropolis at least. In order to obviate the fatal abuses which would otherwise certainly creep in, the greatest care and the strictest regulations would be necessary to prevent such institutions from becoming refuges for the *generally* destitute—ready homes for those who could not, or would not, find employment sufficient to support them. The asylums should be made as nearly as possible self-supporting; the strictest industry and regularity of conduct should be enforced upon the inmates; and a rigid separation should be enforced between the penitent and the yet unfallen. *It would further be essential that these institutions should not be left to the blunders, or the ebbing and flowing zeal, of benevolent amateurs:* they must be under public and official management. If these points be steadily kept in view, we believe that the good effected by such asylums would be incalculable, and that the collateral evils might be reduced to a very insignificant amount. The objections which would be urged on the score of expense, we are disposed to treat very lightly. When we reflect on the vast sums annually lavished in the maintenance of paupers, and on the support, safe custody, moral discipline, and personal comfort of criminals of every shade, we do not doubt that society can afford, and will not grudge, whatever further expenditure may be requisite to rescue the repentant, or to save the tempted who yet struggle in the unequal contest. If the juvenile thief is a fit subject for costly

care, reformatory discipline, and a "fair trial" in the colonies, surely the juvenile prostitute is yet more so. And if it is desirable to afford a way of reform and retrogression to the repentant criminal, surely it is yet more so to hold out a helping hand in time, to those who are already trembling on the brink of the abyss, but recoil from the last step with horror.

5. We would recommend the appointment of a special department connected with the Board of Health, whose duty it should be—with due safeguard against the abuse of their powers—to take all needful and feasible measures to prevent the spread of syphilitic infection. What these measures should be, would be a question demanding the most cautious and searching investigation. Probably the first which would approve themselves would be the establishment by authority of a sufficient number of Lock Hospitals, and the subjecting all prostitutes (whose haunts and persons would in time become accurately known to them) to a periodical medical inspection, with the prompt sequestration or removal to the hospital of all who were found diseased. This measure might in time be followed up by extending the power of these special officers to the arrest and imprisonment of all prostitutes who should be found practising their occupation without certificate that they had undergone such medical inspection within a given time. We purposely abstain from entering into any further details as to the precautionary measures which this department of the Board of Health might find it necessary to adopt; the establishment of such a department being the point on which the public is, in the first instance, called upon to decide. Without it, we think all will agree there is no possibility of placing any check to the spread of venereal disease.

The measures above indicated will, to a certain extent—probably to a great extent—mitigate the evil of prostitution, and diminish the number of its victims: for anything beyond mitigation we must trust to the slow operation of moral influences. Mere preaching against the vice of fornication has not been so fruitful of success hitherto, as to justify us in anticipating much from its efficacy in future. Public opinion—that general *résumé* of the judgment of the great bulk of educated society, which is so omnipotent with most men, which with too many is the sole guide and the sole check they acknowledge—must undergo considerable modification and enlightenment, before much diminution of prostitution can be looked for. Towards such modification we have here contributed our mite. Towards such modification ethical writers may do something; writers of fiction

may do much; the silent and unostentatious efforts of those sensible and right-minded men of the world, who give the tone to general society, may do far more. There are especially three points on which, if the notions and feelings of the public at large could be rectified, prostitution would be reduced to a minimum. On two of these we have already expressed our views.

The first is, that purchased and promiscuous embraces—the frequentation of women who sell their caresses to any comer—should be considered (*voted*, if you will have the broad word) low, vulgar, and unworthy of a gentleman. That it is so, no one conversant with the language and conduct customary among this class of women—no one with a clear perception of what gentlemanly tastes and feelings demand—will feel disposed to deny. The wonder is, that there has ever arisen a different state of opinion. If a sound tone of refinement on this head could be recovered,—if the habit of visiting prostitutes could be made a thing which gentlemen were ashamed to *admit to each other*,—if the great truth which we ventured to lay down in the early part of this paper were boldly announced and reiterated by all who acknowledge its correctness, viz., that the severance of the sexual embrace from the love which alone justifies it, which alone should prompt it, which alone rescues it from the lowness of a mere animal appetite, is a sin against nature,—then the victory over evil would be already half accomplished; fornication would become vulgar by being regarded as such, and would descend to a lower and a lower class of society, till it was pushed out of existence altogether, or was confined to the ruffian and the criminal alone.

The second point is, that society should recur to a sounder and more merciful judgment of female frailty; that the first false step (which on the woman's part is often generosity, and generally only weakness) should no longer be considered irretrievable; that it should no longer close to her all sources of maintenance save such as infamy can furnish; that as it does not indicate, so it should no longer be held to necessitate, depravity. If the same harsh rule which we now apply to the weaker, were applied to the stronger and the guiltier sex; if the tempter were judged as inexorably as the tempted; if young men, who commit one act of unchastity, were compelled to feel that all their prospects in life were in consequence blighted for ever, and that their position was lost, hopelessly and irrecoverably—society would be infested with, and almost made up of, desperadoes. We do not argue for the application to them of a sterner code than, in the present

condition of human progress, could be borne; but reason and religion are alike outraged when the sinner himself assumes a language of Rhadamanthine severity, which would sit ill upon the purest crmine, and pronounces the very same guilt which is held trivial and venial in him, to be unpardonable and irreparable in the more guileless accomplice whom he has led astray. While weak women are made to feel that the laws of chastity cannot be violated with impunity,—and on this point nature and conscience provide an inexorable Nemesis,—let them also feel that, in the case of this sin, as in that of every other, sincere repentance is next to innocence, and that diligent atonement may redeem the past. Till virtuous women and reflecting men can be persuaded to modify their verdict on the matter, much of the existing prostitution will lie at their door.

The third needed change in social ethics is this: that the *deserter*—not the seducer—shall be branded with the same kind and degree of reprobation with which society now visits the coward and the cheat. The man who submits to insult rather than fight; the gambler who packs the cards, or loads the dice, or refuses to pay his debts of honour; is hunted from among even his unscrupulous associates as a stained and tarnished character. *Let the same measure of retributive justice be dealt to the seducer who deserts the woman who has trusted him, and allows her to come upon the town.* We say the deserter—not the seducer: for there is as wide a distinction between them as there is between the gamester and the sharper. Mere seduction will never be visited with extreme severity among men of the world, however correct and refined may be their general tone of morals; for they will always make large allowances on the score of youthful passions, favouring circumstances, and excited feeling. Moreover, they well know that there is a wide distinction—that there are all degrees of distinction—between a man who commits a fault of this kind under the influence of warm affections and a fiery temperament, and the cold-hearted systematic assailer of female virtue, whom all reprobate and shun. It is universally felt that you cannot, with any justice, class these men in the same category, nor mete out to them the same measure of condemnation. But the man who, when his caprice is satisfied, casts off his victim as a worn-out garment, or a damaged toy; who allows the woman who trusted his protestations, reciprocated his caresses, shared his joys, lay in his bosom, resigned herself to him, in short,

“In all the trusting helplessness of love,”

to sink from the position of his mistress to the loathsome life of

prostitution, because his seduction and desertion has left no other course open to her—who is not ready to make any sacrifice of peace, of fortune, of reputation even, in order to save one whom he has once loved from such an abyss of wretched infamy,—must surely be more stained, soiled, and hardened in soul, more utterly unfitted for the company or the sympathies of gentlemen or men of honour—than *any* coward, *any* gambler, *any* cheat!

There are those—and some such cases are on record—who have met in after years at the corners of ill-famed streets, and have recognised by the light which streamed from the windows of the neighbouring gin-shop, her whom in youthful days they had first led astray from innocence, and then lightly or brutally deserted; and they have described the horror and remorse which seized them as they gazed upon the wreck before them, and listened to the obscene language, the drunken oaths, the ruffianly curses, which now issued from the lips to which they had taught the first soft whispers of illicit love, and contemplated the thick darkness which had now closed over the soul, the first cloud upon whose summer day was due to their unholy solicitations. To men not dead to all feeling, such a meeting must be a punishment almost adequate to their offences. Yet such consequences every deserter voluntarily encounters. We well know the ordinary pleas by which men seek to justify such desertion. We well know that remorse often makes these poor victims fretful, capricious, and unattractive; we know that they often become, as it is natural they should, extravagant, jealous, and exacting. But every man endowed with common feelings of justice or honour, must avow to himself, that when he asked his mistress to give up everything to him, he gave her a claim upon him which nothing subsequent could cancel, which no after unreasonableness on her part could permit him to shake off. He bound himself to be her protector, if not her companion, through life; and, as far as his utmost power extended, to stand between her and all the consequences which, for his sake, she had been induced to brave. To shrink from the performance of his part of the tacit, or the asseverated compact, because he has ceased to value the purchase, or has repented of the bargain, is surely equivalent in dishonour to any of those acts by which a man's social reputation is now irretrievably forfeited.

When once the morality of the world has recovered a healthy tone on this subject, and desertion is branded as unmanly and dishonourable, seduction will become comparatively rare; for men will be chary of contracting obligations which they feel must cling to them for ever. All men will feel then, as the ingenuous and kind-hearted feel now, how sad a mistake it is to

suppose that the chains of illicit love are at all lighter or weaker than those of more public and legitimate connexions. "It never happens," says one of our chief novelists, "to a man of just and honourable feeling, to make a woman wholly dependent on himself, and to shut on her the gates of the world, without his discovering, sooner or later, that he has not only encumbered his conscience, but has more effectually crippled his liberty, and more deeply implicated his peace, than by all the embarrassments of the Church."

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

- 1.—*Reisen in den Niederlanden* (Travels in the Netherlands), Vol. 2, by J. G. Kohl. Leipsig: Arnold. 1850. London: Williams and Norgate.

MR. KOHL is not one of the travellers who are always ready to cry out, like the celebrated tourist who went from Dan to Beersheba, that "all is barren." He possesses in an eminent degree the enviable talent of finding "tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones" (and pretty long ones sometimes), "and good in everything." In the unwearied diligence with which he collects honey from every flower, he is equalled only by the "little busy bee." The splenetic critic calls him a professional fact-collector; and certainly in this he differs widely from many delightful travellers, who never collect any facts at all. We must ourselves, however, plead guilty to having sometimes waxed impatient at the exclusive manner in which he seems to have cultivated his talents for observation, but though we cannot acquit him of occasional lapses into prosiness, we have scarcely ever failed to receive pleasure from his books, or ever laid one of them down without the conviction that our stock of knowledge was increased by it. The country which, in the present instance, forms the principal subject, is in its physical aspect, perhaps, rather trying to one wishing to find the favourable side of things. Holland is, in this respect, somewhat hard to compliment; though those who have remained in it long enough to get over the first displeasing impression, generally find enough to make them ample amends. Perhaps, as Mrs. Malaprop says of matrimony, "it is best to begin with a little aversion."

The perpetual tendency of the water to run into the land, and of the land to run into the water—the enormous expenditure of labour in what we may almost call manufacturing every square yard of soil—induce us, at first, while we marvel at the difficulty of the work, almost to wish that it had been impossible, and that the energy and perseverance of the pithy, sound-hearted race which inhabits this unbeautiful region, had been employed on less ungrateful stuff. But a very little reflection shows us the shallowness of our grumblings, and that these admirable qualities are no mere attributes of race, but prizes gradually won in the brave contest that has been carried on for ages against physical dangers and difficulties, and which have

often been nobly turned to account in a higher sphere. A study of the history and social economy of this remarkable country will almost reconcile us to its outward aspect; and it is much to be regretted that the author of the present work should have confined his attention almost entirely to the latter.

The first subject of quarrel with Holland, and the last, is commonly the climate. The difference in this respect between this and the southern portion of the Netherlands, is far greater than the very trivial difference of latitude would warrant. Belgium is protected to the eastward by the mountains of Central Germany from the keen blasts that sweep over Holland. The latter country itself forms, in some measure, and Britain still more, a bulwark for it from the storms of the north and west; and the character of the landscape, the mode of agriculture, the trees and flowers, the dress and manners of the inhabitants, exhibit most striking differences. In the cities, also, the two countries bear little resemblance to each other; those of Belgium are five hundred years older, and stood at the height of their prosperity before the great towns of Holland were built. They are beyond comparison less prosaic, and more picturesque and varied in their architecture; and in their love of gorgeous ceremonial they bear more affinity to the nations of the south, than to the sober simplicity of their Protestant neighbours.

In almost every Belgian city, besides the festivals of the church, and the celebration of great historical events, there are many occurrences of a merely local importance, which give occasion to popular holidays and general rejoicings—to say nothing of the Feast of Fools, the Feast of the Ass, with Don Quixote and Dulcinea del Toboso. The processions in these various fêtes exhibit as fantastic a variety of *dramatis personæ* as the scenes in the second part of Goëthe's 'Faust.' Goth and Greek, antiquity and the middle ages, history and fable, are jumbled together in admired confusion. Thus, for instance, there appeared in a procession at Antwerp, a "Pryn," a certain fabulous giant of that city; Charlemagne; Tongrus, a son of Priam, from whom the Belgians trace their descent; after him came the Chevalier Bayard, then the four sons of Ammon, whose castle it is known is in Belgium, near Liège; then Neptune, with a train of attendants, and the whole closed by "a dance of Trojans."

"Some of these fêtes are held all over Belgium, others only in a particular city or district; and again, some only concern a particular village, or even a church. Every one of the guilds or trades in the Belgian cities has also its particular festival, which affords the excuse for filling the town with noise and merry-making; and this cannot surprise us when we consider that many a Belgian brewer, smith, or other artisan, has in his time made noise enough in the world, and what an important part many of them have taken in historical events. As the fishermen of Naples boast that their comrade, Masaniello, was, at all events for a week, King of Naples, the weavers of Bruges have their Peter Coning, the hutchers their Jan Breydel, the boatmen of Ghent their Jan Hyoens, all of whom have played a similar part. Of all the trades in the Flemish cities, the richest and most powerful was that of the butchers, and from it alone have proceeded several historically eminent persons, who have exercised no small influence on public affairs.

"In the time of Charles V., the butcher's trade was concentrated in four great families, namely, those of Van Melle, Van Loo, Minne, and Deynoodt. They obtained from the emperor the privilege that none but their descendants in the right line should practice their occupation, and this monopoly of course tended much to the increase of their power and riches. The emperor even, says a tradition, did not think it beneath his dignity to mingle his blood with those of the butcher families. The guilds and trades of Ghent have sent forth still more important men and powerful tribunes of the people than those of Bruges. The great Jacob Von Artevelde, in the thirteenth century, for many years Regent of Flanders, was the chief of the brewers of Ghent; and his rival tribune and enemy, Gerhard Denys, who caused his destruction, was at the head of the guild of weavers. The grocers of Bruges once made one of their princes, who had become troublesome to them, prisoner in their hall; and another time, all the fifty-two trades of the town took up arms, and seized on the person of a future German emperor."

"In Belgium, pleasing and poetical demonstrations of joy in the presence of artists, poets, &c., are quite common even at the present day. I could cite many examples of painters, sculptors, and architects, whose performances have done honour to their country, or, perhaps, of young people who have merely gained one of the prizes awarded in Brussels from time to time to distinguish talent, and who, on their return to their native city, have been received with garlands, and triumphal arches, and general illuminations. In a Belgian city living genius, even in our prosaic times, can enjoy these beneficent and sweetly intoxicating triumphs; and when it is once dead, the town must be turned topsy-turvy for weeks together. When I arrived in Bruges, for instance, the town was celebrating, by gaities and rejoicings that were to continue for eight days, and by the erection of a statue, the memory of a former genius of their city. He had been by no means of European celebrity—indeed, I heard his name here for the first time, and I have since forgotten it again; but I was told he had been a great mathematician, a great architect, and moreover a great legislator and statesman. Be that as it may, his fellow-townsmen resolved to do honour to his memory on this the three or four hundredth anniversary of his birth. To this end they had sent out invitations far and wide to all who were inclined to take part in their high solemnity; and in order to give the town a festal air, had erected in the principal streets triumphal arches and painted columns, to which were hung wreaths of flowers and leaves, extending the whole length of the street. The 'place' also, on which the statue was to be erected, as well as the great 'Stadthousplatz,' which has seen, perhaps, more ceremonies and pompous festivities than any other in Europe, was richly decorated with arches, garlands, paintings, and wooden monuments got up for the occasion in the richest style, and painted and arranged with so much taste, that this circumstance alone proclaimed the practice of, and capacity for, art so often found in a Belgian city. It is very doubtful whether any German town would have been equally capable of arranging so graceful and classically decorated a scene."

Archery meetings, horse races, *joutes des bateliers*, and contests of skill among wrestlers, fencers, musicians, and singers were also held, and the streets filled with joy and animation in the name of this much honoured mathematician, whose name Mr. Kohl has so unpardonably forgotten.

"For eight days Bruges exhibited almost as great a throng of men and horses, and flags and flowers, as in the golden days when Philip the Good held a tournament here, and instituted the Order of the Golden Fleece. When I afterwards passed through it, the town was as dead as it now usually

is: a few solitary individuals were gliding through its long and picturesque streets, and flocks of crows were as usual wheeling their flight round its lofty church steeples. It was again the silent, insignificant, but poetical and antique, Bruges of our own day."

Of all the great cities of Belgium, Bruges is the one that has retained most unaltered its ancient physiognomy. "It is," says Mr. Kohl, "just such a well-embalmed mummy as Venice." Its public places present the same features as they did four hundred years ago, and Charles the Bold and Philip the Good, could they revisit it, would find themselves quite at home. With respect to art, it was the "Athens of the North," and the Dutch, Flemish, and Low German schools of painting had here their birth. The most interesting phenomena that the traveller observed on the rather dreary road between Bruges and Ostend, was the gradual dying out of all arboriculture on the approach to the sea. The remains of forests, and considerable parks, may be met with up to the distance of about eight miles from the coast, but then they cease altogether. In the neighbourhood of Antwerp are the last traces of woods on the Schelde. Seeland and the whole extent of Dutch Flanders are perfectly treeless and naked; as well as the remainder of the coast as far as Calais. The same effect is observed on the coasts of Jutland and Schleswig-Holstein, and is attributable in both cases to the violence of the storm winds from the west, and to the quantity of salt with which they are impregnated. Wherever, in isolated spots, protection can be afforded from the winds, trees may be made to flourish to a certain extent.

The principal channel of communication between Flanders and the north of Holland is by the arms of the Schelde and Maas, between the islands of Seeland, and especially by steamers from Antwerp to Rotterdam.

"This is one of the most interesting trips that can be made, since it leads you through a most peculiar country, inhabited by an equally peculiar people. The name of Seeland it bears with perfect right, since it is certain that it has been produced by the reaction of the sea against the outpourings of the rivers, within a period, which, speaking geologically, may be called recent. In the interior of Flanders and Brabant may be seen a far-stretching line of sand-hills or dunes, which mark the ancient limits of the sea, and beyond which Seeland has grown up. The coast line has now, perhaps for some thousands of years, lain forty miles beyond, and each external island of the Archipelago has retained a piece of the newly-formed chain of dunes. The islands of Walcheren, North Beveland, Schouwen, Over Flakke, are all furnished on the side towards the sea with a crescent-shaped dune, that gradually declines at either end, and loses itself towards the land. The islanders of course endeavour to preserve these bulwarks by every means in their power, and wherever any breach has been made in them, have used astonishing exertions to repair it. Thus, for instance, a break that occurred in the dune at the western extremity of the Island of Walcheren, has been filled by the celebrated dyke of West Kapelle, which has cost millions; but in many instances the might of the ocean has been too great for every resistance that could be opposed to it, and swept away trees, houses, men, and cities, 'as one might stroke off the colours from the wing of a butterfly.'"

This archipelago belongs doubtless to the least known and most

seldom visited districts of Europe. In this respect it may be compared to the Western Isles of Scotland, and the northern extremity of Jutland, where a traveller is far more rare than in the more distant Norway. The people of Holland speak of it in a contemptuous tone, as the English do of Ireland—and yet have these sea-lands given to their country some of its noblest citizens; the De Ruyters and other Admirals who carried their country's renown to its highest pitch; the poet and Grand Pensionary Kati; and moreover, Benteli, universally venerated in Holland as the founder of the herring fishery.

But it is not only to the mind's eye that this passage presents points of interest. The daily repeated spectacle of the ebb and flood of the tide produces here very remarkable effects.

"All Seeland, with its islands, resembles a great sponge that is twice in the day filled to saturation and twice squeezed out dry. We had left Antwerp with the commencement of the ebb, and the waters of the Schelde vied with our steamer in the rapidity with which they rushed out. Great streams came hastening from the East and West Schelde to pour themselves into the sea. All the waters were in motion—every fleet and canal and ditch, and their myriads of minute ramifications, were streaming out like the streets of a city after a violent rain. It was such a spectacle as Noah must have witnessed at the termination of the deluge. All around dry lands were growing up before our eyes, and increasing every moment in extent; every island we passed was surrounding itself rapidly with a broad girdle of sandy foreland, which became immediately covered with a busy population searching for crabs and other animals that the sea had left behind it. As we sailed into the East Schelde, large tracts of the long-since overwhelmed district of South Beveland emerged from the flood like the mutilated fragments of some dead giant's body. Places in the mud were pointed out to us where once had stood blooming villages, and we could distinguish the deep furrows of the canals that had once borne ships upon their bosoms. The sea-dykes seemed to grow giant high; the bulwarks, bridges, and long rows of piles rose as on pedestals, and the vessels sunk down and almost hid themselves between the high banks."

The passage from Antwerp to Rotterdam is one of twelve hours, and there is therefore opportunity to observe the striking change of scene produced by the opposite phenomenon of the flood tide.

"At the commencement of the change there appears for a short period a kind of stagnation. Then the sea begins gently to roll back again, but meeting with the fresh water streams, that are endeavouring to make their way, a struggle arises that is sometimes so violent as to be dangerous to vessels. But by degrees old ocean conquers—he heaves up his shoulders and enters triumphantly at every gate in the country. All the canals, great and small, are filled to the brim—every watery vein swells high. The broad barren sand banks dive again and hide beneath the liquid mantle thrown over them, yielding again to the dominion of their mighty ruler. Seekers after oysters and crabs, loiterers on the strand, fly quickly before his advance, and hide themselves behind their dams and dykes. The islands shrink at once to half their previous extent. Tongues of land that for the last few hours have appeared firmly connected with the continent, undergo a sudden change and become islands. The moles and harbour dykes that have towered up in such colossal proportions, dwindle down again to insignificance. Rivers and arms of the sea rise up to the top of the dykes. Our vessel lifted high up on the bosom of the swelling waters, moves on majestically, looking down like a giant on

the country below. It is scarcely possible to resist an anxious feeling when you see how, rising a few feet more, the sea might swallow up the whole landscape ; hut regularly, at the appointed hour, the waters receive the command, and begin their retreat, and instead of destruction, we see the awakening of renewed life. Throughout the whole district of Seeland, high water produces such a general renewal of activity, as the turning on of the steam in a cotton factory that sets every wheel and limb of the vast machinery in motion. Since there is everywhere a rise of from ten to fifteen feet, little ditches that at ebb tide could hardly float a small boat, become navigable for large vessels ; ships that had been lying mournfully on their sides on the sand, rise up and recover themselves like sick men restored to fresh air, and at length free themselves from the clammy soil, and float triumphantly on the clear element. On every shore and in every harbour busy preparations are going on ; and craft of all sorts and sizes release themselves from the shore, spread their sails, and waft their goods or their passengers conveniently from place to place ; and the large sea-going vessels that have been lying at the mouths of the river, move forward with swelling sails and swim majestically into port."

The Dutch painters have not failed to remark and take advantage of the many picturesque effects produced by the varying states of the tide, especially of the ebb.

It has been remarked that the love of Nature often manifests itself most strongly in those who are debarred by circumstances from its unlimited enjoyment. The fondness for flowers, for ornamental landscape, and all analogous tastes, which have become a distinguishing characteristic of refined civilization in modern Europe, and peculiarly of England, have originated with the inhabitants of towns. In general, the agricultural classes are, of all others, least sensible to the beauty of Nature, and often scarcely more so than the cattle grazing round them ; the inhabitants of the countries most richly endowed, as the generality of the Swiss, for instance, appear to derive less pleasure from the magnificence of the scenery spread out daily in their sight, than the dwellers in lands which can boast few higher attractions than a sparkling river and a green field. The charms of Holland—if the term be admissible—are altogether of a homely and prosaic character, but they are cherished with all the greater fondness by the dwellers among them. The Dutchman, however we may quarrel with his taste in the decoration of his villa, manifests very unequivocally his own pleasure in it ; and when fog and rain, and piercing winds drive him in-doors, he finds a consolation in the painted landscape, that reminds him of the brief period of out-of-door enjoyment, and in which the skill of the artist has seized, and transferred to his canvass, those fleeting moments of exquisite beauty that may be seen at times wherever there is open sky and water. Holland may, indeed, be considered as the native home of landscape painting, while Switzerland has not produced a single artist of any eminence. Even the town life of the Dutch, and of the people of kindred origin and habits of life, in the cities of North Western Germany, is in many ways brought into closer connexion with Nature, than elsewhere. Their fisheries are often carried on almost beneath their windows ; their ships come direct from the ocean to their own house door ; and nothing is more

common than for the artisans of the town—shoemakers, tailors and tinmen—to carry on at the same time one of the most primitive occupations of human society, that of cattle-breeding.

“In Upper Germany cattle-breeding is mostly carried on in the villages, which furnish the great towns with produce of this kind. Even in Switzerland herds of cattle and horses are kept on distant pastures, and entirely banished from the towns; but in Lower Germany it is otherwise. In the town of Bremen, for instance, there is a great pasture ground, called the Burghers’ Cow Pasture, which lies close to the gates of the town, and is even partly surrounded by the houses of the suburbs. Here graze thousands of oxen and cows belonging to the citizens; and the maid servants come out daily to milking, in the morning and evening; and on Sundays, the owners with their families walk forth to view their cattle, and observe the condition of the grass—the pasture forms also the favourite play-ground of the children. In winter the cows are driven into the town, and accommodated in very curious cow-houses in kitchens and cellars, where they low and calve as in the tents of the Arabian patriarch. In the spring, the day when the cows, calves, and horses are again driven out to the flowery meadow, is as regular a festival for some classes of the citizens, as the return of the herds to the mountains is for the dwellers in the Alps. The herdsmen usually have their abode in a handsome farmhouse on the pasture, and carry on business at the same time as landlords, furnishing fresh milk and butter to visitors. Almost every Dutch town is provided with one of these common pastures; and one has scarcely caught sight of its towers before one sees also the numerous herds of sleek, party-coloured cows, lying scattered like flowers about the grass. Paul Potter and Berghem, the Theocritus of Flemish painters, were sons of these cattle-breeding town tradespeople.”

Among other instances of the Dutch fondness for natural objects, Mr. Kohl mentions the tenderness and respect shown to the stork, which has become domesticated in the very midst of their cities.

“One bird I must mention which is held sacred in the Netherlands, where it has found a second home, and lends more charm to their landscape than any other, and which for that reason the Dutch painters have most frequently represented. The stork every year finds its way from the Delta of the Nile across the Alps to the Delta of the Rhine. Here, and in all the lowlands of north-western Germany, from the mouth of the Elbe to that of the Schelde, it is more at home than in any other part of Europe. This noble bird, which attaches itself so willingly to man, confidently builds its nest almost on every house—near every chimney, not only in the village, but even in the midst of the bustle of great towns. Birds in general seem more at home in the Dutch towns than in ours; and in the Hague, as is well known, they have built a residence for the storks in the middle of the market-place, where its occupants stalk about very composedly through the throng of buyers and sellers: so that, besides adorning the landscape, the storks have the merit of contributing to awaken a taste for Nature in the town-born children.”

The Trekschuyt passage from Amsterdam to Utrecht is one of the most celebrated in Holland. It lies through a country covered with a network of canals, and thickly sown with villages and country houses, and affords the best opportunity of becoming acquainted with the peculiarities of Dutch landscape. It begins in the broad basin which is formed to the south of Amsterdam by the expansion of the Amstel, and which constitutes the chief port for the internal trade of the

country. The great bulk of the produce of the Rhine countries and Lower Germany exported from Amsterdam, reaches it by this watery road by the way of Utrecht, as well as what returns to them from the ocean; and as the boats with vegetables and country produce from the neighbouring districts—the immense cargoes of fuel from the great turf-moors arrive in the basin, and a crowd of *trekschuyts* or passenger-boats are always lying there at all hours of the day—its surface is constantly crowded, and presents a scene of animated though quiet bustle. Strictly speaking, there are not more than two great land roads to Amsterdam; all the other channels of communication here concentrated are canals, small rivers, and their numerous ramifications; and of the thousands who appear daily in the streets and market-places of the city, by far the greater number reach their own homes, even their own doors, by water. From the great canals run small branches to every village, and from these again still smaller twigs to every house.

“ We were not at all surprised to find the *trekschuyt* that was to carry us to Utrecht crowded with men, animals, and goods. On all these boats there are two places—the great body of the vessel called ‘*het ruim*,’ for the ‘million,’ who look more to cheapness than convenience; the other, a little covered cabin, ‘*het roof*,’ (the roof), for those who are rather more fastidious in their company and accommodation. In this little cabin, with the lamp lit, a map of the country spread out upon the table, and the company of a friend from Paris to talk about Dutch landscape, Dutch painters, and the increased diffusion of German literature in that city, I passed the night very agreeably, from time to time mounting upon our roof to contemplate the silent country around us. There was no noise on board our vessel—not a sound in nature to disturb the most profound contemplations. Our steersman stood the whole night in his place, like a pillar, watching every turn of the canal, and every motion of the vessel. Our *huntsman*, as the man is called who rides the horse along the towing-path, jogged on no less steadily, giving no other sign than the glimmering spark from the pipe in his mouth, or an occasional puff of light smoke; the changing of horses at the various stations passed also in almost complete silence; the people murmured a few words in each other’s ears, like sleepy sentinels relieving guard; and then we heard the advancing step of the fresh horse, and the slower tread of the weary one returning to his stable, and again moved on our noiseless way. . . . People who do not like noise have said and sung much in praise of the gondolas of Venice, and her silent, watery streets; but in the Netherlands you find the communications, not merely of a city, but of a whole country, performed in the same quiet way; and many a scene, as beautiful as any that could be formed out of Venetian gondolas, presents itself to the observant eye in this picturesque mode of transport on the Dutch canals.

“ How many incidents, also painful to our compassionate feelings, does the inequality of ground in our mountain districts, and the position of our inland towns bring with it. How does the waggoner toil to bring his colossal wain up our steep ascents, while the dozen horses harnessed to it, panting and coated with dust and sweat, struggle slowly on. How painfully do the poor market people drag along their wearisome burden on their backs, their faces deeply furrowed with the cares of their laborious lives. Or, perhaps, they have taken the dog, the faithful and intelligent guardian of the house, and degraded him into a beast of burden—or, when he proves unequal to the task, harnessed themselves along with him. In Holland the canals have done away

with such hardships. The hugest burdens glide, borne on the water and driven by the wind, easily and conveniently from place to place. Immense hales of goods go slipping along without any trouble, through the heart of the towns, to the very doors of the warehouses. People go by water even to the harvest fields and fetch home the loads of hay and corn in boats. Instead of the reins the driver holds the helm, and instead of the whip to torment poor horses, the oar with which he strokes the cheerfully answering water. Eggs and fruit, vegetables and fish—every article of daily consumption in the towns, sails and glides about in barges. The decent market-women sit on the benches quietly talking together, whilst for the wind that fills their sails the whole burden is but a toy. Even the cattle are here saved the trouble of walking. Floating stalls and cow-houses are built for them, in which they are housed quietly on, and are thereby spared many sufferings that they are exposed to with us. On these watery ways, too, we are spared that everlasting plague of our cities, and roads, and landscapes—the dust. The air of Holland, though moist and foggy, is free from any earthy mixture. On our way from Amsterdam to Utrecht, we glided along the liquid path through a whole gallery of Vander Neers and Berghems, and I believe that these canal-loving artists would have found in their four-and-twenty miles passage, subjects enough to occupy their pencils and themselves and their pupils for their life long. The banks of these watery roads are thickly sown with charming villages, rich country houses, beautiful gardens, flowery meadows, fat pastures, and here and there with little groves.—It was night, and the villages lay stretched, for perhaps two miles along the borders of the canal, sunk in profound repose. Had we been travelling in Germany, the loud horn of our postillion, and our rattling wheels, would have startled the poor people from their sleep, but here we slipped past as silently as the night birds that flutter around their dwellings. Sometimes the level of the canal lay low, and we passed along between the high banks as if through a subterranean passage. Sometimes it was level with the meadows and corn fields, and we moved softly through the grass and the slumbering cattle. What agreeably surprised me was the throng of beautiful country seats and gardens, that seemed to press forward to the water side. Among us the seats of the nobility are mostly withdrawn from the noisy highways, and lie hidden in their parks and woods. Here, from the deck of our boat we could almost touch the parterres and flower-beds through which we were winding our way, and the elegant and palace-like abodes that lay in the midst of them on the banks. On these liquid highways there is neither the nuisance of noise, nor of dust, nor of the wranglings of drivers and postillions to be feared; but, on the contrary, the pleasure of many a pretty moving picture to be enjoyed. Our helmsman was one who never opened his mouth without good cause, but gave a ready and intelligent reply to every rational question addressed to him. He named to us the owner of every palace, or if that expression be thought too stately—of every elegant and pleasant ornamental cottage that we passed, and communicated interesting particulars of the circumstances, occupations, and prosperity of the villages.

“Sometimes it was a *herrenhuis*, (a gentleman’s seat); sometimes it was what is called a *buitenplaats* (an outside seat), that is, the box or villa of a citizen. The names and superscriptions (which we could not indeed read in the night, but which we afterwards found in our Hand Book), expressed, as well as their whole environment and physiognomy, the mode of life and the tastes of their proprietors and occupants. Most of them have reference to the comfort, tranquillity, and satisfaction afforded by a country life, and the enjoyment of the beauties of Dutch Nature. *Last en Rust*—Pleasure and Repose; *Wel Tevreden*—Well Content; *Vriendschap en Gezelschap*—Friendship and Sociability; *Groot genoeg*—Large enough; *Vreugde by Vrede*—Joy with peace;

and the like. In Germany we found few such, and the only other country where I never recollect to have observed, in the names of houses, similar traces of a relish of domestic quiet, hospitality, and good nature, was Switzerland. The banks of the Lake of Geneva, and the environs of Berne and Lausanne, are as thickly set with country houses as the banks of the Dutch canals; but no name or inscription testifies to a love of home and of Nature.

"By the time we reached Zailen, the sun was fully risen, and showed me my Vander Neer moonlight piece in the prose of common daylight; but it lost thereby little of its charm; and at length there lay before us the great town of Utrecht, with its walls and ramparts, towers, battlements, and bridges, and the imposing mass of its cathedral, magnificently illuminated by the morning sun.

"Amidst the hum of the awakening market, and the ringing of bells saluting the sixth hour of the day, we glided into the centre of the city."

With this agreeable and characteristic picture, we must take our leave of Mr. Kohl; and we do so with the wish that, since he seems to have made travelling his vocation, he may betake himself before long to some newer field of observation, in which his faithful delineations would have greater value.

2.—*Histoire Morale des Femmes.* Par M. Ernest Legouvé. Paris: Gustave Sandré. 1849.

THERE is no subject on which simple truth is more rare, or cant of various kinds and unmeaning frothy declamation more common, than on this, of the character and claims of women. That it should be difficult to obtain an impartial verdict in such a cause is, perhaps, not surprising; since we can find neither judge nor jury, who does not belong to the party of plaintiff or defendant.

Many are, we believe, disposed to put down with a strong hand, every suggestion of possible improvement in the condition of women, regarding it as part and parcel of the great rebellious movement against all constituted authority, which is said to be the peculiar wickedness of the age in which we live. "We are no friends to the rights of women," said a Quarterly Reviewer, some time since; "we greatly prefer their wrongs"—forgetting, good easy man, that he might have seen the matter from a different point of view, had the other end of the rod fallen to his share. Others, again, professing themselves the advocates of the weaker vessel, have treated the subject in the "rose-coloured sentimental" style, have expatiated only on the charms, graces and virtues of their clients, and exhibited them through so gorgeous and flattering a medium, that one cannot but think it would be a pity to alter anything in a system that has led to such delightful results, which, as it used to be said on another occasion, "works so well." But then comes the satirist, with his Mrs. Caudles, and Mrs. Nickleby, and a host of others; and the laughter of all England proclaims that on this side also there is truth, and that this type of character is not very uncommon among us—rather less so than the ideal woman of the good-girl books of the 'Women of England' school. Indeed, with every inclination to do homage to the qualities of "woman," as she comes from the hands of Nature, we cannot but

suspect that education, and the customs of society, have often made of her something very different from what Nature intended her to be.

Many in discussing this subject, have given themselves a great deal of unnecessary trouble in endeavouring, as a preliminary, to settle the vexed question of the original equality of intellect between the sexes. It is one in which we confess we take but little interest. Perhaps a few more pages of the world's history must be turned, before it can be accurately determined; and for our present purpose, we should gain most by conceding the point; for, as in the common courtesies of life, the physical weakness of woman is not made the excuse for imposing on them heavier burdens, but often for relieving them even of those to which they are fully equal,—so, if their moral and intellectual strength be less, they should enjoy more of the protecting care of civilized society, one of the great objects of which is to place the weak on a level with the strong. Their education should be such as to develop to the utmost whatever moral and intellectual power they are possessed of; and when compelled to fight the stern battle of life, with stronger, and it may be abler competitors, they should at least have fair play, and have no other difficulties thrown in their way than such as Nature has imposed.

The '*Histoire Morale des Femmes*,' notwithstanding its comprehensive title, is devoted principally to examining the social condition merely of French women; but we have no quarrel with the author on this ground, for the error of most books on the subject has been the suffering the view to wander over too wide a field, and so losing the opportunity of suggesting any practical remedy for the evils complained of. He does not either fall into the common mistake of ignoring any substantial existence in women, and regarding them exclusively in the relations of wife and mother. These would, we think, be often best provided for, by not being made the direct and ostensibly sole object of female culture.

"One fact has always struck and pained me. All the virtues that are cultivated in young girls—all the opportunities of education that are afforded them, have for their object marriage, that is to say, the husband. In her we see and educate only the future wife. Of what use, we hear it said, will this or that talent be to her when she is married? Her personal development is a means, never an end. Does then a woman not exist for herself? Is she not a child of God unless she be the companion of man? Has she not a soul distinct from ours—immortal as ours? Does not the responsibility of her faults, and the merit of her virtues rest with herself? Above those titles of wife and mother—titles transitory and accidental which are broken by death, suspended by absence—which belong to some and do not belong to others—there is for women a title eternal, inalienable, which precedes and rises above all, that of human creature—and as such she can claim the most complete development of mind and heart. Far from us, then, be these objections drawn from our temporary laws. It is in the name of eternity you owe her enlightenment."

The occupations and the duties—the joys and the sorrows of domestic life, however important, do not make up the whole existence of women. Many are called upon to occupy themselves with things lying beyond

the domestic circle; and we cannot but think—though we feel how heterodox is such an assertion—that it is often better for them when it is so, and that their thoughts and affections may be too exclusively confined within the sphere of home. What lies within that small sphere has relations with the boundless universe, and the wife and the mother whose thoughts have never strayed beyond its narrow limits, will be but ill able to perform its noblest duties. But besides—from the lowest, upward through the various grades of society comprehended under the general term of middle classes, great numbers of women are called upon to exert themselves in some way or other for their own subsistence, and not a few also for those who are weaker and more helpless than themselves. All women do not become “happy wives and mothers;” and of those who do, many are at some period or other of their lives thrown again on their own resources and compelled to make their way in the world; not only through all natural obstacles, but also not unfrequently through many others artificially thrown in their way. Now we do not regard the fact in itself of a woman’s having to work for her maintenance at all in the light of a misfortune. The Persian traveller, when taken to visit the Bazaar in Soho-square, was shocked at being told that all those young women were earning their own living, and greatly plumed himself on the superior happiness of the sex in his own country; but many of our countrywomen would perhaps see more hardship in being regarded as domestic animals, and numbered among the goods and chattels of the nearest male relative. We believe that the consciousness of independence brings with it so many sweets, that women labouring for their own subsistence are often in a far more enviable position than others supposed to be greatly more fortunate. All we complain of for them is, that they are subject to unnecessary disadvantages. The number of occupations to which the opinion of society allows them to devote themselves is unreasonably restricted, far more than the necessity of the case demands; and where they are engaged in the same employment as men, their remuneration is often greatly below what is received by their robust associates. A short time ago we took some pains to collect evidence as to the relative rates of wages of men and women employed in the same trades, and almost in every instance it appeared, that for the same work performed in the same time, they received one-third less—sometimes one-half less than men, without any inferiority of skill being alleged. One master, a gardener, declared he gave the women less wages because *they ate less*.

The inquiries of M. Legouvé appear to have led to the same conclusion, with the additional hardship that besides being worse paid, they were obliged to perform the most unwholesome part of the work—this, at least, appears to be the case in France.

“Three great branches of industry comprehend almost all the associated labour executed by women—these are, the manufactures of cotton, silk, and wool. The first presents only two operations that are dangerous—the beating and the preparation of the material. The beating raises a thick cloud of

irritating dust, and brings on the terrible malady called the cotton phthisis. *Almost all the beaters are women.* The dressing of the cloth requires such a temperature that no workman can endure it after he has passed the age of twenty-five or thirty years at most. *The dressers are almost all women.*

"The woollen manufacture has no real danger but in the carding. *The carders are women.* In the manufacture of silk there are two most injurious operations—the drawing of the cocoon and the carding of the floss. *Women only draw and card.* Some seated the whole day, even during the dog-days, near a basin of boiling water, forced to plunge their hands into it every moment, and breathing the infectious emanations from the putrifying chrysolites, are continually affected by putrid fevers, and vomitings of blood. The young girls from the Cevennes, arriving from their mountains fresh, vigorous, in full health and strength, are seized after a few months by tubercular consumption. Out of eight sick women six will be always affected by disease of this kind. But this is not all. Of these mortal occupations there is not one that affords the workwoman a sufficient maintenance. Those who work at the cotton earn from sixteen to eighteen sous a day; at the wool from twenty to twenty-five is the rate; at silk from fifteen to twenty. The workman gets two or three francs a day. If, however, the poor woman were but sure of her eighteen sous! But, no! The working year counts but three hundred days, and even these do not always bring their wages. Manufactories are sometimes subjected to partial reforms and retrenchments. From whom are these made? Always from those who are most poorly paid—from the women. We have not counted their losses from frequent illness, from their periods of pregnancy, and the fatigues of nursing. We have not descended into the most heart-rending sorrows of these poor workwomen. It is sufficient that everywhere we find their gains below the demands of the barest necessity, and everywhere they appear to be diminishing from day to day."

The miserable method sometimes adopted to supply the deficiencies of an occupation by which they cannot live, is here and elsewhere too mournfully notorious. "It is on evidence," says M. Legouvé, "that out of three thousand of the most wretched of their sex, *thirty-five only* had an employment by which they could maintain themselves."

With respect to women belonging to a higher class, the chief grievance is the needless limitation in the number of employments to which they can devote themselves. Families whose sons would follow what are called the liberal professions, cannot, if they would, find occupations for their daughters, that would place them on anything like the same footing.

Of this class in France M. Legouvé thus speaks:—

"Without a portion, and without the means of earning one; excluded by their habits of life from manual labour; excluded from the liberal professions by the laws; these victims are yielded up to be the prey of that frightful and incurable scourge called *ennui*. To suffer pain, to be exhausted with toil, these are evils doubtless, very real evils, but they do not revolt us, for they are the necessary conditions of existence; but *ennui*, that death in life, that aching vacuity, that conscious annihilation, that it is which exasperates and depraves the soul. Well, then! our provinces abound in poor young girls, whom a forced idleness condemns to this torture. If they still have parents, their youth consumes itself before that everlasting needle, that passes and repasses incessantly through that white flat linen—the emblem of their fate.

"From that window, where they sit sewing and embroidering, they see the

girls of a humbler class running to their work of a morning—acting, living—while they, useless to themselves and others, are nailed to their chairs by what they call their position in society. Should they become orphans, they may be seen dragging out their days in making long visits in house after house where they are often little welcome. Sometimes a young relation of their own age, touched with their forsaken condition, will open her house to them and call them sister. But these amiable falsehoods hide a certain impossibility that soon produces discord. Friendship is made for great sacrifices—for impetuous bounds, but these chronic benefits are mortal to it. There is, besides, something in the position of one who always receives and never gives—in the sharing and accepting the opulence of others without labour, a certain want of dignity, which, sooner or later, is perceived by the benefactress. And then the office of companion attracts them by the leisure, the idleness which it permits; in doing nothing, they imagine they derogate less from their social rank. Ah! it is work—work only, that can re-animate these hearts, purify and fill all these existences! God has permitted hard trials on this earth; but he has appointed work, and all is compensated. Serious comforter! it gives always more than it promises, and dries up the bitterest tears. A pleasure unequalled in itself, it is the salt of all other pleasures. All abandons us—wit, gaiety, love; but work is still there, and the deep enjoyments which it procures have the intoxication of passion with the calmness of the satisfaction of conscience. . . . And it is of this good we deprive women. We accuse them of too much imagination, and we leave them to feed on its reveries; we complain of their facility to impression, and we do our utmost to increase that susceptibility. Ah! dispute if you will their rights of succession, envy them even their claims as mothers—but in the name of the God who has created them, leave them the privilege to labour. When the age of passion and pleasure is over, what remains to a woman? Nothing—nothing but to contend miserably against the advance of wrinkles. The soul needs some aliment, if it is not to prey on itself. What is called instruction will not serve the purpose: what is study without an object—knowledge without practice? Instruction enlarges the circle of the wants of women, without bringing anything to satisfy them. You give them thirst, and refuse them drink—for to live is not to learn, but to apply.

“Why should not the immense variety of bureaucratic and administrative employments belong, at least partially, to women? Why should not the inspection of female prisons, of manufactories where women labour, be confided to them? Why should not certain specialties of the medical art be accessible to women? Operative surgery, a science positive and material, requires a boldness of execution, a firmness of hand, a certain force of insensibility, which naturally excludes women from it; but medicine is a theoretical science depending on observation; and who will contest the superiority of women as observers? As a practical science, it depends upon the knowledge of individuals, and who understands so well as a woman the peculiarities of individual character? An illustrious physician said, ‘there are no diseases—there are diseased people,’ and this expression explains the claim of women to the rank of doctor. If, in fact, as experience demonstrates every day, the same malady assumes with different people forms so different, that the remedy that cures the one would kill the other,—if one of the duties of the physician be to study the temperament of his patient, his age, and his character,—women, with their marvellous perception of individuality, would bring to the treatment of the sick a subtle divination—a tact in management of the patient’s mind, to which we could never attain. Nervous disorders especially, those scourges so difficult to seize, which civilization multiplies from day to day, would find in feminine genius the adversary most fit to cope with them.”

We are well aware that these views will, at present, be acceptable to very few; and for a long time to come, the occupation above-mentioned, or that of the governess, will form, for young women not belonging to the lowest classes of society, and not more unwilling, than from various causes unable to descend into them, almost the only outlets from soul-consuming stagnation, if not from miserable dependence or destitution.

"The humble friend, exiled from the house which she had been told to consider hers, has no other resource than to go and bury herself in the miserable condition of a companion. A companion! It cannot be denied that the position of a governess, such as it is made by the absurd pride of parents, is not without bitterness; but at least she has real rights, since she has real duties to perform. She is mistress when she is teaching, and her office carries besides in itself a certain real worth and dignity, which raises her in her own eyes. But a companion!—what is her employment? To amuse. Of what is she the companion? Of *ennui*, of *frivolité*—sometimes of vice. Yet, by a caprice very characteristic, which proves how deeply the contempt for labour, and of those who earn their bread, has entered into the minds of women, a young girl of this class will often prefer to the occupation of governess the degrading post of companion."

The other employments open to them are some branches of the fine arts and literature; but for these it is evident such peculiar natural endowments are required, that they are accessible to very few, and the only one that offers, even in these rare exceptional cases, a way to fortune and distinction at all to be compared with those of the successful professional career of a physician or a lawyer, is surrounded with such objections as make it scarcely worth mentioning. Besides, although brilliant success may easily, as in the case of a Jenny Lind, so far dazzle the world as to make it lose sight of the scruples that involve the stage in irretrievable condemnation, it makes amends to its conscience by turning its back most decorously on others of the same profession on whom fortune has not equally smiled; and who, though inferior in talent, may be equally irreproachable in conduct.

We should not, however, have thought of mentioning the stage as a profession, but that it forms, we believe, the only instance in which the sexes are entirely on a level; or, if there be a difference, the scale may preponderate a little on the feminine side. Of literature it is scarcely possible to speak as a profession, either for man or woman. Many, no doubt, have made, and do make, considerable profit from literary labour; but it is so obviously impossible to calculate beforehand who will possess the kind of talent required, that it would, not without reason, be thought a kind of insanity deliberately to bring up either son or daughter to make letters a profession. An indispensable requisite for what the Germans call a "bread study," is, that it should be one on which an average amount of talent, with industry, should be able to command a moderate amount of success. There is, indeed, one branch of the literary profession, namely, that of the newspaper press, that does in some measure meet this condition, and does afford a tolerably steady and permanent support, and this is precisely the

one from which women are by custom excluded. We must own we cannot see why many of its departments, as well as the humbler employments of clerks and bookkeepers, should not be thrown open to them; but it is difficult to escape from the power of habitual association, and many of our readers will probably consider these suggestions very absurd. We have all heard of the gentleman who declared that five per cent. was the natural interest of money.

From the scarcity of employments adapted to educated women; the greater number of those who are compelled to find a profession, take up, as we have said, whether qualified or not, that of the governess. A great deal has been lately said on the subject of governesses; and frequently a certain compassionate tone adopted in speaking of this class, which has been, we believe, felt by some among them as not the least hardship they have to encounter. To a woman conscious of leading an active and useful life, and maintaining herself in honorable independence, it may appear somewhat hard that, poor though she be, she should be compelled to receive a kind of alms in this sort of gratuitous pity; and it has been suggested by one well qualified to speak for the class to which she belongs,* whether it might not be well to pay governesses a little more, and pity them a little less? So much of the world's respect also depends on the rate at which it pays for services received, that an increase in their remuneration would ensure a corresponding rise in the estimation in which they would be held. But though we throw out this hint for the benefit of those who may be inclined to indulge their compassionate feelings so far as to adopt it, it is obvious that the general rate of remuneration in this, as well as in every other trade or profession, must depend on other causes than the will of individuals. The majority of the employers of governesses, as well as of all other employers, will never pay more than what they consider the "*market price*" that the service can command, without any other consideration than its value to the payer. If any one is found to do more, such extra payment must be regarded in the light of a free gift. The immediate cause of the inadequate payment of governesses is, of course, the excessive competition, from the great number of women in a measure forced into the employment. It is, perhaps, necessary to add, that the evil consequences are not confined to the governesses themselves, but that the duties unwillingly undertaken, and most scantily remunerated, will be inadequately performed; and from the absurdly large demands made on governesses, they will also, it is to be feared, be often led to extend their pretensions beyond their real capability.

It may be thought, perhaps, that in proposing to enlarge so greatly the circle of professional employment for women, before some important reform shall have been effected in their education, we have in some measure inverted the proper order of proceeding. But we own we see small prospect of any great improvement in this respect, until some

* The writer of a paper that appeared a few months ago in '*Fraser's Magazine*.'

better object shall have been presented to female ambition than that of gaining the admiration of "society," or, peradventure, a "brilliant" settlement. This is the root of the evil. Until then, under whatever specious names it may be disguised, the real object in view, in the education of a girl, will be appearance; not what she is, but what she shall be considered to be by others.

We would not, at the same time, be thought to speak slightly of some effort lately made in this direction in the establishment of what are called "Ladies' Colleges." We are, indeed, not sufficiently acquainted with their plans to venture to pronounce any opinion on their merits; but we have the greatest respect for some of the chief promoters of these institutions, and their establishment is in itself a protest against the plans hitherto pursued, and a movement in favour of reform. Their greatest defect appears to be the exclusion of women from the chairs of their teachers—an exclusion, which is both an injury and an insult to the very class which it was their professed intention specially to befriend.

On the subject of female education, our neighbours in France appear to be even behind us. M. Legouvé thinks it necessary to plead for the admission of young ladies to a slight acquaintance with astronomy and natural history. So far at least we have advanced. We, in England, only stipulate for their ignorance of all that concerns their highest interests as individuals or members of society, and of whatever is admitted to form the finest discipline of the intellect. We do not object to a young lady studying geology or botany, or whatever is as remote as possible from human life. We permit her to read history, provided she limits her attention chiefly to the gossip about courts; the wonderful sayings and doings of the queens and princesses of England; the number of wives consumed by Henry VIII., and other such lady-like particulars. But let her beware of endeavouring to understand the theory of morals and of government; the circumstances that influence the social condition of the community, on which depends the happiness or misery of millions of her fellow creatures. Let her beware of this, if she would not be found guilty of political economy. Again, we may, perhaps, if she have a taste that way, permit the exhibition (in medical phrase) of a small dose of moral philosophy in an extremely diluted state; but let her shun, as she hopes to be married, the suspicion of logic. Women are, indeed, commonly said to be by nature bad reasoners; and it might therefore be supposed, that the study by which the reasoning faculty should be improved and strengthened, would be peculiarly necessary for them. We think, too, we have heard of some practical inconvenience sustained by gentlemen blessed with wives inaccessible to argument, whom it was "of no use talking to;" and we have thought, that since women cannot well go through this world without reasoning, were it only about a cap or a pudding, it might be as well to reason well as ill; but omnipotent custom has decided otherwise. To be ever, on subjects of the most vital importance, at the mercy of every plausible absurdity, of every stupid fallacy, is more

"truly feminine," more becoming in the "wives, daughters," and grandmothers of England.

M. Legouvé, however, does not altogether agree in this view of the case.

"The education of women should embrace the whole circle of arts and sciences, with no other rule of exclusion than that of peculiar disposition. There is no fear that the true mental distinctions of the sexes would be lost. As different plants draw from the same soil different juices—as two different beings do not assimilate the same substance from the same aliments, but only what belongs to their particular nature—thus man and woman would not profit in the same manner by the lesson which might yet be profitable to both."

"But take care, cry the advocates of feminine ignorance, take care that in instructing women you are not destroying the family; endeavouring to hide their envious despotism behind the hypocritical mask of homage to the domestic character."

"I tell you, it is in the name of the salvation of the family—in the name of marriage—of the welfare of the household, that I claim for girls a more serious and vigorous education."

"Let us define once for all those venerated titles of wife and mother which have so often been made the instruments of subjection. Certainly no one bows with more respect before those household duties, humble in appearance, sublime in reality, for they may be comprehended in these words—'taking thought for others.' But do these functions comprehend all the duties of the woman? Does the ordering of the dinner, governing the servants, watching over the material well-being of her family, constitute the wife and the mother? Nay, is it only the loving, consoling, praying for them? It is all that, indeed, but it is more still. She must guide, elevate, and consequently she must know. Without knowledge, no wife is truly wife—no mother truly mother. In unveiling to feminine intelligence the laws of nature, we need not seek to make our daughters physicians or astronomers, but to invigorate their faculties by the discipline of science—to prepare them to partake the ideas of their husbands, the studies of their children. It is common to enumerate all the inconveniences of instruction; people forget to number the mortal perils of ignorance. Knowledge is a tie between husband and wife—ignorance is a barrier; knowledge is a consolation—ignorance is a torment, it is the source of a thousand moral faults, and leads the wife a thousand times astray. Why are women devoured by *ennui*? Because they know nothing. Why are others coquettish, capricious, vain? Because they know nothing. Why will one spend on a jewel the price of her husband's labour for a month? Why does she ruin him by debts that she tries to conceal? Why does she drag him about to fêtes that weary him? Because she knows nothing. Because her mind has been nourished on no serious idea. Because the world of intelligence is closed to her. Therefore it is that she flies to the world of vanity and dissipation. Many a husband, who mocks at the learning of women, might have been saved by it from dishonour. Have no fear of its consequences to wives and mothers, it will only render them more worthy of the name. But even should it never serve any such purpose, I say again that women have a right to claim it."

One great merit of the author of the '*Histoire Morale des Femmes*' is, that he does not satisfy himself with mere vague declamation concerning the rights and the wrongs of women, of which we have had enough, but enters into details, and suggests many practical improvements, most of which are as applicable to the women of our own

country as to those of France. He recommends, for instance, that young girls about to adopt the profession of teaching, should choose private or daily teaching, in preference to the situation of a governess resident in a family—"always a kind of servitude."

"Already Paris has more than three thousand female teachers of music—there is not a country town, however small, that has not one or two. Women teach English, Italian, French, even history. I know an aged magistrate who is supported by three daughters; in former days they would have been an overwhelming burden. All three go out in the morning, and do not return till the evening, after ten hours of labour. . . . More than one prejudice, I am aware, still exists against this noble profession; but prejudices will disappear before the wholesome influence of this life of action; and women, purified by the masculine enjoyment of earning their bread, will obtain the right of instruction, and will be worthy of it. Already the Sorbonne is conquered, the grave and masculine Sorbonne—which still excludes women from its courses, and does not think of opening to them its colleges—has at least formed a course and examinations for women, and distributed to them diplomas and honours. Every year, in the month of August, there assemble three Inspectors of the University, two Catholic priests, a Protestant clergyman, the Grand Rabbi, three lady Inspectresses—and before these judges appear a hundred and forty or a hundred and fifty young girls or widows, offering to submit to the most complicated and difficult trials, in order to acquire the right of instructing the lower classes of their own sex. The necessity of establishing a body of teachers among women, and the need they feel of raising themselves by instruction given and received, is manifested under a thousand interesting forms. The daughter of one of our greatest modern poets has passed the examinations of the Sorbonne, merely for the honour of having passed them. The daughter of one of the first public functionaries, a woman of high birth and distinguished mental endowments, has come incognito to seat herself on the benches of the teachers' class. At five o'clock every morning, in the middle of winter, she might be seen coming on foot, let the weather be what it might, to the Corn Market, where the class met; and there, in the midst of a crowd of poor women, who sought in primary instruction the means of existence, she learned the business of a teacher. For what purpose? To have the right, not only of establishing, but of directing, herself, a communal school in the village near her château. She wished to owe nothing to favour; and she therefore concealed the name which would have afforded her easy access everywhere, and submitted to all the consequences of her apparent poverty, in order to exercise, and especially to merit, the functions of a teacher of the people."

In the chapter on "*Les Femmes dans les carrières professionnelles*," we have some interesting anecdotes of some of the earliest efforts made in France in the cause of female education. From the '*Chronicle of the Ursulines*' is taken the account of one of their patronesses, Martha the Worker, otherwise Mademoiselle de Sainte Beuve, the first founder of the Ursulines in France. With a view to educate young girls to fill the office of instructresses to their own sex, she bought, in the Faubourg St. Jacques, a house in which she established the sisters with their two hundred day scholars, and close to it a lodging for herself, with a door opening into the garden, and a window looking on it, whence she could follow with her eye the movements of these "the beloved children of her heart." She would have among her

community no more days devoted wholly to prayer—no more excessive rigours of penance—no more extatic idleness. She rejoiced in the title of “The Mother of the Bees”—a title which was written on her portrait. This, the first establishment of the kind, was formed in or about the year 1594; in 1698, France counted three hundred and ten—most of which arose amidst the most vehement and cruel opposition.

“At Clermont three poor girls in service, who must, one would have supposed, have been entirely occupied with the cares of their poverty, felt themselves animated by the desire of aiding the cause of female education. There was one obstacle to their design: they themselves knew not how to read and write, but they did not allow this to be a hindrance. They learned the first elements from two little schoolboys of twelve years old; and eighteen months afterwards, their united savings paid the expense of the first foundation of Ursulines at Clermont. At St. Dijon, the foundress was a Mademoiselle Françoise de Saintonge, the daughter of a lawyer; and the details of her sufferings would almost fill a volume. At first her father would not consent to her project till he had assured himself by a consultation of four doctors, that to instruct women was not to be regarded as a work of the devil; and then, soon afterwards, he again withdrew it—terrified at seeing the whole town rising up against his daughter, and the very children in the street pursuing her with cries and stones. But Françoise with fifty livres—her whole possession—took a house and retired to it with five young girls, who had joined her at midnight on a Christmas-day. ‘It is here,’ she said, addressing them, ‘we will found the first house of Ursulines at Dijon; but as I have spent all I possessed to pay the rent for a year, we have yet no beds, and we must pass this night in prayer.’ There was, in fact, during the first four-and-twenty hours, neither bed, nor food, nor fire; but the next evening M. Saintonge took pity on them and sent them a meal. Twelve years afterwards the town of Dijon was resounding with cries of joy and festival; the bells were ringing, the streets garlanded with flowers, while from a small house of very humble appearance there issued forth in procession a hundred young girls, clothed in white, with wax tapers in their hands, and led by one magnificently attired in a mantle glittering with jewels, and by the counsellors of the parliament and other officers in their robes of state. The small house, of very humble appearance, was the first asylum of Mademoiselle Françoise de Saintonge—the hundred young girls were her pupils—the procession was advancing towards a magnificent mansion bought by the Ursulines from the town, and the young girl so splendidly adorned was the symbol of the words of the Apostle, “those who teach shall shine as the stars.”

The foundation of the Ursuline establishments may be considered as the first step taken towards female education in France; the instruction bestowed in them consisted, it is true, of little else than catechisms and litanies, but the principle was established that women should be taught, and should be employed as teachers.

It is remarkable that whilst convents have been regarded, not always without reason, as institutions for the promotion of mental and personal slavery, they have in many cases opened to women a freer and nobler sphere of action than their position in the world, in any country, has ever done. A most important chapter of the history of women, is to be found in that of the great religious foundations. We find them there not only acting as the spiritual directors of their communities; and

making laws for the regulation of their lives, but administering estates, carrying on law-suits, drawing up memorials, exercising a vast variety of social, and even political functions.

"The Abbey of Fontevraud shows us, so to speak, a whole series of eminent women in its list of abbesses. The monks of the order stood in relations of subordination, even of obedience, to them. The abbesses chose the confessors for the various houses; they decreed the punishments, civil and ecclesiastical. They alone bore the title of General of the Order; all powers were concentrated in the hands of female rulers. And did this injure the prosperity of the order? By no means. None was ever more prosperous or more illustrious. They had, nevertheless, no lack of enemies; for during six hundred years, and under thirty-two abbesses, there was scarcely one of their privileges that was not attacked by the pride and violence of men, and maintained by the energy of women. It was the first abbess, Petronilla, who, being engaged in a dispute with the powerful bishop of Angers, cited him to appear before the Council of Chateauroux, and there pleaded the cause of her order, and gained it. In 1349, the abbess Theophigenia in the same way vindicated, from the Seneschal of Breton, the right of jurisdiction over her nuns; in 1500, Maria de Bretagne, assisted by the Pope's delegates, drew up, with a firm and skilful hand, a new code of statutes for the order. I have spoken of the Abbey of Fontevraud, but there are hundreds of other instances that might just as well have been cited; for I am not pointing to isolated cases, nor to superior women. Throughout all the religious orders, there are to be found thousands who have displayed the same capabilities. . . . So many evidences are to be found in these annals, not only of the most active charity and the strongest sense of duty—but of practical good sense and talents for business displayed by a vast number of women, during a succession of ages, in the only social career open to them, that they may be thought decisive of the question asked at the beginning of this chapter."

The question is one that may, we fear, prove a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence to many who have had patience with us thus far. Is there any sound reason why women should be excluded from all share in political functions? If there is, we imagine it must rest on one of two grounds. Either, though constituting one-half of the human race, women have no interest in the governments under which they live, and whose laws they are bound to obey; or they are incapable of the degree of intelligence, and the amount of knowledge presumed to be always found in the possession of those who exercise the elective franchise. The first objection, perhaps, few will be inclined to maintain. For the answer to the second, it might be sufficient to look around them on the first mob of independent electors they may happen to meet. A third reason given for their exclusion is, that they are represented politically by their husbands; but this cannot apply to widows, or women remaining unmarried.

It will be, however, time enough to consider this question when we find more than one woman in a thousand or ten thousand, who feels the slightest interest in the subject. Probably some other reforms must be effected first; and we wish merely, fully conscious of the risk we thereby incur of "the world's dread laugh," to enter a passing protest against its being thought more absurd or contrary to nature for a woman to be called on to vote for a member of parliament, than

to be summoned for non-payment of Queen's taxes; to enjoy the right of influencing in the most remote fraction the making the law, than the right, never disputed, of having her head cut off if she should break it. The abstract justice of the question was long ago well stated by Condorcet in a passage quoted by M. Legouvé, though his argument was of course stronger, as it related to a country which admitted universal suffrage.

"In the name of what principle, of what right," he says, "are women in a republican state to be deprived of public functions? The words 'national representation' signifies representation of the nation. Do women, then, form no part of the nation? This assembly has for its object to constitute and maintain the rights of the French people. Are women, then, not of the French people? The right of election and of being elected, is founded for men solely on their title as free and intelligent beings. Are women, then, not free and intelligent? The only limits now placed to that right are the condemnation to an infamous punishment, or minority. Are women, then, to be regarded as criminals, or are they all minors? Will the argument be taken upon the ground of the corporeal weakness of women? In that case we ought to make our candidates pass before a medical jury, and reject all such as have the gout every winter. Shall we object to women their want of instruction, their deficiency in political genius? It appears to me that many of our representatives manage to do without either. The more we interrogate common sense and republican principles, the less reason shall we find for excluding women from political existence. The capital objection, that which is found in all mouths, and which carries with it at first an appearance of solidity, is, that to open to them the career of politics, would be to snatch them from their families. In the first place, this does not apply to women who have never been wives, or who have ceased to be such; and if it were decisive in this case, it would be equally so against all trades and professions; for they snatch women from their families by tens of thousands, whilst political functions would probably not engage a hundred in all France."

But however difficult it may be for an advocate of universal suffrage to oppose any theoretical objection to these arguments, even M. Legouvé ("*Et tu Brute!*") considers that the experiment made during a brief period in '93, was fatal to the proposal of admitting women to any share of direct and acknowledged influence in the body politic. Yet, when we consider what had been the character and position of women in France before the revolution, and how during that time "madness ruled the hour"—for both sexes, and for all classes of Parisian society—it is not easy to see how an experiment tried under such conditions can be considered conclusive, or why it should be more so in the case of the women, than of the male participants in the absurdities and excesses related.

We should certainly not think that the behaviour, whatever it might be, of a body of slaves suddenly broken loose from every restraint, and mad with intoxication, afforded a just criterion by which to judge of the propriety of extending political rights among the working classes.

One favorite sophistical device adopted by those who endeavour to throw ridicule on the idea of admitting women to any share in the privileges claimed by men, merely as such, without any reference to

character or intelligence, is to throw in what is perfectly reasonable among many manifest absurdities, and represent them as all standing on the same ground. Thus, a most deservedly popular writer, in a recent number of the 'Household Words,' speaking by the mouth of the "Raven of the Happy Family," declares with becoming indignation, that his mistress is no longer content to be the "solace of his master's home," but desires to vote at elections—to sit in Parliament—to hold commissions in the army and navy, &c.

Do these things stand at all on the same footing? Would the exercise of the elective franchise once in four or five years, be likely to prevent any woman from being the solace of her husband's home? Would not this public recognition of her claims as an intelligent member of society, or any other measure that would equally tend to raise the character of women, greatly contribute to the *solace* of many a home, by giving the wife and the mother some better object to fill her vacant hours than unnecessary shopping and silly idle visiting? The cry raised on all such occasions of the danger to domesticity involved in the smallest improvement, is like that of danger to the British constitution, of so panic-inspiring a nature, that people echo it without stopping to inquire whether any such danger really exists. In days gone by, people saw the same danger to the female character and the happiness of home in the decline of household spinning; more recently, the happiness of our homes and hearths was centred in plain needlework; now the welfare of the family is mysteriously connected with Berlin wool, and the harassed husband finds in "crotchet" his consolation.

M. Legonvé suggests that part of the difficulty might be got over by allowing women to enter on social and political functions only at a mature age, when the more pressing domestic duties may be supposed to be fulfilled; and he cites many examples of the practice from nations of antiquity, not supposed to have erred by forming too high an estimate of what the female character might attain to.

"Far from these new functions occasioning any breach of the thousand times sacred duties of wife and mother, they might be rather their crown and reward. Plutarch relates that our ancestors, the Gauls, called into their councils in certain grave circumstances, the *élite* of the women of the nation. Lycurgus gave to virtuous women a part in great public deliberations; the festivals of Proserpine and Ceres, at Athens, reserved certain religious functions for wives and mothers of spotless reputation; and imagination, figuring these Athenian Theismophoria, rests with respect on an assembly of experienced women, who after twenty years of conjugal and maternal virtue, see at the moment when their duties as mothers are concluded, a new career open before them in appropriate public offices. Thus may be filled usefully that mature age at present so empty and desolate; thus may women become citizens, not by ceasing to be women, but because they are women; thus may the family and the state reciprocally strengthen each other."

But these were barbarians and heathens. Of course we are not going to follow their example. In enlightened Christian England, the phrase "old woman" has become a term of opprobrium. For the present,

however, we should be well content to waive the discussion of any such knotty points as this, if we could obtain for women free access, in the measure of their faculties, to a greater number of industrial and liberal professions. Some advance towards this desirable change may be made by women themselves. As Mr. O'Connell was wont to observe to his "hereditary bondsmen"—

"Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow."

The figure of speech is one we should apologise for, perhaps, in the case of ladies, but we have not another at hand; and we would seriously urge them not to be deterred by petty motives—which often, if probed to the bottom, will be found to arise from vanity—from claiming a share in the soul-purifying influences of serious occupation. Youth, and beauty, and opulence, may bestow a transient grace upon idleness; but opulence is the lot of few, and youth and beauty have mostly passed away before the period when, with the other sex, the serious business of life has well begun. Let fathers of families who would rightly think they incurred a heavy responsibility in leaving their sons unprotected with a profession, ask themselves if it is well that the worth and happiness of their daughters' lives should be wholly dependent on the chances of marriage, or that women should be taught to live wholly in their affections, yet provided with no refuge from the storms to which the region of the affections is peculiarly liable, and no opening to that higher region of intellectual culture where no storms can come?

3. *Storia d'Italia narrata al Popolo Italiano*, vol. 5. By Giuseppe la Farina. Florence: Poligrafia Italiana. London: Rolandi.

IN the present state of Italian literature, we need make no apology for recurring, on the appearance of a new volume, to a work, the extent and value of which might in any case claim a larger space than in any single number we could spare to it. The last volume we noticed closed with the death of Charlemagne, and the dismemberment of his empire; the present brings us to an epoch of very different character—to the rise of those wonderful republics which, during several ages, shed over Italy a glory, now long quenched in night, but whose radiance is still faintly reflected from the heaven of art. We are too apt, in considering the fate of nations, to be misled by the false analogy often drawn between the body politic and the body natural. Nations, it is said, have, like individuals, their periods of youth, maturity, and decay; and it need excite in us no more surprise to find them at one time in health, vigour, and beauty, and at another bowed down in weakness, decrepitude and decline, than we feel at seeing a similar change pass over an individual man; and this appears so plausible and convenient a mode of accounting for a difference that would otherwise demand a laborious investigation, that it has been very generally received without further question. But the two cases are not really analogous. The same forces which contribute to the growth of a living man, by con-

tinuing their action ultimately produce his decay ; but no such forces are at work in the body of a nation. Here every case of decay and death is a case of disease or of murder, and should be "sat upon" accordingly ; and no unskilful doctor or criminal assailant should be allowed to shelter himself under the supposition that such a result was to be naturally looked for. In the instance of the Italian Republics, the most fatal of the complication of maladies and injuries to which they fell victims, may be traced from the day of their birth.

"The young disease, that should subdue at length,

Grew with their growth, and strengthened with their strength."

The cities began their political life by reducing to obedience to their laws the feudal castles around them, and compelling their noble owners to become citizens, to "accept the habitation," and to serve the city at certain times and under certain fixed conditions. By this means the wealth and grandeur of the city was of course greatly increased, but the young community was infected with a thousand peccant humours of faction, that afterwards broke out into dangerous and fatal disorders. But we can hardly, nevertheless, attribute their conduct in this instance to any blameable want of foresight. Could the consequence have been foreseen by the men of that age, it would not have been possible, perhaps, for them to avoid it ; for they found themselves girded by the feudal castles of the nobility as by a chain of iron, which it was absolutely necessary to break, that the life within might have room to develope itself ; and as they had not strength for the destruction of their enemy, they were compelled to come to a compromise with him. The first efforts of the young republics were directed much more against the power of the nobles than against that of the monarchs ; in some instances, to execute their intentions, they even supported themselves on the royal authority : and every city, and every village, had its own separate struggle to carry on, its own lord to resist, its own yoke to break.

The liberty they obtained must not be judged by modern ideas, for what we call freedom has little in common with what that term signified in the middle ages. The words "equality and fraternity," and the ideas they represent, were not then born. The people contented themselves with accumulating franchises and privileges, without ever attending to principles or troubling themselves about theories ; we find in those times no disputes about sovereignty or legitimacy ; and thus the liberty of the communes was the sum of concessions obtained in various ways, purchased or extorted ; and the emperors and kings believed they made a good bargain by selling, for their weight in gold, the rights that they could not any longer have retained. The nations of the middle ages never quarrelled with them about words ; they yielded as to the form, but never in the substance. A community rose against its bishop, its count, or its feudal lord—they fought ; and if the commune gained the victory, he came to an agreement, and then the liege lord *granted* the rights that he could not refuse, and the people accepted as grace and favour what they had conquered by force of arms. The same

thing happened in the contests between the cities and the emperors. In our days, the principles represented by governments are better understood, and they are generally willing to form alliances in accordance with them. The free are aware that it is to their interest to support freedom in others, and absolute governments are ready to combat freedom wherever it makes its appearance, or even where its approach is only suspected, for they know the danger to their own existence which it involves; but in the middle ages liberty was a fact and not a principle. A feudal lord, if it seemed likely to turn to his interest, would favour the liberty of a neighbouring commune, and assist it to break the yoke of its seigneur; a free commune, if its material advantages demanded it, would give its gold and its blood to deprive a sister city of the rights in which she herself gloried. But even in this there was progress. From the individual selfishness of feudalism, municipal selfishness was a step in advance. "Family, castle, city, province, nation, humanity at large, are the concentric circles of every human development; and if we have reached an era in which nations breathe instinctively the spirit of nationality, we shall not for this despise our forefathers for having limited their desires to the welfare of the commune—on the contrary, we owe gratitude to those who, by making the first steps, rendered succeeding ones possible."

The growth of the free communities of Italy was greatly promoted by the wars between the papacy and the empire. In this long contest, and in the disputes that arose out of it, they were often called in, and as each party had need of their assistance, each felt the necessity of rendering to them some account of their actions, and of gaining their good will. At the same time, nobles and bishops, excommunicated by the pope, or declared rebels by the emperor, found themselves obliged to surrender to the cities a part of their privileges in return for the protection they required.

Sometimes the general ignorance of history was skilfully turned to account. A city, after having for one or two generations appropriated to itself a right (which it was often easy to do amidst the contentions that were going on), alleged in its favour "long custom," and declared that its possession of the right dated from the remotest ages.

Thus Landolfo the Elder, writing his history about the year 1080, declared that Milan had been a free city *from the time of St. Ambrose* (in the fourth century), and there was no one to contradict him. In the Crusades, the nobles sold a part of their privileges and their possessions to obtain the means of passing to the Holy Land; and to pay the men in their service; and, by remaining long at a distance, gave the people the opportunity of becoming seigneurs in the possession of their franchises, and extending them still further. Besides this, the many wars carried on at the time in Italy, Germany, and the East, contributed not a little to the development of liberty. The common dangers of the field, and the common abode in the camp, diminished the distance between class and class. The lord fought by the side of his vassal; and round the *surrounding*, or the standard of the cross, ran the blood of the bishop and the count, mingled with that of the merchant, the villager, and the artisan. The community of victory and defeat created also a community of

interests and affections, bound hearts together, and rendered possible the unity of the community."

M. La Farina differs from Sismondi in some of the views which he takes concerning the Lombard League. The celebrated author of the *History of the Italian Republics*, ascribes to a want of sufficiently mature civilization their neglecting to seize so favourable an opportunity as the period of their resistance to Frederick Barbarossa, and their alliance after the death of Henry VI. for forming a lasting confederation, which might have served as the nucleus of a great federative Italian republic.

"The conception of a federal constitution," he says, "is one of the most elevated and abstract ideas that are produced by the study of political combinations. The science of social order has no task more difficult than to assign in the federative system the just limits between the rights of cities and those of the League. The latter often require prompt and immediate sacrifices, in compensation for which the individual state can only hope for remote and contingent advantages. It is therefore no wonder, that men, scarcely civilized, who abhorred the social bond to which they were constrained,—who confounded the idea of their own safety with that of the independence of their city,—should be unwilling to limit their independence, and should reject the thought of submitting to a congress of strangers the rights of peace and war, of the imposition of taxes and of expenditure, when they had but just obtained possession of them for themselves. We may pity them for not knowing better how to profit by their position; but we must excuse them for not having been able to raise themselves to the ideas which have often escaped the meditations of people greatly more enlightened."

From this view M. La Farina dissents, and alleges that it would be absurd to suppose the rude mountaineers of the Alps, at the time when they formed their glorious Swiss Confederation, more civilized than the sons of Milan, of Padua, Bologna, or Florence. We agree in the fact, but cannot admit that the ignorance of the Swiss, of the mere external decorations of Italian life, their living in cottages, and throwing away the diamond of the Great Mogul, would necessarily imply a mental condition, in substance far below that of the dwellers in the marble palaces of Italy, or less capable of the self-control which the federative union requires. True civilization cannot, indeed, be supposed to exist apart from a certain amount of progress in the material arts, but it cannot be measured by them. He probably suggests, however, the true explanation, when he says—

"Federative governments always arise when free nations are threatened by a common and powerful enemy. The Lombard League lasted as long as the fear of Frederick Barbarossa caused every other fear to be forgotten. When that diminished, the cities of the League began to contend among themselves, and to aim at mutual conquest. The position of the Swiss when resisting Austria, as well as of the Americans, who in times nearer our own revolted from England, was in other respects also quite different from theirs. They were poor communities surrounded by wild and desert lands, and could not therefore be assailed by the fatal need of conquest. If a state prospered, and required expansion of territory, it found abundance of uninhabited mountains and valleys. But with us every foot extended had to be planted on the frontiers of its neighbours, and the conquest of a little village, of a miserable

castle, of a span of earth, has often cost to an Italian city rivers of blood. Switzerland could live contented; being under no necessity of conquest it was obliged to live united, for the enemy was close at hand to take advantage of any dissension; the Americans might conquer if they pleased, without interfering with other states of the confederation, and in their case the enemy was so very distant that it was impossible for it to employ the ordinary means of corrupting and dividing a nation. The position of Italy was different; the enemy was not so far as to take away from the factious the hope of support, nor yet so near as to keep them united from fear. If a Swiss town had declared for the Austrians, it would have pronounced its own sentence of subjection. Had an American city returned to its allegiance with England, it would have been ruined before its friends could afford it any assistance; but an Italian city siding with the Emperor, did not change even its municipal government. The whole affair was reduced to an oath of allegiance and an investiture."

The author is of opinion, also, that the Italian cities would at the time have gained little by forming themselves into a federative state. A confederation is a defence against an outward foe, but not against the internal corruption of the citizens. This it was which occasioned their destruction, and against this evil a league would have been worse than useless. Its strength would have been employed, as in the case of Berne, in Switzerland, to put down every attempt of the body of the people to resist the power of any party that had gained the ascendancy.

The more important cities of Italy, during the period of their greatness, could also scarcely feel the necessity of a confederacy, which is generally the refuge of the weak.

"A handful of Lombards had resisted the power of Frederick Barbarossa. Sienna alone had closed her gates on Henry VI. Pisa had obliged the Greek emperor to pay her tribute. Genoa had made the whole East tremble, and of the Herculean power of Venice (in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries) I need not speak."

To this portion of the '*Storia*' we will now turn for some passages that may serve as specimens of the descriptive powers of the author, though we shall be under the necessity of condensing them.

"Venice was at that time at the height of her power. Her markets were the depôts of all the most costly productions of Asia, Africa, and Europe; the rendezvous of the most industrious men of all nations. The winged lion waved over the cities of Istria and Dalmatia. A fleet of two hundred Venetian vessels had met, in victorious conflict—Greeks, Saracens, and Normans. Genoa and Pisa had yielded the dominion of the Adriatic to the republic of St. Mark. Her vessels, transporting the Crusaders to the Holy Land, returned laden with the rich merchandise of the East; and while the warriors of Christendom poured out their blood for the tomb of the Saviour, Venice took up arms to obtain a factory or a sea-port; she was known to have treated on friendly terms with Mussulman princes, and was even suspected of furnishing arms and stores to the enemies of Christianity.

"The accusation often made against the Venetians of postponing all other objects to those of commercial advantage, was by no means unfounded; but during the dogeship of Henry Dandolo, his chivalrous character threw round the city of the sea a ray of higher glory. In the spring of 1201, there arrived

at Venice certain ambassadors from the great barons of France, and others who were about setting forth on a new crusade, to ask the assistance of the republic, both in the military part of the expedition, and for the supply of vessels and things needful for it. A general assembly was convened in the church of St. Mark, at which ten thousand citizens were present, as well as the whole magistracy of Venice; and as soon as mass was over, Geoffroy of Villehardouin (the historian) rose, and advancing towards the middle of the church, declared with a loud voice, that they had been sent to implore the Venetians, 'since no other maritime people could have the power that resided in them,' to have pity on Jerusalem, and aid the barons and signors of France to take vengeance for the injuries of Jesus Christ.

3. "Then the deputies fell on their knees, and weeping, extended their supplicating arms towards the assembly of the people, who, moved at the sight, also burst into tears, and exclaimed, 'We grant it!—we grant it!'

"The aged doge ascended his porphyry tribune, and said to the people, with deep emotion, 'Dear signors, you perceive the honour of which God has rendered you worthy. The most courageous men of all nations, and all the princes of the earth, have chosen you for companions in an enterprize as glorious as holy!' He then read to them the treaty that he had made with the Crusaders, and prayed his fellow-citizens to approve it in the form required by the law; and the whole people rose, and cried as with one voice, 'We consent to it!' An immense multitude filled the place of St. Mark, and when the French ambassadors, with the crosses on their mantles, appeared in the midst, with the doge and his councillors, the religious and warlike enthusiasm rose to such a height, that, in the expression of Villehardouin, it seemed, '*Que la terre allait se fondre et s'abîmer.*'"

In the treaty, however, notwithstanding the enthusiasm, the mercantile character of Venice was not forgotten, and the Crusaders were most liberal in promises; but when the time of settlement arrived, it appeared, that though the Venetians had more than fulfilled their part of the agreement, the payment was not forthcoming. The Counts of Flanders, the Marquis of Monterrat, the Counts of Blois, of St. Pol, and others, borrowed all the money that was to be had, and carried to the palace of the Doge their rich gold and silver plate, and almost all their possessions, except their horses and arms; but after all these sacrifices, the amount fell short by 54,000 marks of silver, and it was therefore proposed by the Doge that the Crusaders should work out the debt, by helping the Venetians to conquer the city of Zara. By the time this was done, and the city of Zara divided quietly between the Venetians and their allies (an arrangement which contributed not a little to increase the number of pirates in the Adriatic), another affair presented itself to turn the attention of the Crusaders from the main object of the expedition—the re-establishment on his throne of the Greek Empire of the youthful Alexis, whom his uncle, Alexis III., had deprived of his inheritance, after deposing and blinding his father Isaac. To redress the wrongs of the oppressed might be considered as a holy cause; and Alexis promised, also, if he were placed on the throne by their help, to bring the whole empire under obedience to the Church of Rome; and lastly, since he had understood they were distressed for money, he offered to pay them two hundred thousand marks of silver. Urged by these combined

motives, the Crusaders turned aside to undertake the siege of Constantinople.

"Between Europe and Asia, between the Archipelago and the Black Sea, rises Constantinople,—the rival of Rome in dignity, of Jerusalem for the venerableness of its holy edifices, of Babylon for vastness of extent,—'the pearl of cities, a diamond sparkling amongst waves of sapphire and fields of emerald.' The ground on which Constantinople is built has the form of an isosceles triangle, whose apex is a little curved in the form of a hook. To the north it is bounded by the port called the Golden Horn; on the east it is bathed by the Bosphorus; on the south by the Propontis; and on the west it rests on the main land. Some writers have compared it to an eagle with its wings outspread, whose beak is represented by the summit of the triangle, the top of the head by the Hippodrome, the eye by the temple of St. Sophia, &c. Like Rome, Constantinople enclosed seven hills; and like Rome, it was divided into fourteen districts or wards (*Rioni*.) The port extended in the form of a bow, two thousand four hundred paces, from the ancient Acropolis to the strait where fourteen streams fell into the sea. Twelve gates opened from the high broad turreted wall on the port, which was divided into five others, and closed by a great iron chain, stretching across from the Acropolis (now the highest part of the Scraglio) to the castle of Galata. On the south, along the shores of the Propontis, ran another lofty and well-fortified wall, from which thirteen large gates gave entrance to the city. On the west, it was enclosed by a wall eight cubits broad, and twenty-two high, and defended by a bastion extending from sea to sea. On this side, eighteen gates placed it in communication with the country; two hundred and fifty towers defended it; and at the vertex of each angle rose an enormous and turreted fortalice.

"In the first ward were seen the *Thermæ of Arcadius*, and the palace of *Placidia*, the daughter of *Theodosius the Great*; the second contained the vast Amphitheatre and the *Circus*; in the fourth was the immense Temple of *St. Sophia*, the *Grand Imperial Square*, with its double row of columns and its magnificent portico; in the midst, on a grand and ornamental pedestal, rose the gigantic equestrian statue of *Justinian*, with the golden ball, the symbol of universal dominion. Towards the east, towered up the grand column of porphyry, an ancient and splendid monument of Rome, on the summit of which appeared, now no longer the statue of *Constantine*, but a cross. In the fifth *Rione* were the great magazines of grain and oil, and the storehouses for the richest merchandise; further along the port extended the sixth *Rione*, populous almost beyond belief, and furnished profusely, not only with all the necessities of life, but with all that could be demanded by the immoderate pomp and luxury of the most voluptuous oriental court. In the eighth *Rione*, *Constantine* had erected, in imitation of Rome, a capitol, where rhetoricians, grammarians, and philosophers gave public lectures, and whither proceeded in triumph the emperor, blazing in all the magnificence of a tottering power, that seeks to dazzle by its external splendour. Here was the Church of the Holy Apostles, which the emperor had chosen for the burial-place of himself and his successor, and enriched with costly relics. Here, also, the church dedicated to the Saviour, the cupola of which was launched into air on four marble columns, of the colour of rosy flake. And here was the vast monastery inhabited by seven hundred monks, where the aged *Isaac* dragged out his days of blindness and pain. . . . The tenth *Rione* was rendered conspicuous by the palace of the empresses and the princesses, and admirable by the vast aqueduct which brought to the city the waters of the river. The fourteenth *Rione* was a small city in the bosom of the great one, and separated from it by a wall; here was the favorite abode of the emperors, the palace of *Blackerne*, on which nature and art

seemed in rivalry to have bestowed their marvels. On one side stretched out the blue expanse of the port, and on the other the most lovely and fertile landscape, while the palace itself was adorned with the most gorgeous profusion of marbles and bronzes, gold and gems, and precious materials of every kind, whose value was yet surpassed by the magnificence of the workmanship. The walls were tapestried with the richest silk brocades of purple and gold; the roofs were embellished with painting, carving, and mosaics; in the great hall shone forth the imperial throne, radiant with gold and gems, and above which a golden chain held suspended a crown, adorned with the rarest pearls that have ever been yielded by the Oriental seas. All Constantinople was an aggregate of magnificent palaces; of halls decorated with the taste of Greek and the luxury of Oriental art; of commodious and beautiful porticoes, always crowded with people; of immense monasteries and churches, sumptuous beyond belief. But among all the edifices and monuments which attested the splendour and prodigality of a long series of emperors, inheriting from Rome their taste for the beautiful and the grand, and from the East that of the rich and magnificent—the Hippodrome and the Church of Saint Sophia attracted all eyes, by their extent and marvellous pomp. The most considerable cities of two parts of the world had been despoiled to ornament the Hippodrome; even Rome had sent to her rival a tribute of sixty columns, of astonishing beauty; and it was thronged with a countless number of statues of deities, heroes, emperors, and gladiators. In the midst rose the two obelisks of granite, one of which still serves the Turks as a goal, the other was afterwards transported to Venice. Seven columns, representing three twisted serpents, supported the ancient and renowned tripod of Delphi, the monument of the victory of Plataea; and here was the imperial throne, supported on twenty-four columns; here the horses of gilt bronze, which now adorn the fantastic façade of St. Mark.

But what can be said of St. Sophia? Of its floors of marble of every variety of tint—crimson, yellow, green, and azure, like a meadow enamelled with flowers; its pillars of white marble with gilded capitals, “the delight of all beholders;” the silver trees and flowers which rose from the floor supported on their branches lamps which burned day and night; the hangings of gold and silver stuffs; the crosses of gold enriched with precious stones; the chalices and other sacred vessels gleaming with the rarest gems of land and sea! The description seems to be carrying us from the domains of history to the realms of fairy land. To the Crusaders, coming from their rude and naked feudal castles, the city might well have appeared a scene of hitherto unimaginable splendour; and in addition to these treasures dazzling their sight, it contained others still more precious to the imagination of the devout. In the Church of St. John the Baptist was preserved his head; in that of the Saviour was a picture of the Madonna, painted by St. Luke; in that of the Apostles the mortal remains of the Evangelists—the robe of the Virgin—the true cross, which healed every infirmity merely by being looked at; and a thousand others which multiplied greatly at a time when the possession of a relic formed the wealth of a monastery; when gold, and lands, and donations of every kind poured in to testify the veneration in which they were held. In Constantinople was united the grandeur and beauty of Rome, with all that was rare and extraordinary in Greece

and Asia. It was of course the centre of an immense commercial movement.

"The products of fertile Egypt were deposited at her feet; the wealth of India reached it by Persia, Asia Minor and the Red Sea; its port or Golden Horn, was a horn of plenty—a forest of masts, from which streamed the flags of thirty nations. The Greeks, enfeebled by slavery, abandoned to strangers the whole of their commerce; and amongst these strangers the chief were the Italians and the Saracens, who already for a considerable time had possessed a mosque in the city. Genoese and Pisans occupied whole districts; and of the power and the number of the Venetians who had their abode here we have already spoken. Great caravans setting out from the frontiers of China arrived at the river Oxus, and joining others from India, crossed the Caspian and the Black Sea, and arrived at Constantinople. By this long and difficult route the Venetians and the Genoese received the precious merchandize of China and the Indies, and traded with them, with the Bulgarians and Russians, and other Slavonic nations of the north, or by sea with the west of Europe.

"The Crusaders, as they sailed up the Propontis, did not of course see all or a hundredth part of the wonders of the imperial city; but they perceived the immense circuit of the turreted walls, above which rose the magnificent palaces with their gilded tiles, the five hundred steeples with their floating banners, the towers surmounted by the imperial standard; and rising, proudest of all among so many proud edifices, the gilt cupola of St. Sophia; and around and above all a glorious landscape, and an atmosphere and a sky of the purest splendour. What was wanting to the sight, too, was made up by the imagination; for the Venetians who had seen the interior of that dazzling city, described its glories in a manner that excited their wildest enthusiasm, accustomed as they were to the comparative nakedness and poverty of Northern Europe. They could not probably help feeling some doubts concerning the result of their attempt, for they were but a handful, and the walls of Constantinople were thronged with countless thousands of the population, gazing with astonishment at the armament, the approach of which had only been known the evening before."

But this vast crowd was formidable only in appearance. The metropolis of the empire had little other defence than the imposing majesty of its aspect. Alexis, plunged in the voluptuous enjoyments of his palace and his gardens—intoxicated with wine and delicious perfumes—was wallowing in his gorgeous imperial sty, careless of all that was passing without; or perhaps, amidst his roses and his cups, making slight and scornful mention of the barbarians. His ships were lying dismantled and rotting in the arsenal; for the officers who presided over the royal hunt had forbidden, under severest punishment, to risk the curtailment of the imperial pleasures by cutting down any of the trees in the crown forests; and the grand admiral, who was a kinsman of the emperor, had sold sails, cordage, even the oars of the galleys, or exchanged them for wines and perfumes. Almost the only effective force was the band of Varangians, and about 2,000 Pisans.

The Latins disembarked at Chalcedon, and pitched their tents under magnificent cedars, amongst fragrant flowers and rich fruits; the sailors remained on board the fleet, which lay there at anchor three days; but, perhaps, because the anchorage was not thought secure, afterwards moved to Scutari. Alexis, receiving the news of the approach of the Crusaders, had ordered about twenty

paltry shallops to be prepared in hot haste, and eight legions, of 4,000 men each, to be enrolled. The captain of one of these was the patriarch, a good commander, if the battle had had to be fought with the weapons of scholastic logic, but not quite so good against the lances of the Crusaders."

Their appearance of course spread consternation through the city, and the historian Nicetus, the spectator and the victim of the catastrophe that was preparing, compares, in his terror, the steel-clad Latin cavaliers, "as tall as their lances," to statues of bronze, and their courage to the sword of the exterminating angel. Alexis now made, through a Lombard envoy, an attempt to persuade the Crusaders to pass on to the Holy Land, in which case he promised to assist them, making at the same time some feeble threats of what he would do, if they did not immediately quit his dominions. The Crusaders replied that the soil they were treading belonged not to him, but to the rightful prince who stood in the midst of them; and they exhorted Alexis to restore the crown immediately to his brother and nephew, whom he had so unjustly deprived of it, in which case they promised to join in imploring pardon for his crimes. From this answer, it became evident that the dispute could only be decided by the sword.

"At dawn of the following morning, the bishops exhorted the Crusaders to provide for their eternal and temporal interests, not knowing but that this day should be the last of their lives. Some made their wills, all confessed their sins, and received the benediction of the priests. The sound of the trumpet then warned them that the time of action was arrived. Each knight stood with his helmet on his head and his lance in his hand, beside his horse; and all knights and men-at-arms, with their faces turned towards Constantinople, swore to conquer or die. The war horses were then embarked; the foot soldiers ascended large transports, and two hundred light boats were taken in tow by as many armed war galleys; the trumpets sounded again, and the water sparkled with a thousand oars.

"In the meantime, the Emperor on the opposite shore led out his army from the encampments, and drew them up in order of battle, intending to oppose the disembarkation of the Latins. But the knights and barons, when they saw themselves so near, strove to get before one another, no one being willing to leave to his companion the glory of first setting foot on shore. They threw themselves from their barks into the sea, and rushed forward through the water; the archers and the foot followed their example, and in less than an hour the whole army had landed."

The Greeks at first made a show of resistance, but when it came to serious fighting, they fled so precipitately that the very arrows of the Latins could not reach them; and the rich tents, the magnificent pavilions, and costly baggage of various kinds fell at once into the hands of the Crusaders. Soon after they got possession of the promontory of Galata; and in the meantime the Venetians had broken the great chain that closed the entrance to the harbour, and their armada had entered in triumph. After a certain time given to repose, it was determined to assault the city, and fate had decreed that the chief glory of this should belong to the Venetians, and especially to their Doge.

"blind old Dandolo, the octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe."

The rising sun illuminated the combat that had already begun between the fleet and the city; the Venetians, from their aerial platforms (erected on the masts of their vessels), and from their towers, drove a tempest of arrows and bolts on the besieged, and sought to throw on the projecting parts of the walls a kind of drawbridge, while the enemy's catapults hurled down on them showers of huge stones, and darted the Greek fire which, though the galleys were in some measure protected by their covering of bulls' hides, did terrible damage among the men. The dash of the great oars, the noise of the machines, the hissing of projectiles, and the roar of the Greek fire, which boiled on the surface of the water, resounded from both shores, and echoed through the terrified city. But above all, this terrible tumult rose the commanding voice of Dandolo, Villehardouin,* who was at his side, writes, "In truth, the valour displayed by this good and valorous Doge of Venice is almost incredible; although so old and infirm, and almost deprived of sight, he presented himself fully armed at the prow of his galley, and with the standard of St. Mark borne before him, shouted to his men to land, or he would execute justice on their persons." Having uttered this threat, the galley of the Doge shot forward, and the others followed, while the mariners, mute with wonder, obeyed the orders of the intrepid old man. The crew of his galley took him in their arms and carried him to the shore, bearing before him still the standard of St. Mark, while he with his voice and his gestures animated his men to the assault. A cry, to some of joy, to others of terror, soon saluted the appearance of the banner of Venice above one of the towers of the city, though the hand that planted it there was never known.

In all probability it perished in the moment of the achievement. Having exceeded the limits properly at our disposal, we must here break off; but we have, we think, given enough to show that the author unites a power of brilliant and picturesque narration to his other qualifications as an historian—patient industry in his search for facts, and care in deducing from facts the principles for which alone they are of value. His principal defect appears to be a tendency towards a certain rambling diffuseness, that is likely to extend the work beyond the limits which, in these impatient days, may be considered reasonable. The sixth volume, as we have seen, only brings us down to 1204. We must own, at the same time, that the almost gossiping tone of some portions gives a vivid charm to the narrative; and what we have spoken of as a defect of style may be considered properly to belong to a history that professes to be "*narrata al popolo*."

- 4.—*The Fall of the Nibelungers*; a Translation of the *Nibelungenlied*; by William Nanson Lettsom. London: Williams and Norgate; Bain, Haymarket. 1850.

ALTHOUGH, in strictness, a translation does not belong to our department of Foreign Literature, we are induced to call our readers' attention to this version of a work almost inaccessible in the original, even to most of those acquainted with German. The *Nibelungenlied*, as they are probably aware, is an ancient German epic, which it has been the custom for patriotic Germans fondly to compare to the *Iliad*; but the

* Histoire de la Conquête de Constantinople par les Barons Français.

comparison, as mostly happens in such cases, is likely rather to suggest points of difference than resemblances. It is founded on original traditions, of which modifications are also found in the Edda, and other repositories of Scandinavian legendary lore, and details the adventures and tragical fate of the tribe of the Nibelungen. It may be called a tale of love and war; but the love is of so warlike a character, that it is hard to say to which department some of the adventures are to be assigned. Gunther, king of Burgundy, is enamoured of the fair Brunhild of Iceland, a damsel not to be won by soft speeches, but by hard knocks; and which are not, as might be supposed, to be received by her vicariously through a chosen champion, but in her own proper and lovely person. A suitor who aspires to the honour of her hand, must first experience its strength in fisty-cuffs; and may not hope to match with her, in wedlock, till he has proved more than her match in a fair stand-up fight. King Gunther goes a wooing on these conditions, and the trial is about to come off.

Then was the strength of Brunhild to all beholders shown;
 Into the ring by th' effort of panting knights a stone
 Was borne, of weight enormous, massy, and large and round,
 It strained twelve brawny champions to heave it to the ground.

"This would she cast at all times when she had hurl'd the spear—
 The sight the bold Burgundians filled with care and fear;
 Quoth Hagan, 'she's a darling to lie by Gunther's side,
 Better the foul fiend take her to serve him for a bride.'

"Her sleeve back turned the maiden, and bared her arm of snow,
 Her heavy shield she handled, and brandished to and fro;
 High o'er her head the javelin, thus began the strife;
 Bold as they were, the strangers each trembled for his life."

Poor King Gunther is somewhat alarmed by these preparations, and begins to repent him of aspiring to a maiden of such accomplishments; but his noble friend the hero Siegfried, son of King Sigismund of the Rhine, comes to his assistance, and with the help of a certain "cloud-cloak," which enables him to go invisible, conquers the fair and fierce Brunhild.

With all her strength the jav'lin the forceful maiden threw,
 It came upon the buckler massy broad and new,
 That in his hand unshaken the son of Sieglind bore,
 Sparks from the steel came streaming as if the breeze before.

"Right thro' the groaning buckler the spear tempestuous broke,
 Fire from the mail-links sparkled beneath the thundering stroke,
 Those two mighty champions staggered from side to side,
 But for the wondrous cloud-cloak both on the spot had died.

"From the mouth of Siegfried burst the gushing blood;
 Soon he again sprang forward; straight snatched the hero good,
 The spear that through his buckler she just had hurl'd amain,
 And sent it at its mistress in thunder back again.

"Thought he, 'twere sure a pity so fair a maid to slay;
 So he reversed the jav'lin and turned the point away;
 Yet with the butt end foremost so forceful was the throw,
 That the sore-smitten damsel totter'd to and fro.

"From her mail fire sparkled as driven before the blast,
With such huge strength the javelin by Sieglind's son was cast,
That 'gainst the furious impulse she could no longer stand,
A stroke so sturdy never could come from Gunther's hand.

"Up in a trice she started and straight her silence broke,
'Noble knight Sir Gunther, thank thee for that stroke !'
She thought 'twas Gunther's manhood had laid her on the lea ;
No, 'twas not Gunther felled her, a mightier far than he.

"Then turned aside the maiden—angry was her mood ;
On high the stone she lifted, rugged, round, and rude,
And brandish'd it with fury, and far before her sprung,
Then spring so quick behind it, that loud her armour rang.

"Twelve fathoms length or better the mighty mass was thrown,
But the maiden bounded further than the stone.
To where the stone was lying Siegfried fleetly flew ;
Gunther did but lift it, the Unseen it was who threw.

"Bold and tall was Siegfried, the first all knights among,
He threw the stone far further, behind it further sprung,
His wondrous arts had made him so more than mortal strong ;
That with him, as he bounded, he bore the king along.

"The heap was seen of all men—there plainly lay the stone ;
But seen was no one near it, save Gunther all alone.
Brunhild was red with anger, quick came her panting breath,
Siegfried had rescued Gunther that day from certain death.

"Then all aloud fair Brunhild bespoke her countess band,
Seeing, in the ring at distance, unknown'd her suitor stand.
'Hither, my men and kinsfolk, low to my better bow,
I am no more your mistress, you're Gunther's liegemen now.'

"Down cast the noble warriors their weapons hastily,
And lowly kneel'd to Gunther, king of Burgundy.
To him, as to their sovran, was lowly homage done,
Whose manhood, as they fancied, the mighty match had won."

But poor King Gunther has, after all, no great reason to thank Siegfried for his interference ; for after it might be thought that all difficulties were happily adjusted, he finds himself still at a considerable distance from the conjugal felicity he had anticipated. The "happiest day of his life" is concluded by the rather inauspicious incident of the bridegroom being tied hand and foot, by the delicate hands of the bride, and suspended on a nail against the wall till morning, while she who may be truly called his fair enslayer, lies slumbering in unconscionable tranquillity below. How, even in this crisis, Siegfried, with that convenient cloud cloak, stands his friend ; how the affections of the lovely Brunhild are ultimately gained by a sound thrashing which she believes to be administered by her lord and master ; how the hero Siegfried, even whose failings lean to virtue's side, has a habit of telling his secrets to his wife Chriemhild ; and how she cannot refrain from boasting of the prowess of her husband, and of the important secret services rendered by him to his sovereign—these, and the tragical events arising out of them, with the manifold

slaughter and ultimate destruction of the whole race of the Nibelungen at the court of Attila, king of the Huns (otherwise Etzel), are told at great length. The authorship of the Nibelungenlied is generally attributed to Heinrich von Oterdingen, who appeared at the great poetical contest at the court of the Landgrave of Wartburg, in 1207. Six manuscripts of it have been preserved, the oldest of which was found at St. Gall, in Switzerland. It is highly curious as an antiquity; but we must own ourselves unable to find in it the high poetical merit of which many German critics speak in enthusiastic terms. In the versification, Mr. Lettson appears closely to have followed the original; and he explains what may be thought rugged and defective in it in a particularly pleasing and clever preface, which we recommend our readers, contrary to custom, to peruse first. They will perceive that it is not likely that the poem has suffered, either from want of ability, of interest in the subject, or of the earnest diligence, which is the honour of a translator.

4.—*Gratuité du Crédit. Discussion entre M. F. Bastiat et M. Prudhon.* Paris: Guillaumin & Co. 1850.

THIS discussion on the *Gratuity* of Credit, and the *Liberty* of Credit, was carried on in a series of letters, amounting in number to fourteen. M. Prudhon, finding M. Bastiat incorrigible, retired from the discussion at the thirteenth letter, dated February 11th, 1850; and M. Bastiat, in a reply dated March 7th, 1850, recapitulates the arguments advanced on each side, and thus concludes with an address to the Socialists:—

“Here I take leave of M. Prudhon; and, in bringing to a close this lengthened discussion, I address myself to the Socialists, and implore them to examine the following questions with impartiality; not as capitalists would examine them, but with a regard to the interest of the working classes.

“Ought the legitimate remuneration of a workman to be the same, whether he contribute to production merely his own labour, or whether he contribute, in addition, the use of his instruments of labour, the fruits of former exertions?

“No one will venture to assert that it should. There are two elements of remuneration; and who can complain that it is so? Would the purchaser of any product of labour? Who would not rather pay three francs per day to a joiner provided with a saw, than two francs ten sous to the same joiner using only his fingers?

“Here the two elements of labour and remuneration are in the same hands. But supposing they are separated, and by agreement become associated, is it not just, useful, inevitable, that the produce of labour should be divided between the two in certain proportions?

“When the capitalist, at his own risk, undertakes any work, the rate of remuneration for labour is frequently fixed, and is called *wages*. When the workman undertakes it, and risks the chance of a return, it is the remuneration of capital which is fixed, and is termed *interest*.

“We can imagine a more perfect arrangement than this, a more intimate connexion of risk and remuneration. This was but lately the path explored by Socialism. This fixity of one of the two terms appeared retrograde; I could demonstrate that it is progressive. But this is not the place to do so.”

“There is a school—and it is called pure Socialism—which goes much

further. It affirms that all remuneration ought to be denied to one of the elements of production, that is, to *capital*. And this school has inscribed upon its banners, '*Gratuity of credit*,' which has superseded its former motto, '*Property is theft*.'

"Socialists, I appeal to your good faith: have we not here the same meaning in other words?"

"It is impossible to deny, in principle, the justice and the utility of a division of remuneration between capital and labour."

"It remains to be shown what is the law of this division."

"You will not be long in perceiving this law in the following formula:—The more abundant one of these two elements may be relatively to the other, the more will its proportion of remuneration be reduced; and *vice versa*."

"And if this be so, the *propaganda* of gratuitous credit must be a misfortune for the working classes."

"Because, as capitalists would injure themselves, if, after proclaiming the illegitimacy of wages, they should compel the working classes to seek refuge in death or expatriation; so would the working classes injure themselves by proclaiming the illegitimacy of interest, and by this means cause the withdrawal of capital."

"If this fatal doctrine should spread; if the cry of *universal suffrage* can lead to a supposition that it will before long call in the aid of the law, that is, of organised force, is it not evident that capital, become alarmed, and threatened with the loss of its right to all remuneration, will be compelled to withdraw—to conceal, or to divert itself into some other channel? There would then be fewer works of every description undertaken; while the number of workmen would remain the same. The result may be summed up in a few words—*high interest and low wages*."

"There are some pessimists who affirm that this is exactly what the socialists wish for. That the workman should suffer; that order should never be restored; that the country should ever be upon the brink of a precipice. If beings so perverse as to indulge such hopes, do really exist, let society scout them, and may God judge them."

"For my own part, it is not for me to decide upon intentions, in the existence of which I do not believe."

"But this I say: the *gratuity of credit* is a scientific absurdity, the antagonism of interests, the hatred of classes—in short, barbarism."

"The *liberty of credit* is social harmony, social right, respect for independence and human dignity; it is faith in the progress and destiny of society."

5.—*Annuaire de L'Economie Politique et de la Statistique pour 1850.*

Par MM. Joseph Garnier et Guillaumin. Paris: Guillaumin et Cie. 1850.

This useful volume, which has now attained its seventh year, contains more than the usual amount of information upon subjects connected with Political Economy. We can hardly exhibit the scope and design of the '*Annuaire*' better than by condensing M. Villermé's observations upon the work, read at a meeting of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences in Paris.

The contents of each annual volume are arranged under four distinct heads. In the first division we have a general *résumé* of documents scattered throughout numerous publications, in reference to the population, the commercial relations, and the finances of France; including

reports upon banking in general, upon savings' banks, the administration of justice, mines and railways.

The second division is devoted to the finances and the administration of the city of Paris, which have an important bearing upon those of many European countries.

The third division contains statistical facts relative to foreign countries; more especially England and the United States of America, which, in connexion with France, are the principal birth-places of those social experiences which elsewhere are most frequently referred to.

The editors, in the fourth division, have combined the notices, reports, and abstracts which have been remitted to them from the *savants* of other countries by members of the Academy, and of the Society of Economists, and by other writers anxious to enrich their pages by such communications.

Under this head M. J. Garnier has given a summary of the principal economical and statistical papers of the Academy; this is followed by a brief review of the most remarkable events which have occurred throughout the world. In short, a condensed list of books, accompanied by notes and brief criticisms, puts readers in possession of the titles of all publications relating to political economy, the administration of justice, commerce, and industry.

The present volume contains some important papers from the pens of the most eminent French economists: among these may be named one on the 'Operations of the Public Banks of France during the year 1848,' being the report of M. d'Argout, Governor of the Bank; one on the 'State of the Railways in France,' by M. Aristide Dumont; an 'Enquiry upon the Industry and the Labouring Population of Paris,' by M. Léon Say; a 'Report on the Gold Mines of California,' by M. Michel Chevalier; another on the 'Statistics of Primary Education in Paris,' by M. Horace Say; and a 'Review of the Year 1849,' by M. Joseph Garnier.

CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

- 1.—WANDERINGS OF A PILGRIM IN SEARCH OF THE PICTURESQUE, during Four-and-Twenty Years in the East; with Revelations of a Life in the Zenana. By فاني پارکس Illustrated with Sketches from Nature. Two volumes. London: Pelham Richardson, 23, Cornhill. 1850.

THESE handsome volumes contain a lady's journal of her residence in various parts of the East, from the year 1822 to 1845. They are profusely illustrated with beautiful lithographs, for the most part from drawings and sketches made by the authoress herself: many of them are coloured, and all reflect great credit upon the taste and skill of the fair artist. The narrative is very lively in style, and contains many curious particulars relating to the manners and customs of the natives, besides conveying a good idea of the scenery and general features of the parts of the country visited during the twenty-four years spent in India.

In April, 1822, the authoress accompanied her husband from England to India. After meeting with the usual adventures consequent on such a voyage, the ship was anchored off Carnicobar, one of the Nicobar islands, on the 30th of October of the same year. The landing-place "was covered to the edge of the sand of the shore with beautiful trees; scarcely an uncovered or open spot was to be seen." From the ship, "the village appeared to consist of six or eight enormous bee-hives, erected on poles, and surrounded by high trees; among these, the cocoa-nut, to an English eye, was the most remarkable."

A brisk traffic was soon opened with the natives, who put off to the ship in their canoes, in a primitive state of undress. The abundance of fresh fruit and vegetables procured here, to say nothing of the delicate pigs fattened upon cocoa-nuts, and the excellent poultry, was of the utmost importance to a ship in which a hundred and twenty individuals were on the sick-list, the scurvy having broken out among the crew.

"Our traffic," says the authoress, "was thus conducted:—I held up an empty jam-pot, and received in return a basket full of citrons; for two empty phials, a couple of fowls; another couple of fowls were given in exchange for an empty tin case that held portable soup. The price of a little pig was sixpence, or an old razor. They were eager for knives, but very capricious in their bargains—the privates of the Lanciers had glutted the market. On my holding up a clasp-knife, the savage shook his head. I cut off the brass rings from the window curtains,—great was the clamour and eagerness to possess them. On giving a handful to one of the men, he counted them carefully, and then fitted them on his fingers. The people selected those they approved, returned the remainder, and gave me fruit in profusion. Even curtain-rings soon lost their charm. My eye fell on a basket of shells; the owner refused

by signs all my offers—he wanted some novelty. At length an irresistible temptation was found. An officer of the Lancers cut off three of the gay buttons from his jacket, and offered them to the savage, who handed up the shells.”—p. 14.

In the evening a friendly visit was paid to these islanders; and the authoress had the honour of having tobacco smoke puffed into her face by one of the chief men, by way of compliment. The ship left this island on the 2nd of November, and on the 13th the passengers landed at Calcutta.

Here everything wore the charm of novelty, and it being the cool season, the climate was delightfully pleasant; and, in December, “rendered the country preferable to any place under the sun.” The greatest annoyances experienced by the newly-arrived residents in Calcutta, for some considerable time, were the robberies that were continually occurring in their house; the “trial by rice” led to the detection of the delinquent on one occasion, and for a time somewhat checked the system of plunder rife among the servants.

Some of the anecdotes of the natives are highly curious and amusing. Here is one relating to the ayah of the authoress, who says:—

“My ayah, a Mussalmane, asked me to allow her to go to a dinner-party given by some Khidmatgars, friends of hers; and on her return she said to me, ‘*Mem sahiba*, we have had a very fine *khana* (dinner), and plenty to eat—I am quite full,’ patting her body with great glee; ‘but we have had a great quarrel.’ She then explained that at a native feast every guest sits down in a circle, or in a line, and before each person a freshly-gathered leaf is placed as a plate; then the giver of the feast comes round, and puts an equal portion of curry and rice before each guest. When all have been helped, they start fighting, and, in general, the host refills all the plates. It sometimes happens that some of the guests eat so fast they get a greater share than the others; this puts the rest into a rage, and they quietly vent their spite by slyly cutting holes in the clothes worn by the great eaters. It happened at this feast that my ayah sat next a man who was helped three times, and I suspect she cut holes in his attire, which caused the disturbance.”—p. 157.

Whilst at Cawnpore, the Pilgrim had an opportunity of witnessing the native fête in honour of Kali, on the great day of the Dewati. The scene is at Sirsya Ghat, a landing-place a short distance from the residence of the authoress, who has been rowed down the river to the spot.

“On reaching the ghat I was quite delighted with the beauty of a scene resembling fairy land. Along the side of the Ganges, for the distance of a quarter of a mile, are, I should think, about fifty small ghats, built with steps low down into the river, which flows over the lower portion of them. Above these ghats are, I should imagine, fifteen small Hindoo temples, mixed with native houses; and some beautifully picturesque trees overshadow the whole.

“The spot must be particularly interesting by daylight; but imagine its beauty at the time I saw it, at the Festival of Lights.

“On every temple, on every ghat, and on the steps down to the river’s side, thousands of small lamps were placed, from the foundation to the highest pinnacle, tracing the architecture in lines of light.

“The evening was very dark, and the whole scene was reflected in the Ganges. Hundreds of Hindoos were worshipping before the images of Mahadeo

and Gunesha; some men on the ghats standing within circles of light, were prostrating themselves on the pavement; others doing pooja standing in the river; others bathing. The Brahmans before the idols were tolling their bells, whilst the worshippers poured Ganges water, rice, oil and flowers over the images of the gods. Numbers of people were sending off little paper boats, each containing a lamp, which floating down the river, added to the beauty of the scene. I saw some women sending off these little fire-fly boats, in which they had adventured their happiness, earnestly watching them as they floated down the stream; if at the moment the paper boat disappeared in the distance the lamps were still burning, the wish of the votary would be crowned with success; but if the lamp was extinguished, the hope for which the offering was made was doomed to disappointment. With what eagerness did many a mother watch the little light to know if her child would, or would not recover from sickness! The river was covered with fleets of these little lamps, hurried along by the rapid stream.

The stone ghats are of all shapes and sizes, built by the Cawnpore merchants according to their wealth. Some are large and handsome; some not a yard in diameter. A good one, with arches facing the water, is put aside for the sole use of the women; and all were most brilliantly lighted. The houses in the city were also daily illuminated. But to see the Dewati in perfection, you must float past the temples during the dark hours on Gunga-jee. I was greatly pleased; so eastern, so fairy-like a scene I had not witnessed since my arrival in India; nor could I have imagined that the dreary-looking station of Cawnpore contained so much of beauty. —p. 162.

The dexterity of Indian thieves has often been described. Some of these fellows will actually steal the bed-clothes from under a sleeper without rousing him. Here is an example in which the attempt to steal a camel, though cleverly conducted, was frustrated.

During the night the servants were robbed of all their brass lotas and cooking utensils. A thief crept up to my camels, that were picketed just in front of the tent, selected the finest, cut the rope and strings from his neck; then, having fastened a very long thin rope to the animal, away crept the thief. Having got to the end of the line, the thief gave the string a pull, and continued doing so until he rendered the camel uneasy; the animal got up—another pull—he turned his head, another—and he quietly followed the twitching of the cord that the thief held, who succeeded in separating him from the other camels, and got him some twenty yards from the tent. Just at this moment the sentry observed the camel quietly departing; he gave the alarm, the thief fled, and the animal was brought back to the camp; a few yards more, the thief would have been on his back, and we should have lost the camel. —vol. ii. p. 191.

Continued ill-health induced the authoress to accompany a relative to the hills; and on the road to Saharanpur, at five o'clock in the morning, she obtained her first view of the snowy ranges of the Himalayas. A few days after she was carried up the hills in a jampan, a kind of arm-chair, with a top to it by way of shelter from the sun and rain. The jampan was carried by eight "funny little black-hill fellows," harnessed between the poles. The hill flowers observed in the ascent to Ladlow, are thus described:

The ascent from Rajpur is seven miles, climbing almost every yard of the way. The different views delighted me; on the side of the hills, facing Rajpur, the trees were stunted, and there was but little vegetation; on the

other side, the northern, we came upon fine oak and rhododendron trees—such beautiful rhododendrons!—they are forest trees, not shrubs, as you have them in England. The people gathered the wild flowers, and filled my lap with them. The jungal pear, in full blossom, the raspberry bushes and the nettles, delighted me; I could not help sending a man from the plains, who had never seen a nettle, to gather one; he took hold of it, and, relinquishing his hold instantly in excessive surprise, exclaimed, "It has stung me; it is a scorpion plant!" Violets were under every rock; and the wild pleasing notes of the hill birds were to be heard in every direction. The delicious air, so pure, so bracing, so unlike any air I had breathed for fifteen years—with what delight I inhaled it! It seemed to promise health, and strength, and spirits. I feared the lurking fever crept out of my body as I breathed the mountain air; I was so happy, so glad I was alive, I felt a buoyancy of spirit like that enjoyed by a child."—vol. ii. p. 227.

While in the hills, the authoress had had made a black Pahari dress, somewhat resembling Turkish attire, as being a more suitable costume in her long rambles than the usual dress of European ladies; the costume was completed by a large, round, sailor-looking straw hat. In this attire, the natives were puzzled to make out whether she were male or female; the women ran away in affright, and the men got scolded for roaming about the bazaar with a man. Subsequently, on returning to England, to visit her relatives, the ship encountered a heavy gale, which continued three days, during which the vessel was under storm-sails, and the sea broke over the guns. The authoress, with her usual intrepidity and independence, ventured upon deck to witness the sublime spectacle; but,

"In such a gale, to appear on deck in the attire usually worn by an English lady would be impossible—delicacy forbid it; therefore, I put on my Pahari dress, and went out to enjoy the gale. As I passed on to the poop, I overheard the following remarks:—"I say, Jack, is that 'ere a man or a woman?" to which the sailor replied, "No, you fool, it's a foreigner!" On another man's asking, "Who is it?" he received for answer, "That 'ere Lancer in the aft-cabin." The black velvet cap, somewhat in appearance like a college or lancer cap, perhaps inspired the idea, as the dress itself is particularly feminine and picturesque, and only remarkable on account of its singularity."—vol. ii. p. 329.

The foregoing extracts, taken almost at random, will serve as indications of the varied and interesting contents of the volumes before us. The authoress seems to have enjoyed and improved many opportunities of obtaining information which do not usually fall to the lot of travellers; among these were the intimate terms upon which she lived with the families of Colonel Gardner and his son, who had each married a native princess, and followed native customs with regard to the seclusion of the ladies of their respective establishments. In consequence of this intimacy, the authoress had the opportunity of witnessing all the ceremonies at the marriage of a grand-daughter of the Colonel's with a prince of the house of Delhi. But we must here take leave of a work in which we have felt a more than ordinary interest; the spirit with which the various events of a prolonged residence in the East are delineated, the beautiful illustrations, and the

graphic descriptions of scenery, will ensure for the book a favorable reception from every reader; and we happen to know that the Directors of the East India Company have bestowed upon it the full extent of their patronage.

- 2.—AN ARCTIC VOYAGE TO BAFFIN'S BAY AND LANCASTER SOUND, in search of Friends with Sir John Franklin. By Robert Anstruther Goodsir, late President of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh. London: John Van Voorst, Paternoster-row. 1850.

MR. GOODSIR sailed in the *Advice* whaler, Captain Penney, in March, 1849, in the hope that in the course of their voyage in high northern latitudes, he might learn something of the fate of his brother, and the other brave fellows accompanying Sir John Franklin. This hope, we need not say, was frustrated; but to the author's enterprize we are indebted for a very interesting narrative of an eight months' voyage to the arctic regions.

From the 26th of April to the middle of August, the voyagers enjoyed one long continuous day, although the "midnight sun" was not seen until the 10th of May. And, in reference to this period, Mr. Goodsir observes:

"There was no part of the four-and-twenty hours I enjoyed more than midnight. Quietness was all around; the ship and the surrounding ice were reflected in the still water. The reflections of the few stars twinkling above seemed far beneath the smooth sea, and the scattered clouds overhead, purpled with the rays of the sun, now just dipping beneath the horizon, were so vividly pictured beneath us, that we seemed to be floating amongst them in the clear ether."—p. 24.

A few days after this, at the Whale Fish Islands, the first Esquimaux were seen. Mr. Goodsir remarks that their eyes, instead of being small, as generally described, were large, and decidedly the best features in the countenance. He found them very intelligent; many were able to read, and some to write well.

May-day was ushered in by a ceremonial similar to that observed on crossing the line, with a few variations: the weather was most inclement.

"On May-day morning the sailors had a sort of saturnalia, which they annually enjoy at this season on board the whale ships. For some days previous they had been preparing an immense garland of party-colored ribbons fastened on a hoop, which was surmounted by a full-rigged little ship fixed on a pivot. As twelve o'clock struck, this was suspended to the mizen-stay, and immediately afterwards a bellowing sound was heard ahead, and the ship was hailed. On being duly answered, Neptune and Amphitrite, or Mrs. Neptune, as they unceremoniously call her, came on board, over the bows: the former a huge, red-whiskered cooper's mate, dressed in anything but classical costume, with an enormous speaking-trumpet in one hand, and the trident in the other, surmounted by—a red herring. Mrs. Neptune was personated by the boatswain, with a cockenony of paper on his head, and his chin bound round with a bandage, which was stuck full of sharp iron spikes, it being her privilege to claim a kiss from each of the uninitiated, after they have been duly shaved by

Neptune's valet. Having previously got the captain's permission, they then proceeded to assemble all the new-comers in the 'tween deck, where they were confined in the cable tier, and one by one taken out to undergo the rough treatment of the barber, whose plentiful latherings of tar and notched iron hoop were anything but gently applied. However, it was all done in good humour, and we heard of no quarrelling amongst them, although they were certainly noisy enough during the best part of the night."—p. 30.

Mr. Goodsir confirms the account given in the 'Edinburgh Cabinet Library' of the dangers to which vessels are exposed in their passage through Melville Bay. Two out of the eleven vessels forming the little fleet with which he was sailing, were utterly destroyed by a "nip" of the ice, and two others seriously damaged. It is surprising that life should be so seldom lost in these disasters; but the very element which destroys the vessels generally affords the crews a secure retreat—for by leaping on the ice at the moment of wreck, they usually effect their escape.

Some of the boats which escaped the disasters of 1830, landed to the southward of Cape York; and here was observed an affecting scene, which was related to Mr. Goodsir by an old seaman who formed one of the party at the time.

"A short distance from the shore they perceived some Esquimaux huts. Advancing, they were rather astonished at the unusual stillness which reigned around them; they missed the usual vociferous greetings of the natives, as well as the noisy howlings of the half-fed dogs. The very snow before the entrances of the miserable skin huts was untrodden and unstained. They were surprised at this; but were still more so, when, on entering the huts, they found their inmates stark and stiff. At first they thought them to be asleep, but the sunken eyeballs, and the uncovered lipless teeth, proved that even the cold of this desolate region could not for ever arrest the finger of decay. Hut after hut, of the three or four, presented the same spectacle, each containing four or five lifeless bodies, old and young, all evidently long dead. What had caused this mortality could not be learned; it had not been from starvation, for their usual food was lying about in abundance. Neither could it be ascertained whether any had escaped the strange fate of their companions; it seemed hut too probable that the last survivor, after seeing friend and relative drop around him, must have himself lain down to perish, alone and unassisted. It must have been a strange scene. Even the rough Greenland sailor, when telling me, nineteen years after, spoke gently and quietly of it."—p. 58.

By the 3rd of July the ship had rounded Cape York, and was sailing past the "Crimson Cliffs" of Sir John Ross. Mr. Goodsir observed that, instead of these cliffs being of the bright glaring crimson colour, represented in Sir John's plate, they had merely in places a brownish appearance, apparently caused by the droppings of birds. There was, however, scarcely any snow upon them at the time of Mr. Goodsir's visit, which might account for the difference of colour; and he suggests that—

"The want of this, its usual nidus, may account, perhaps, for the colour of the fungus being less apparent at this time. I had noticed, during our passage through the ice, that wherever the *rottyes* (*Alca alle*) were, numbers of their droppings had a bright red appearance on the snow. Although it is now a well-ascertained fact, that the cause of the colour of red snow is a vegetable

organism (*Protoecus nivalis*), yet may not the dung of the little auk contain the germ thereof? This would seem to be the more likely, as the red snow has been only found on the cliffs which are the favourite brooding places of these birds."—p. 59.

On the 8th of July the party ran past the mouth of Lancaster Sound, with a strong breeze; but they were too distant to make out whether or not the Sound was frozen across: they were then making the best of their way to Pond's Bay, the whalers considering that if they got there by the first week in July, they are sure to fall in with a run of whales, and so secure a full ship. They soon secured their "first Pond's Bay fish," an event celebrated by "three cheers of triumph that made the blue bergs ring again." After flensing their whale, they made fast to the land ice; and on coming into the Bay, found lying there the *St. Andrew*, of Aberdeen, which had arrived on the 10th of June, a full month earlier, solely, as it appeared, from having taken the passage on the *inside*, or eastward of Hare Island, and finding open water almost the whole way through Melville Bay; thus in a great measure confirming the opinion of Mr. Penny, master of the *Advice*, "that the earlier in June the passage through Melville Bay is attempted, the easier it will be effected." This opinion was founded on his having observed—

"That the prevailing winds during the month of May and the beginning of June, are from the north or north-east, and that the effects of these are to drive the ice to the southward, consequently slackening it in Melville Bay, and the northern part of the 'middle ice,' and thus rendering the passage through it easier during the earlier part of the month of June, than it is about the end of it; and that it is still more difficult during July, from the prevailing winds then being from the south and south-east, their effect being to pack the ice into Melville Bay."—p. 71.

This will account for Sir John Franklin's ships, in 1845, being met with in Melville Bay, beset, and still forty miles from the "north water," by the whalers returning full from Pond's Bay.

For the next ten days the whalers were in full employment, being more generally astir after their fish during the night than the day. Mr. Goodsir's description of "Life in Pond's Bay" at this period, is highly graphic and stirring, and we can easily imagine his delight when, on reaching the ship after forty-eight hours' confinement in the thwart of a boat, he could once more stretch himself on deck, and fall to with hearty good will at the smoking beef-steaks and new potatoes which the provident captain had ready upon the cabin table.

On the first of August the party heard of the Esquimaux report of the safety of Sir John Franklin, which eventually turned out to be without foundation, though at the time it put them in good spirits; and "at last," says Mr. Goodsir, "after months of hopes, fears, and disappointments, we are fairly under weigh for Lancaster Sound," where they hoped to gain some certain intelligence of the missing expedition; how cruelly those hopes were frustrated is now well known. The ship proceeded up the Sound as far nearly as the entrance to Prince Regent's Inlet; but not being authorized to prose-

cute the search, or to go out of his way to obtain information—and, moreover, there being no chance of procuring *fish* in that direction, Mr. Penny was reluctantly compelled to retrace his course, much to the disappointment of our author, as may be supposed, since he had thus failed in achieving the only object of his voyage.

On the 12th of August was seen the first star that had been observed since the beginning of May.

"The nights after this continued gradually drawing in, and getting darker and darker.

"It had now become necessary to make the ship fast to a floe as the night fell. But really some of those nights were enough to compensate for any hardship or any want. Can you conceive a sky and an atmosphere clear and brilliant; a moon still brighter and still more brilliant, and silvery masses of ice lying sparkling beneath. Although it was now becoming exceedingly cold and chilly, it was almost impossible to tear oneself from the deck at those times. How I often longed to be able to accurately transfer to paper the bright tints of those Arctic evenings, you may well conceive. I do not think there is any region in the world where the landscape painter could enjoy better studies than in the Arctic regions. The sunsets I cannot and will not attempt to describe. Imagine the most brilliant colours—colours which, in a painting, would be pronounced as unnatural as wonderful, but which are here beheld in all the dazzling splendour of Nature's own design."—p. 119.

We must here take leave of a book we have perused with great pleasure; and would heartily recommend it to the notice of the naturalist, the traveller, and the general reader.

3.—MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF WILLIAM WIRT, Attorney-General of the United States. By John P. Kennedy. A new and revised Edition. Two volumes. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard. 1850.

AN interesting memoir of one of the most eminent men of his day. Sprung from a comparatively humble origin, he, by his own exertions, attained high distinction among his countrymen. His life was, "in great part, that of a student. His youthful days were passed in preparation for his profession. His manhood was engrossed by forensic labours. Old age found him crowned with the honours of a faithfully earned judicial renown." Yet, amidst all the engrossing avocations of his active career, he neglected none of the amenities of life. His intercourse with a wide circle of friends, seems to have been "enriched with all the graces which a benevolent heart, a playful temperament, and a happy facility of discourse, were able to impart;" and, as a natural consequence, he was beloved by all who had the advantage of being acquainted with him.

From the fragment of an autobiography extending over ten years of Wirt's childhood, are given some interesting extracts, in the form of reminiscences of that period of the future Attorney-General's life. These are written with great spirit, and in a pleasing style, and serve to awaken regret that the autobiography was not continued. It must, however, be allowed, that the numerous letters which are given, afford no mean substitute for a regular narrative, since they afford much

insight into the mind of the amiable writer, and relate to persons of note and events of great interest at the time they were written; penned, as they were, without the most distant view to publication, they exhibit the writer in his moments of free and unreserved communion with those whom he held in the highest esteem; in the words of his biographer, "his letters sufficiently indicate the character of his manners;" and they as fully illustrate "his affection towards his family, his attachment to his friends, his charity and benevolence towards mankind, his courage, his self-respect, and his integrity."

William was born at Bladensburg, Maryland, in 1772, some years before the war of the revolution; and the marchings and counter-marchings of troops connected with that event seem to have gained a strong hold upon his childish imagination, judging from the frequent notices of military movements in his autobiography, which was written by him when Attorney-General, in 1825. Here is an interesting picture of the embryo lawyer drumming for the amusement of the soldiery:—

"It must have been at the same time that a body of infantry of the continental army was in Bladensburg—perhaps, also, a part of Lee's legion. There was among them a doctor, whose name, it strikes me, I have heard mentioned as a surgeon in Lee's corps. The only thing in the way of rebuke, I recollect to have ever received from my dear mother, was occasioned by an incident connected with these troops. The continual musters of militia in Bladensburg, with the drum and fife, had made me a drummer from a period so early that I have no recollection of its commencement. My ear was naturally good, and I was a singer for the amusement of company from the time that I could speak, and perhaps sooner. The acuteness of my ear and my imitative propensity kept me drumming on the tables and on the floors, and singing the common marches of the time, with such directness and dexterity that it attracted the attention of others. An old gentleman, whose name I cannot now recall, drew out of his bosom one day a pair of small drumsticks, which he had had made for me, and painted blue, and gave them to me as a present. I had no drum, but with these sticks I pursued my drumming exercise with such effect, that I could soon beat time as accurately as any drummer in the army. This was the state of my proficiency when the troops aforesaid marched through Bladensburg. Pushing and peering about them, I found myself, one day, at the baker's, in a room where the soldiers were drinking, and where there were drums and fifes in plenty. The baker was a merry-hearted man, and, upon seeing me, had a drum and fife paraded, and the drumsticks put into my hands. I set to beating, with the accompaniment of the fife too. It was my first exhibition. I performed with so much animation and success that the soldiers were astonished. The drum-head was soon covered with as many pieces of silver coin and pennies as filled both my hands. It was on occasion of my carrying these home in triumph, that my honourable and beloved mother gave me a rebuke against taking money presents, which fashioned my character in that particular for life."—p. 27.

In 1795, Mr. Wirt married the daughter of Dr. Gilmer, of Pen Park, Albemarle, and five happy years the rising young barrister spent at the residence of his wife's father, steadily acquiring practice and reputation. In the fifth year of his marriage his amiable wife died, and he was, in a manner, again "thrown upon the world." In 1802, Mr. Wirt was unanimously elected to fill the office of Chancellor;

and having previously made the acquaintance of the daughter of Colonel Gamble, of Richmond, was married to that lady soon after; an union which proved a most happy one during its long continuance. Of an event that happened during the period of courtship, a droll story is told. The Colonel, who had somewhat demurred to giving his daughter's hand to the young lawyer, had occasion, one summer morning, at sunrise, to visit the office of the latter.

"It unluckily happened that Wirt had, the night before, brought some young friends there, and they had had a merry time of it, which had so beguiled the hours, that even now, at sunrise, they had not separated. The Colonel opened the door, little expecting to find any one there at that hour. His eyes fell upon the strangest group! There stood Wirt, with the poker in his right hand, the sheet-iron blower fastened on his left arm, which was thrust through the handle; on his head was a tin wash-basin, and, as to the rest of his dress—it was hot weather, and the hero of this grotesque scene had dismissed as much of his trappings as comfort might be supposed to demand, substituting for them a light wrapper, that greatly aided to the theatrical effect. There he stood, in this whimsical caparison, reciting, with an abundance of stage gesticulation, "*Falstaff's onset upon the thieves.*" His hack was to the door. The opening of it drew all attention. We may imagine the queer look of the anxious probationer, as Colonel Gamble, with a grave and mannerly silence, bowed and withdrew, closing the door behind him, without the exchange of a word."—p. 90.

Whatever ill effect this untoward event might have had on the mind of pupa, was speedily neutralized by Wirt's promotion to the Chancellorship, and the marriage was no longer deferred. After a prosperous professional career, Mr. Wirt received the appointment to the post of Attorney-General of the United States, in 1817, and held it till his decease twelve years afterwards.

We have room but for one more quotation; it is from a letter to his daughter Laura, and perfectly delineates the playfulness of his fancy. He says—

"What you call my *short, dry and sententious and brief, pithy and oracular* letter, *puts me in mind* of a salutation of Mr. T.'s, the senator, which I have heard rehearsed since I left home. You know with what frightful impetuosity he talks—like the windlass of a well that had broken loose just as the full bucket has reached the top, and goes thundering down again—which, I must confess, is a figure of Doctor Jack Ponshee's, applied to Sheffield. He was saluting a lady, an old acquaintance:—'Why, bless me, madam, what is the matter? You used to be *round, plump, and jolly*, and now you are *lean, lank, thin, flabby and emaciated.*' You must run over these words as hard as you can lay legs to the ground, to have any idea of them. They are well rehearsed by J. B., the senator, who heard the salutation. And this puts me in mind of another story (don't it put you in mind of *two*?) that I heard while I was gone. It is an instance of broken figure, or rather figures, or rather a compound fracture of figures, or rather a *chaos* of them, exhibited in a speech made by one of my brother lawyers at Baltimore, not long since:—'This man, gentlemen of the jury, walks into court like a motionless statue, with the cloak of hypocrisy in his month, and is attempting to screw three large oak trees out of my client's pocket.'"—p. 127.

And here we must take leave of a book which we have perused with great pleasure.

- 4.—**AN ELEMENTARY COURSE OF GEOLOGY, MINERALOGY, AND PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.** By David T. Ansted, M.A., F.R.S., &c., Professor of Geology in King's College, London. London: John Van Voorst, Paternoster-row. 1850.

THE most comprehensive elementary treatise on Geology we have ever met with, and one, moreover, fully calculated to sustain Professor Ansted's high position as a teacher of the science. In an introductory chapter are explained the limits and divisions of the subject, and its terminology, the importance of Geology, and the nature of its practical applications. To this succeeds a fourfold division of the general subject, as under :—

1.—*Physical Geography*, exhibiting the properties and conditions of matter at the earth's surface, and the changes that take place there by the action of the various forces of gravitation and cohesion, heat, light, electricity, and magnetism.

2.—*Mineralogy*, including crystallography, describing the nature of the various mineral substances of which the earth is composed, with their different combinations.

3.—*Descriptive Geology*, or an explanation of the nature, structure, and classification of rocks, including paleontology, or the nature, arrangement, and distribution of the fossil organic remains contained in and associated with inorganic materials, with their value in determining the relative ages of rocks.

4.—*Practical Geology*, or the application of geological knowledge to agriculture, engineering, architecture, and mining operations.

Interesting and important as are the investigations concerning the history of the earth, which are generally understood by the term Geology, the result of such investigations only take their appropriate place, and acquire their highest importance, when they are applied to practical purposes, and rendered subservient to the requirements of various employments and professions. For, in the words of the introduction,

“If in any district we know the geography, commonly so called, the political divisions, the natural divisions, the physical features, the relations of the hills, mountains, plains, and valleys, the rivers and river systems, the lakes, and the coast, yet still there remains a very important kind of information to be supplied before we can be said to know the country and its capabilities. We must know its structure, before we can judge of its future agricultural value, both for soil and drainage; we have yet to learn the probability, or otherwise, of springs of water being obtainable, the future salubrity of the climate, the material that is at hand to be used for buildings of all kinds, the permanency of existing conditions, especially if near the sea, and the possibility of constructing great works, whether inland or on a coast, with any chance of their stability. We are also ignorant of the mineral riches of the district in metalliferous ores; for, to comprehend all these and many similar matters, we require a knowledge of that which is beneath the surface, and the arrangement of the materials; since the soil is derived from the underlying rock, which must also be operated on in all architectural and engineering operations.

“So, again, in the construction of roads, and in many other public works, where stone is needed for rough purposes, it may happen that there is abundance of excellent material in the immediate vicinity, not directly observable at

the surface, but cropping out at a distance; and thus indicated to the eye of one acquainted with the general laws of the earth's structure. Without such knowledge, no one could suggest where this material would be continued underground, but with it the merest tyro could determine the spot where, by removing some accumulation of soil and detritus, the rock exists. The time must come when the value of such knowledge will be fully recognized, and when it will be regarded as essential as the practice of surveying to the profession of an engineer, and perhaps more useful to the colonist than any other information he can possibly acquire.

"But if a knowledge of the earth's structure is of use in operations of this kind, what shall we say with regard to mining, where everything depends upon what we know of the earth's interior, and where both general and local information of the usual condition and arrangement of rocks is essential? The whole subject of practical mining is, indeed, so immediately and directly dependant on structure, that nothing more can be necessary than to mention the fact.

"Thus it appears that in agriculture, architecture, engineering of all kinds, and mining, an acquaintance with the arrangement of the materials of the earth's crust, or, in other words, with GEOLOGY, ought to be combined with, and form part of, that special instruction which is needed by all who are called upon to act in any of those branches of practical and applied science. The results of geological knowledge are hardly less interesting to the astronomer, the geologist, and the botanist; but these applications do not properly come within the object of the present work."—p. 3.

The subject is illustrated by upwards of 200 wood-cuts, including sections of strata, forms of crystals, and figures of fossils; there is also an admirable general Index to the whole volume, besides an Appendix upon the Geology of India, and a Glossary of Terms. The volume is altogether most complete, and cannot fail to be found of the highest value, whether for study or reference.

5.—MEMOIRS OF DAVID SCOTT, R.S.A. Containing his Journal in Italy, Notes on Art, and other Papers: with Seven Illustrations. By William B. Scott. London: A. and C. Black. 1850.

THERE is much in this painfully interesting memoir that forcibly reminds us of the short career and early death of Henry Kirke White, who, by a rather singular coincidence, died at Cambridge, in October, 1806, the month and year of David Scott's birth. Byron's short but appropriate tribute to White, is, in great measure, applicable to Scott, seeing that of him also it may almost literally be said, that he died "in consequence of too much exertion in the pursuit of studies that would have matured a mind which disease and poverty could not impair, and which death itself destroyed rather than subdued." Scott's career is thus summed up by his affectionate biographer:—

"Not new or any way surprising is it, that the sword should wear out the scabbard; that a mind living much in relation to itself, and less in relation to sense—and viewing the outer world, indeed, but as the symbol of the inner, their region of contact being the sphere of art—should gradually relax its hold, lose its sway over the functions of the body, and cease. Nor is it strange that a man, so suited by nature to a certain intellectual exertion,

unsought-for and unearned-for by the age, called by his ambition to do great deeds in that walk, should be baffled, and die, and that he should appear to many to have been all his life trying to make ropes of sand, while to others he was forging in adamant."—p. 3.

David's constitutional reserve was, most probably, fostered and increased by the "home gloom" which early settled down upon the parental roof. The youngest of five sons, he was, within a year after his birth, the only surviving child, "the others having been cut off with but a few days' interval between each;" a blow from which it seems that neither father nor mother ever recovered. "Misfortune," says the author, "has a profound effect upon the Scottish character: a grief is nursed, and its memory kept alive as a duty: we live as much in a mourning as in a religious tone of mind, have not much hopefulness, and are consequently inevitably prudent." And thus it was with the parents of David Scott. Other children were born unto them, but these never supplied the places of the lost ones; a smile was a rare thing in their dwelling, and silence was enjoined as an act of wisdom. Sedateness became "the first of virtues in the maternal judgment, or rather merriment was but another name for folly, and humility was inculcated with much more Christian than worldly wisdom."

David's father, Robert Scott, was an engraver and copper-plate printer in Edinburgh. In early life he was David's "ruling genius. To his father he always flew, appealed to him, and was instructed by him." No wonder, therefore, that a portion of the father's melancholy should have settled on the son,—“grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength;" nor is it wonderful that the son should have imbibed a taste for drawing from the father, who, in his younger days, copied well with his pen the engravings of Hogarth, and willed to be an artist of some kind—a landscape painter if possible. But as his talent was not genius, to fight its own way, and there being no professional master in painting at that time in Edinburgh, he was apprenticed to Alexander Robertson, a deft hand at the etching of trees, and engraver of the illustrations to the 'Scots' Magazine,' at that time a rising periodical; this being considered a proper destiny for the boy who drew so cleverly with his pen.

To his father's workshops David was a frequent visitor. "There were portraits, landscapes, and bible prints hanging in long lines overhead to dry; presses continually going round and round, manufacturing more; and engravers sitting etching, cutting, and drawing."

"There were, besides, pictures and busts against the walls, nearly as dingy as themselves. The battles of Alexander, by Le Brun, were a never-failing source of attraction, and some prints from Murland, beside them, were visited with infinite contempt in the comparison. Among the casts were some groups that we have never seen since; one of Samson's slaying the Philistines was particularly admired, and Hercules slaying Cæus, probably from the group by Baudineti, at Florence. Homer was there, from the marble—then recently added to the British Museum, and William Pitt, the 'Heaven-born minister.'"

—p. 23.

Such was the scene of David's early inspirations; and among the

names of the pupils with whom he might, perhaps, have formed acquaintance at that period, we recognise several who have since become eminent in their profession. There were John Burnet and James Stewart, engravers both of Wilkie's pictures, the latter of Sir W. Allen's in addition. F. Rudolph Hay, and Thomas Brown, and John Horsburgh were also there; and by these, it is not improbable, David Scott's innate love of art might have been fostered and animated, as much as by the father's example and the artistic atmosphere of the workshops. The early youth of David was passed at St. Leonards, rendered sadly classical by Walter Scott. The dwelling was lonely, and harmonized with the family melancholy, rendered deeper by the failing health and the declining prospects of the father. And here David worked studiously at his Latin or his drawing.

"The subjects of his designs, from the very first rude attempts, were such as he would have chosen even at the end of his life. 'Paradise Lost,' 'Macbeth,' and Scottish and Greek history afforded the authorities. The same impulsion and the same aim is apparent throughout the entire path of his career. As we come down to 1825, his nineteenth year, the supernatural has a larger influence. This resulted, in some measure, from his thoughts being then much bent on religious matters.

On Sunday evenings, sermons and catechisms were the only reading. David introduced Dwight's 'Theology,' and other books of a similar sort. This mental struggle went on for years, and at last appeared in the problematic form of his 'Monograms of Man.' These, of course, were not produced at this early time, and are associated with firmer resolves, deeper insight, and attained artistic powers. Other sketches of a metaphysical nature were done before these; they were the last of the cycle."—p. 30.

During a short period, David was obliged to assist in engraving, in consequence of his father's illness, and his inability to attend to business; but time was found to make occasional excursions to Clydesdale, Largs, and Kippon, and other spots, by which a love of nature was kept alive.

In 1822, the young painter visited London for the first time, and recorded in his journal many of his impressions of the great city; among other entries is the following, relating to Turner:—

"2nd June.—Sketching for some time in the National Gallery. I went to Turner's one day lately, and was making a little memorandum of one of his pictures on the back of a card, when a servant entered and said, "Master don't allow sketching." I was somewhat surprised, as no one had been in the room, and the door shut. However, I hardly considered what I was doing to be sketching, so I put in the line of the distance, which took two moments. Immediately in bounced a short, stoutish individual, the *genius loci* himself. He said he was sorry I had not desisted; and I replied, that what I had done was a mere trifle. He muttered something about memoranda and first principles, whereon I showed it him, and tore it up. He must have a peep-hole, and yet he is really a great painter."—p. 41.

In August, 1832, Scott commenced his continental tour, returning home in August, 1834. Numerous extracts from the journal kept during this period throw much light upon his character. His energies were depressed by continued ill-health, and his pecuniary

resources seem never to have been in a flourishing state ; nevertheless he worked hard, saw everything that he could see in the way of his art, and here is the sum of a.l. as recorded on nearly the last leaf of his journal :—

“ I do believe there never was a man who accomplished more than I have done as unaided, and yet found himself so far from gaining the means of living. These means, necessities, these alone can now stagger me. I can meet criticism ; I know the value of this opinion and that opinion ; I can question myself on what I do, and pass on ; but these vampires may drag me to the grave.”—p. 165.

But the end was not yet. For sixteen years after his return to Scotland, David worked on with varying success ; but, on the whole, progress was made as his works came to be better understood, and his own powers to be better appreciated. At length, just as fame and competence, if not fortune, appeared to be within his grasp, David Scott breathed his last, at the age of forty-two, in the house at Easter Dalrey, near Edinburgh, which he rented from the time of his father's decease.

There is much in this memoir that will be of value to the young artist, and of interest to the general reader.

6.—*ALETHEIA : OR, THE DOOM OF MYTHOLOGY.* With other Poems. By William Charles Kent. London : Longman and Co. 1850.

AMIDST the flood of unreadable verse daily issuing from the press, it is really refreshing to meet with a volume displaying so much of the true poetic temperament as the one before us. The language is generally terse and elegant ; the verse easy and flowing ; and, what is at least of equal importance, the ideas are natural, and such as would spontaneously arise in the mind of one so intimately acquainted with classic lore as the author evidently is.

The principal poem, ‘*Aletheia*,’ opens with an evening reverie in the green wood ; the sights and sounds awaken a retrospect of the past,

“ When myths of marvel strew'd the earth like balm,
And gods were in the grove and in the wold :”

and this leads to a lament for the day

“ When dreams were doom'd to death in Attica,”

and the sylvan divinities were banished from their leafy homes. After a glance at the departed phantoms of paganism, we have a solemn invocation to the deities of mythology, praying their return to their pristine haunts ; the invocation meets with a favourable response, and nature is once again peopled with the divinities of antiquity ; their glory is celebrated, and the various ideal forms of polytheism are enumerated. After a “*Hymn to Life*,” we have some pleasing recollections of the tiny forms of fairy land ; followed by an enumeration

of the heathen deifications of heroes and animals in the constellations. The appearance of all the pagan deities is followed by the punishment of an undue admiration by the sudden vanishing of the glorious spectacle ; amid the melodies of night and solitude, appears Aletheia, the Genius of Truth, who in her wisdom and beneficence shows a more excellent faith, and thus comforts and consoles the poet for the loss of the ideal glories of mythology.

With a few selections we must close our brief notice of this poem. The first is the "Hymn to Life."

" Life, mystic Life ! Thou art hut as a ray
Of God's great splendour shot through carnal things ;
A beam that, kindling sentience in dull clay,
Creates an angel, wanting only wings ;
Thy flight an instant, and thy light a gleam,
That gilds each ripple on Time's troubled stream.

" Life, beauteous Life ! Thou art but as a flower
Whose latent germ to sudden verdure blooms ;
Of earth the ornament, of heav'n the dower,
Death crops thee in thy noon of rich perfumes ;
And, ravish'd from their roots, thy blossoms rise,
To shed their fragrance in the radiant skies.

" Life, glittering Life ! Thou art but as a gem
Borne from the hillows of the awful deep,
To deck in turns th' imperial diadem
And russet cap of those who sow or reap ;
Though shattered all thy form to worthless grains,
The gorgeous halo of thy hue remains.

" Life, changeful Life ! Thou art hut as a dream,
Full of false pleasures and illusive woe,
A vision such as 'wilder'd sophists deem
A problem whose solution none can know ;
And when destruction's pang thy torpor breaks,
The soul not slumbers, but from sleep awakes.

" Then weep no more, ye mourners for the dead !
Nor sadden their grass-graves with sorrow's cloud ;
No lengthen'd sufferings rack that nerveless head ;
No cold heart throbs beneath that sullen shroud ;
Corruption soars not where their spirits go ;
Their crumbling relics only fade below."—p. 52.

Our next extract is on the tiny fays of elf-land :—

" But sweeter tunes the voice, from rock to rock,
From hill to hill, reverberating round,
The voice whose tone rejoicing ears doth mock
With soft returns of oft repeated sound ;
The vocal soul that lingers to the last,
Where Echo's step of yore in substance pass'd.

- " 'Tis there, 'tis there, minutely tinsell'd elves
 Do featly frohe on the acid grass ;
 In sorrel rings that Puck yet mightly delves,
 And hangs with dew that falls like liquid glass ;
 'Tis there, 'tis there, that Stello lightly trips
 To kiss the honey-red from elfine lips.
- " Long had the zephyrs fann'd the pagan fay
 When first Titania's golden circlet shone,
 When first the woodbine-trumpet's choral bray
 Proclaim'd the pomp of royal Oberon ;
 When rainbow sheen first glimmer'd from the brand
 That flash'd Romance on gorgeous Fairy Land.
- " Then in delicious haunts the harmless sprite
 Would float on rose-leaf o'er the shady pool ;
 Or from ærial gossamer alight,
 Or lurk within the nodding cowslip cool ;
 Or bruise with berries from the whortel shorn
 The slug with streak'd shell and timorous horn."—p. 63.

A poetic description of Apollo :—

- " Last of the mightiest, first in symmetry,
 Lord of the day, the lyre, the bow, the song !
 At length my grateful voice reverts to thee,
 Whose praises still descriptive verse prolong ;
 At length my loyal numbers touch the string
 That vibrates homage to the Poet's King.
- " Divine Apollo ! Minstrel of the spheres !
 Bard of the heart and Prophet of the soul !
 Still, still thy tones my loving fancy hears ;
 Still from thy lips the words of wisdom roll ;
 Thy form's unfading bloom still wears in sooth
 The everlasting majesty of youth.
- " Alert in attitude, serene in look,
 With death yet flying from his jarring cord,
 As though from Time's abyss the Python took
 New life to die once more by Delos' Lord ;
 Grandly he stands for one short moment's span,
 Like the God graven in the Vatican."—p. 117.

7.—THE PHONETIC BIBLE, ACCORDING TO THE AUTHORIZED VERSION. (In Phonetic Spelling.) London : F. Pitman. 1850.

OUR readers may perhaps recollect that, about a year ago, we noticed several works in favour of a new system of spelling English phonetically. This system had for its best known and earliest champions Messrs. Pitman and Ellis, each of whom, both as author, publisher, and printer, separately dedicated himself to the cause. The public were addressed in works of various kinds in the new phonetic type, and even in a weekly newspaper so printed. This last, however,

lived some five months only, owing to the illness of Mr. Ellis, its sole editor, printer, publisher, and proprietor; and as his illness continued, all the works depending upon his assistance ceased to appear. The "spelling reform," however, we are happy to say, has made great progress, both in the number of its supporters and in the increased sale of phonetic publications. During the last year, besides many other works, two editions of the New Testament and two of the whole Bible have appeared. The 'Phonetic Journal' appears twice a month, and we are informed has a sale of 1,700 copies; and there are no fewer than five monthly periodicals in phonography, or phonetic short-hand, having a united sale of 6,000 copies. The greatest step in advance, however, is, that it has been conclusively proved that by far the shortest way of teaching to read, is to *teach phonetic reading as a preliminary*.

As to the 'Phonetic Bible,' it is in minion type, in demy octavo. There are two editions. The one for the general reader is a careful phonetic reprint of the ordinary English Bible, the text being exhibited in paragraphs according to the most approved editions of the authorized version, and the pronunciation of every word being of course indicated in the spelling. The other edition is entitled 'A New Arrangement of the Bible in Divisions, Sections, and Sentences;' but the common divisions of chapter and verse are marked in addition. We have no space to give a critical review of the work, and particularly to notice the great value of the new arrangement in compiling, printing, and referring to Concordances and Reference-Bibles, and for quotation in general; for this we must refer our readers to the prospectus of the work, to be had of the publisher. We are enabled to give a specimen of the common edition.

AND it cam tra pqs after dex tizs dat
God did teat Abraham, and sed unta
him, Abraham: and he sed, Behold,
2 [her] i [am]. And he sed, Tac n5 d5
sun, d5n ooli [sun] f5zuc, haum d5 luvest,
and get d5 inta d5 land ov Morja; und
ofer him dar for a burnt oferiq up5n wun
3 ov d5 m5ntenz hwiq i wil tel d5 ov. And
Abraham roz up erli in d5 morniq, and
sad'd his qs, and tue t5s ov his yun
men wid him, and f5zuc his sun, und
clav d5 wud for d5 burnt oferiq, and
roz up, and went unta d5 plas ov hwiq
4 God had told him. Then on d5 terd da
Abraham lifted up his jz, and so d5
5 plas af5r ef. And Abraham sed unta

his yun men, Abjd ye her wid d5 qs;
and i and d5 lad wil go yonder and
6 wurfip, and cum ag5n tu q. And
Abraham tue d5 wud ov d5 burnt of-
eriq, and lad [it] up5n f5zuc his sun;
and he tue d5 fir in his hund, and a
n5t; and da went bot ov dem tug5der.
7 And f5zuc spae unta Abraham his fq-
der, and sed, M5 f5qder: and he sed, Her
[am] i, m5 sun. And he sed, Behold d5
fir and d5 wud: but 5 hwar [iz] d5 lam
8 for a burnt oferiq. And Abraham sed,
M5 sun, God wil provid himself a lum
for a burnt oferiq: so da went bot ov
dem tug5der.

As King James's Bible did a great deal to fix the English language, so we think the 'Phonetic Bible' may do good service in determining and fixing the pronunciation; for in the last respect, it is edited with great care, and will be a far more valuable representation of the pronunciation of our day, than is 'Hart's Orthographie' of the pronunciation of Shakspeare's time. This curious little book is a plea for phonetic spelling itself, chiefly printed phonetically, A.D. 1569; a copy of it may be seen in the British Museum.

The 'Phonetic Bible' will be hailed by phoneticians as a most valuable publication, and even the opponents of phonetic spelling will find great use in it, as a guide which will enable them to give a definite, and, as far as it can be ascertained, correct pronunciation of the proper names in Scripture. We are not, therefore, surprised to learn that many such persons have procured copies of the work.

8.—A CONCISE GRAMMAR OF THE GERMAN LANGUAGE, on the Principles adopted in the Schools of Germany; in which the declension is facilitated and simplified, and the relation of prepositions pointed out and exemplified, in a series of easy and comprehensive examples. By G. H. C. Egestorff, Translator of Klopstock's 'Messiah.' London: D. Nutt.

THE German language having lately become an object of study in this country among all classes of society, it is remarkable that, until the appearance of this grammar in 1846, no attempt should have been made to put the English student in possession of the methods of teaching actually followed in the schools of Germany. In that country the language has been so thoroughly re-organized, that any deviation from the mode of teaching there adopted, can only serve to perplex the student, instead of enabling him to attain his object by the shortest and most direct route.

The German, a rich, vigorous, and harmonious language, is strictly original and altogether peculiar in its construction, so that it can be compared only with itself. It has been divided principally into two dialects, which, under various modifications, continue to exist to this day; these are the high and the low German—the former being spoken in the south, and the latter generally and more particularly by the peasantry in the north of Germany. From the former emanated the Tyrolean dialect, and those of the Swiss Cantons; and with the latter the Dutch and Flemish, as also the English languages have their origin. The Dutch language has maintained its analogy to German in the most unmixed state, the Flemish tongue being mingled with a good deal of the Gallic, and the English language has been so much enlarged by importations from the classical languages, and with numerous French words, that it would be impossible to separate the original German, generally called "Saxon," from the rest, though the names of all the necessities of life in English are purely German; and the inclination of English to its German origin, which now obtains, is greatly to its advantage.

The chief characteristic of the proper German dialect is, that its orthography is guided by a well-formed pronunciation. It is spoken in its greatest purity at Hanover, Brunswick, Gottingen, Hesse Kassel, and along the Elbe, though, as observed above, its adoption is general throughout Germany, at courts, and in all elegant society. At and below Hamburg the low German still prevails, and in the south the high German dialect is spoken most. The latter is

remarkable for its suppression of vowels, and a particularly harsh, almost grating utterance of consonants, while the low German, on the other hand, is distinguished rather for a drawling than a suppression of vowels. Proper German is free from both these faults.

A peculiarity of the German language consists in its declension, by means of inflexion; and the declension of nouns, articles and adjectives is a subject of the utmost importance, and requires the particular attention of all who wish to speak the German language correctly and intelligibly. But important as it is, it has been strangely mystified by compilers of books for the use of English students. One has four, another five, and another six declensions, so that the student is positively bewildered, and does not know which he is to follow.

According to the system adopted in the schools of Germany, since the reorganization of the German language subsequently to the liberation of Germany in 1813-14, there are only two declensions, and these are always distinguishable by the genitive case of nouns in the singular number, and by the formation of the plural; the system laid down in the above grammar, and marked in all good German-English Dictionaries of modern publication.

The springing of good from evil is exemplified in many incidents connected with the progress of the German language. At the time of the Reformation, an improved dialect of that language was formed by the amalgamation of High and Low German—the beauties of each being retained, and the harshness rejected. The adoption of this dialect by the Church was, however, but partial; and its introduction into the Universities and the courts of law was effected very tardily. It was not until the end of the 17th century, that Thomasius, a professor at Leipsig, first read his lectures in German, Latin having previously been the language of literature and science. The innovation was deemed so startling, that his students fled from his lectures, and the whole of the *literati* declared war against him.

In the eighteenth century the French school of literature struck deep root in Germany; and although the bad taste and false criticism of Godsched, the head of this school, were exposed by Lessing, there prevailed a prepossession in favour of the French language, because Frederick the Great of Prussia adopted it as the language of his court, and even wrote the history of his campaigns in French. Frederick's successes in the field drew upon him the attention of all Europe; he was imitated in everything he did; and, accordingly, to speak German to any one but a servant was looked upon as vulgar: and it was not until Klopstock applied the pruning-knife to the incongruous mixture of languages at that time current in Germany, that pure German began to be spoken in that country.

When Napoleon overran the continent with his victorious armies, he aimed at rendering French the universal language, and promulgated orders that German should not be taught in any of the schools of Germany. Since 1814, however, the German language has resumed its position, and its native dignity has been so far re-asserted, that the

treaty of peace between France and Germany in 1814-15, is written in the German language, and is thus deposited in the archives at Paris, the French document being merely a translation from the original.

Germany comprising various monarchies and independent states, with different forms of government, and no capital; and there being no academy in the country, recognised as an authority that would give laws for general adoption; the grammatical construction of the language was as yet by no means uniform. But in the reorganization of the German language since the years 1814-15, general principles have been recognised and generally adopted in the schools and universities of the country.

In England the language and literature of Germany were slighted and neglected, till the late Thomas Campbell, author of 'The Pleasures of Hope,' wrote on the subject in the 'Metropolitan Magazine,' and thus called attention to a subject that had long remained unheeded, but which is not likely ever again to sink into oblivion.

As the above grammar is calculated eminently to facilitate the study and acquirement of the language, farther recommendation of it will hardly be required.

- 9.—THE PAST AND FUTURE OF IRELAND, indicated by its Educational History; comprising a Vindication of the National System, and the Queen's Colleges. London: Ward and Co., 27, Paternoster-row. Dublin: Robertson. Belfast: M'Comb. 1850.

THIS little volume is appropriately dedicated to Sir Robert Peel, under whose government, in 1846, was passed the Act of Parliament establishing the three Queen's Colleges of Belfast, Cork, and Galway. The author divides his work into three parts: the Celtic Era, the Era of Exclusive and Sectarian Education, and that of United and Liberal Education. He shows, from the concurrent testimony of Spenser, Camden, Mosheim, Dr. Johnson, Thierry, and other authors of eminence, that the Irish were not always in so lowly and depressed a condition as they now are, but that—

"For many ages after the fall of the Roman Empire, Ireland stood at the head of the nations of Europe, as the dispenser of learning and civilization; that her sons were distinguished for their bravery and piety; and that the recognition of Ireland as the third empire of the world, in 1417, by the unanimous consent of the European nations, was conceded on the ground of her ancient pre-eminence as a kingdom, and the intellect and benevolence of her inhabitants.

"All this," continues the author, "may seem incredible in our day; indeed, it is hard to believe it when we behold the miserable remnant of the Celtic nation, either in their comfortless huts at home, or wandering over the world in search of employment or alms. Could men so squalid, so indolent, so servile, with phrenological development so mean, and physiognomy so idiotic—could these ever have been anything but the degraded and despicable race they are at present? It is asked, with a tone of contempt, how could this

feeble, cowardly, low-minded, and fickle people have acquired or maintained a national character such as that ascribed to them by historians?

"But might not similar questions be asked regarding the modern Egyptians, the Greeks, and Italians? That the ancient Irish were all that is here alleged, is a fact which depends not upon the representations of national vanity, but on the testimony of foreign and British writers, who had no inducement to exaggerate their good qualities, but were strongly beset with temptations to disparagement."—p. 13.

And all this the author conceives the Irish people might again become, under the influence of sound education and free institutions; these, added to the effect of the favorable soil and climate which they already possess, would doubtless do much towards raising the Irish from their present inferior condition to that position which they occupied at a period when, as Dr. Johnson wrote, their country was "the school of the West, the quiet habitation of sanctity and literature."

Under the head of "The Era of Exclusive and Sectarian Education," the author traces the effects of legislative enactments on education, from the twenty-eighth year of Henry VIII., when the first Act on the subject was passed, down to the Report of the Commissioners in 1844. He shows that the failure of the parochial, diocesan, and royal schools have been either failures in consequence of the spirit of exclusiveness which has marred all the educational institutions originally intended to meet the wants of the people generally. "The state was sufficiently bountiful of funds for the instruction of the people, but the exclusive channel through which its bounty flowed, or rather the cistern where it stagnated, converted the blessing into a pestilence;" it having been "committed to the religious superintendence of the Established Church, and made subservient to the increase of her congregations by imparting an exclusively Protestant education."

This being the case, it is not to be wondered at that a system of education

"Was demanded by public opinion, from which should be banished even the suspicion of proselytism; which should be subject to a direct responsibility and vigorous superintendence; which should respect the civil right of parents to determine the sort of religious education their children must receive, and which should treat the members of all churches and sects with perfect equality; which should check the centralizing, or slumbering, or corrupting tendencies of government, by the authority of local committees, the stimulus of local subscriptions, and the jealous inspection of rival pastors; and should honestly educate the whole people as one united civil community."—p. 107.

In the division entitled "The Era of United and Liberal Education," the author first gives a history of the rise and progress of the schools now working under the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland; the opposition they have met with, and their present state. For twelve years, from 1833 to 1845, the annual increase in the number of scholars was about 30,000; in 1847, the number on the roll was diminished by 53,778, in consequence of the famine and attendant mortality; but even in that calamitous year, 217 applications were made to the Board, either from existing schools wishing to be placed

in connexion with it, or for grants towards building and furnishing new schools. The excellence of the books in use in these schools has been generally admitted; and they have even been ordered by clerical opponents of the system, for the use of their own children.

The second portion of the division is devoted to the last grand step towards furnishing the means of sound and liberal education in Ireland by the foundation of the Queen's Colleges, together with brief memoirs of the first presidents—Dr. Henry, of Belfast; Sir Robert Kane, of Cork; and Dr. Kirwan, of Galway. These Colleges are yet in their infancy; but they seem to possess the elements of vitality in an extraordinary degree; and we trust their sphere of usefulness will be in nowise circumscribed either by factious bigotry or sectarian exclusiveness.

10.—**RAGGED SCHOOLS: THEIR PRINCIPLES AND MODES OF OPERATION.** By a Worker. London: Partridge and Oakey, Paternoster-row. 1850.

WE have not any particular, individual, or personal acquaintance with the institutions which are treated of in this little publication. We have, however, heard and read enough to induce us to believe, that these "RAGGED SCHOOLS" are, by far, the best means which enlightened Christian benevolence has yet devised for imparting the rudiments of moral and mental enlightenment to the depressed and depraved beings who are its objects. Immorality, ignorance, and dirt are not necessarily connected with rags, although they are too generally united; and it is very much to be feared that one induces the other. Have any exertions been made to prevent or lessen the tendency to this connexion? We know of none, upon a plan capable of sufficient extension to be widely useful, previous to the establishment of Ragged Schools. Before the benevolent founders of these institutions called them into existence, no place opened its door, either on Sabbath or week-day, for the poor squalid child of rags and dirt, or offered to impart to it something of the nobility of human nature, by showing that poverty might be cleanly, and that a squalid exterior is unavoidably associated with profane habits and stolid ignorance.

The founders of Ragged Schools must have had much to contend with in themselves, before they could fully nerve their minds to the undertaking; and we know that they met with enough of opposition from the opinion of the world, before they enlisted a sufficiency of supporters in their cause to give it any chance of success. There is nothing very desirable in the contact of poverty, even when accompanied by decent habits and moral deportment. The delicate and sensitive mind associates poverty with suffering, and though it willingly relieves, it shrinks from the contemplation of such a condition. But when poverty is clothed in filthy rags, and the degradation of the mind is scarcely exceeded by the foulness of the body, it is necessary that the humane promptness of benevolence should be strengthened by the unselfish teachings of Christianity, to induce any

one voluntarily to seek out the poor debased child of sin and suffering; and by communion with it, to aid in the development of its mental and moral powers, and to assist it in sloughing its investiture of vice, and ignorance, and degradation.

It is a delightful feature of the age in which we live that workmen and workwomen have been found to enter every field of benevolent exertion, and to do their utmost to better the condition of their fellow-creatures. The little publication before us is a convincing proof that the Ragged Schools have their numerous and talented advocates, and active promoters; whilst the annual exhibitions which have lately been made of the good which these institutions have done, as proved by the testimony both of parents and children, ought to stimulate every one who wishes to do good in his day and generation, to assist in any and every way which Providence and position may enable him to do, in the promotion of these places of refuge for the destitute in mind, in body, and estate; these hospitals for those whom all other institutions reject, as the incurable and irreclaimable of our species.

An opposition to ragged schools has lately been manifested in a quarter where a different feeling might have been expected; and the cold statistics of calculation have been employed to prove the reverse of that, which the juster promptings of right reason and the warmer impulses of benevolence, would have unhesitatingly admitted. It is an adage "*that figures cannot err*;" but it is lamentably the fact that they are often applied to only one side of an argument, and *made* to err through such misapplication. We have no doubt that they have been so misapplied in the evidence they have been made to give against Ragged Schools.

We had marked several passages in this little book for quotation, but our limited space forbids our making use of them. Our wish to promote the knowledge of the principles upon which these schools are founded, the good which they have done, and the further good which they are capable of doing, induce us to recommend the attentive perusal of the author's statements and conclusions to our readers, who, we are sure, will be led thereby to regard *Ragged Schools* as being worthy their support.

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- 11.—THE PENSIVE WANDERER, A POEM IN FOUR CANTOS; with NERO and the FIRE OF ROME, an Ode; and other Poems. By Cambria's Bard. London: published by the Author, 55, Upper Berkeley-street, Portman-square.

As Old Currant's representative says in the play—"When you modest fellows *do* break the ice, you splash about you a bit." Here we have "Cambria's Bard" informing the pensive public, that "like Byron was," he is still a minor; and threatening the critics with a sound thrashing, *à-la-Byron*, if they do not choose to speak as highly of the 'Wanderer' as he himself evidently thinks of it. He founds his claim to consideration mainly upon his having followed out an idea that "it is, at the present day, possible to write poetry which shall

not owe its name to the regular march of measure, or the successive limitation of syllables." That it is possible to write *poetry* without any strait-laced "adherence to the trammelling fetters of *prosody*," no one who knows what true poetry is, will deny. Whether our Bard has accomplished this, let our readers judge from a few lines taken almost at random from the fourth canto :—

"The night was full rapidly approaching,
 One by one the tinted clouds began to vanish,
 Before the deep sombre twilight's encroaching ;
 This, in its turn, was compelled to diminish,
 When the moon rose above the horizon,
 And the many bright constellations displayed
 The fanciful forms, whose proper unison
 Suggests stupendous ideas, which will pervade
 The minds of all who contemplate the unknown,
 Vast, grand expanse of spaceless sublimity—
 Not like some, regard to admire alone,
 But to revere its boundless immensity,
 To exalt, discipline the intellect
 In studying, dreaming of the universe,
 Devoid of all the sad feeling of seet—
 Amid woful rage kindling destructive curse."—p. 83.

Pretty well for a youth of eighteen, if not very Byronic.

12.—HYDRAULIC TABLES; by Nathaniel Beardmore, Civil Engineer.
 London : Waterlow and Sons, Parliament Street.

OF those sciences which form the investigation and study of the civil engineer, hydrodynamics holds a foremost rank, not less from its abstract interest, than from its application to the wants of our every-day lives.

At this particular time, when government commissions are formed for considering sanitary and other like improvements, and when, throughout the country, public companies and corporate bodies are bestirring themselves for more efficiently providing their clients with an abundant supply of pure water, it is with satisfaction we find the present work laid before the public, and the experiments of the author condensed into so clear and systematized a form.

The chief fault in nearly all previous authorities on hydraulics has been a want of system. Their experiments and their practice have not been arranged so as to be readily applied, either by the professional man, or by those numberless individuals whose tastes, or whose duties, render this a subject of vital interest. We congratulate Mr. Beardmore on the skill he has evinced in getting over this difficulty, and giving the results of much investigation and experience in so agreeable and concise an arrangement. By every one connected directly or indirectly with hydraulics, these tables will be received with great satisfaction; and we must express a hope that the author will be enabled, before long, to add his promised Supplement, giving a generalized view of the phenomena of tidal estuaries, in the same able and clear manner that he has systematized his practice on rivers and

water-works. The work before us is exceedingly well got up; and, what is of great importance in a work of this kind, the typography is peculiarly neat and legible in its character.

13.—ELEMENTARY CATECHISMS.—SANITATION; THE MEANS OF HEALTH. Groombridge.

PLEASANT PAGES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. By S. P. Newcombe; Priory House, Clapton.

WE are glad to see the attention of educationists directed to the importance of popularising, through the medium of elementary school-books, the results of recent sanitary investigations. The little work, entitled 'Sanitation,' is a collection, with a view to this object, of the most approved rules relating to health, comprising bathing, washing, ventilation, lighting, and warming, and every other branch of the subject. We regret only to see the work thrown into the catechetical form, which is, of all others, the most repulsive to children. All books of information intended for the use of schools, should be prepared as easy reading lessons, upon which, when read, the teacher should question his pupils; and, for his assistance, it is always useful to append a column of questions at the end of each chapter; but to dislocate the sense by questioning before an explanation is complete, and especially by questioning of a kind which would never occur to the minds of children, is to destroy all continuity of interest in the subject sought to be explained.

'Pleasant Pages' is a series of lessons for the use of infant schools, in the form of conversational dialogues; some of which show great practical ability on the part of the author in simplifying the ideas intended to be conveyed. We think, however, the author has committed a mistake in confounding the pleasantness of conversational teaching with the much feebler interest to be derived from reading imaginary conversations. We fear that in infant schools, children sufficiently advanced to read at all such a work as 'Pleasant Pages,' would prefer works of a higher order of composition.

14.—COMMON SENSE VERSUS COMMON LAW. By William Massey, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London: Longman and Co. 1850.

THERE is something highly expressive in the circumstance, when we find barristers warmly advocating law reform. Mr. Massey is not the first who has done this; but perhaps no previous author has placed the subject in so clear a light, and so conclusively shown the imperative necessity of sweeping changes in what has been called "the perfection of human wisdom." He traces the progress of a suit at law through all its tortuous turnings and windings, from the declaration to the proceedings after the verdict; a task by no means easy even to the initiated: and then offers "some suggestions for bringing back

the administration of justice to the standard of common sense." As grand steps in the right direction, the author would propose the superseding of the writ of summons by a simple notice of action, either accompanied or succeeded by the bill of particulars; and the introduction of certain modifications and corrections of the system of trial by jury: but the grand remedy for the admitted evil, proposed by Mr. Massey, is the total abolition of special pleading. Abolish this, he says,

"And you do not merely relieve the books from the burden of many thousand cases which, if not exterminated root and branch, will breed many thousand more, but you clear the ground for the development of sound and wholesome law. Under the present technical system, as I have endeavoured to show, a plain tale is converted into an artificial case, and the party is fain to abide by the law as applicable to such artificial case, instead of the real one. I say, then, get rid of the fiction, and let us come at the truth; and then we shall know where we are, and what we are about. The suitor will then get a decision, whether right or wrong, and not be put off with balderdash."—p. 146.

15.—IN MEMORIAM. London: Moxon. 1850.

OF a surety there is but one known poet, now living, who could have produced this exquisite volume. David and Jonathan, Damon and Pythias—all that old tradition has given us of devoted, loving friendship between man and man—high-souled man—is here embodied. No mere sense of attachment, which may exist amongst the commonest of mankind, but the perfect perception of all that is highest and finest—all that is true, and beautiful, and religious, in the noblest sense, linked these two great hearts together. Alas, that they should have been separated!

"Death put our lives so far apart,
We cannot hear each other speak."

Not now can this volume be dwelt on, for it is not of the *ephemera*. Suggestive of all high and holy thoughts, we leave its sympathetic appreciation to be dealt with in a future number. Meanwhile, we bid all weary-laden spirits receive it for a hymn-book, that cheers even in its mournfulness—the poet-breathings of a heart whose sorrow seventeen years' lapse has served only to chasten, not to extinguish. May some kindred spirit one day be found to wed them to fitting music.

H.

16.—THE FLOWER AND THE STAR; or, The Course of the Stream.
WILD FLOWERS FOR CHILDREN.
SPRING FLOWERS.
RIPE FRUIT.
BUY YOUR LEAVES.

London: C. Honeysuckle, 85, Hatton Garden.

THE above form the commencement of a new series of books for children, that we hail with great pleasure, as being really books fitted for

children at an age when their faculties are beginning to develope, and the love of natural beauty may become a fixed taste. The first on the list is a fairy tale, embellished with numerous very beautiful woodcuts of natural scenery, and objects not fantastic but real, not German but English. The second is a series of wild flowers, also woodcuts, but coloured, and with a rhyming "posy" attached to each.

"In the long grass by the brook,
For my gentle blue eyes look !
The swallow, as he left the spot,
Turned back to say 'Forget me not !'"

The other three are of minute form—many books to put into the hands of babies ; but they are truthful representations of flowers, fruit, and leaves.

We recommend these little books as the commencement of a better system of cultivating the awakening faculties of children to the perception of the true and beautiful.

17.—PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE. Two volumes. London :
Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 1850.

THESE volumes, which are dedicated "To the prettiest brown eyes in the world, and a heart," might appropriately have borne for their second title, "The Story of a Life," since they unfold the history of a young lady, who, during five years, refused many better offers, and sacrificed her affections in the vain hope that she was beloved in return by one to whom she had long given her heart. That one proved a calculating man of the world, who coolly weighed the chances of his choice being approved by the fashionable coteries in which he moved. This came to the young lady's knowledge, and she—forgave him ! At length he proposes to another, her superior in what the world calls advantages, and by her he is discarded. After the lapse of years, however, and when by the death of an almost unheard-of uncle in the East, Cecil Latimer, the heroine of the tale, becomes possessed of wealth and fortune, the dangler makes a direct proposal, and is rejected. Miss Latimer thenceforward devotes her time and her wealth to the improvement of her estates and the amelioration of the condition of the villagers and peasantry around her ; her calculating lover eventually destroys himself, after severe losses at play ; and, at the end of the usual nine days' wonder, he is forgotten by his old associates.

"Lord Delamere's death affected Cecil in many contradictory ways ; for persons do not feel by rule, rote, and measure. Past thoughts are terrible searchers : whatever it is, it is gone ; it is death, or it is a moral death—change. Perhaps you are changed ; perhaps others are changed : at all events, reminiscences of times past are harrowing things.

"Cecil thought that Heaven had spared her some great misfortune in not allowing her to connect her fate with his : *that* she saw clearly ; but, with the inconsistency of human nature, she would sometimes think, that had she

married him, he might have changed. These two persons having met in life was curious, for there was fate and destiny in it, and the term 'unfortunate,' as far as concerned Cecil, could hardly be used. He was the positive of life—she was the imaginary: his was the head-searching intellect—hers was the heart."

Some of the author's descriptions of rural scenery are highly graphic; and we cannot help thinking that his account of the measures adopted by his heroine for bettering the condition of her poorer neighbours, would afford many a useful hint to those whose inclination may prompt them to use their worldly advantages for the benefit of such as have been less highly favored by fortune. As a tale, the materials of these volumes are slender, and perhaps inartistically employed; but as highly suggestive of the good that might be effected by the benevolent landed proprietor, they may be advantageously consulted.

18.—**A CAREER IN THE COMMONS: or, Letters to a Young Member of Parliament, on the Conduct and Principles necessary to constitute him an Enlightened and Efficient Representative.** By William Lockey Harle. London: Longman and Co. 1850.

No one, whether in or out of the House, can peruse these letters without deriving from them both amusement and instruction. They are written in a plain, sensible, straightforward style, and are evidently from the pen of one thoroughly conversant with the subject; one who, moreover, is possessed of the varied powers and amount of knowledge requisite to do justice to the task he has undertaken. Mr. Harle is plainly an earnest and zealous reformer; but he is candid and courteous withal, to those whose political sentiments may not coincide with his own. He well depicts the duties and responsibilities of a liberal member of the Lower House, from the period of his election to his declining the honour of a seat in the Cabinet. There is scarcely a topic which has come before Parliament for the last twenty years, that is not freely discussed in these letters, and the whole is enlivened by apt illustrations, and by characteristic and well-related anecdotes of several of our leading statesmen and politicians.

As a specimen of the author's style, we quote his description of a railway committee-room:—

"Imagine one of the lofty committee-rooms of the new Houses of Parliament, with two doors leading into it from the long corridor—one for the private use of the members of the committee, and any members of the House who choose to drop in, and the other for the public. Imagine a long table running from the private doors in question, to one of the grand windows looking at the expanse of Father Thames, with space enough between the wall and the table for gentlemen to pass, and place five chairs at the table. Imagine these chairs occupied by the five members, the chairman in the middle, with a desk before him; the others two and two on each side of him, but without desks. There is then a space of four or five yards, and then another long table,

parallel to that at which the members are seated; and this table is for the gentlemen of the bar, parliamentary agents, attorneys, railway directors, and others interested in the group of bills before the committee. Behind the chairs placed for these various parties, is a wooden rail, and at the outside of the railing is another space for bystanders, idlers, witnesses, and any other person who pleases to be there, and is willing to keep silence, and observe what is going on. Spread enormous plans on the walls of the room, which a witty friend of mine called railway cartoons, and you have a tolerably correct idea of a railway committee-room.

"To enable you to estimate the interest and variety of the panorama which passes before the eyes of one of these committees, consider, for a moment, the evidence adduced for and against the London and York, or any other similarly great line. The inquiry extends to the number and condition of the inhabitants of a district, the trade and habits of particular towns, the nature and quality of their manufactures, the fertility of this region, and the barrenness of that; nay, so minute are the inquiries, that you have frequently to hear evidence on the beauty of a garden, and the varied landscape visible from the drawing-room window of some bitter and opposing country gentleman. You hear statements as to shipping, and carriage of all descriptions; and I have heard speeches from counsel, and tables and disquisitions from witnesses, as to our trade with India and the Baltic, with the United States and the Mediterranean; quarries laid bare to the light of day, and wonders told of coal, and iron, and stone, the like to which was never heard before. Orchards of fruit are touched with a glowing pencil, and fertile lands for corn and meadow are described with an enthusiasm which the poet never reached. This is really no highly-coloured picture of the doings of a railway committee; and you may place the utmost reliance upon me when I tell you, that an intelligent member of such a committee, although he may never have seen a country through which the line of railway passes, on which he sits in judgment, yet, so eloquent, picturesque, and vivid are the speeches of counsel—so clear and large are the plans, and the statements and descriptions of the witnesses and partisans so warm, vigorous, and minute, that before he is done with the railway bill he knows the country with which it may be connected as well as if he had been in it, and hunted over it every day of his existence.

"The duties of a railway committee are, in point of fact, fearfully important. The five members are a jury—not, it is true, with a case of life and death before them—but they are called upon to decide against rival claimants for the possession of a given country; and the future destiny of large towns and great communities is often placed in their hands. Thousands, and sometimes millions of money, are to be expended on the works contemplated by the bill before the committee. Mountains are to be hewn down, rocks blasted, rivers spanned, valleys elevated by mound or viaduct; harbours are to be excavated, and towns are to be built. Every species of jobbing and manœuvring must be carefully watched. Selfishness, of course, predominates in the promoters of railway bills. I mean, that they are anxious to secure the greatest possible dividends with the lowest amount of capital. The ablest sophists at the bar are employed to mystify the committee; and while the promoters wish to convey to the judges that they are desirous, in their railway bills, to consult the convenience and comfort of the public, both rich and poor, they are contemplating how they can best rivet the chains of some enormous and grasping monopoly."—p. 21.

19.—THE TREATISE OF ALBERTUS MAGNUS, DE ADHÆRENDO DEO; or, Adhering to God. London: Charles Gilpin, Bishopsgate-street Without. 1850.

ALBERTUS MAGNUS, like our own Roger Bacon, with whom he is honourably associated by Humboldt, was far beyond his age in many departments of literature and science; and, as a natural consequence, like Bacon, he was regarded by the unlearned, as a practiser of the black art; and the inventor of several most absurd prodigies. Sprung from a noble family, he entered the order of Dominicans at an early age; and afterwards, had the Bishopric of Ratisbon conferred on him by Pope Alexander III. As a lecturer and public teacher he laboured assiduously at Cologne, Paris, Rome, and Lyons; but having always had a predilection for seclusion, he at length resigned his bishopric, and retired to his convent, where, as a simple monk, he devoted himself to meditation, study, and acts of piety. He died at Cologne about the year 1282, at the age of seventy-seven. His works were collected and published at Lyons, in 1651, in twenty-one thick folio volumes. The treatise *De Adhærendo Deo*, is remarkable for its spiritual tone, and this translation will no doubt be appreciated by members of the Society of Friends, since it approaches very closely, both in style and matter, the doctrinal peculiarities of that body.

20.—THE MORAL TONE OF THE FACTORY SYSTEM DEFENDED, in a Letter to the Lord Bishop of Manchester. Being a Reply to the Allegations of the Rev. Henry Wersley, M.A., contained in a Prize Essay, entitled 'Juvenile Depravity,' and dedicated to the Lord Bishop of Norwich. By Franklin Baker, M.A. London: Charles Gilpin, Bishopsgate-street Without. 1850.

It will be seen from the title, that this pamphlet is a reply to certain statements put forth in an essay noticed in a recent number. The object of that essay was to show that the increase of crime in England is mainly traceable to the habits of intemperance prevalent among the working classes of this country, whether belonging to the agricultural or the manufacturing districts. In the rural districts, the author of the essay, after dwelling on the alteration in the relations between the employer and the employed, states what he conceives to be the chief sources of the increase of crime amongst the agricultural population; and then proceeds to pass in review the circumstances which influence for evil the dwellers in the seats of manufacture; but, in the words of the author of the reply,

"In pursuing this design, he has given prominence to three charges respecting the factory system, so destructive, if they are true, to the character of the mills and their owners, that I propose to make each the subject of distinct investigation. The first charge is, that proprietors reside at a distance from their mills; the second, that the dwelling-houses of the factory people are unhealthy, and deficient in ordinary accommodation; and the third, that the mills themselves are schools of iniquity."—p. 9.

These three charges are dealt with in the inverse order to that in which they are stated above. In the first place, the author of this reply utterly denies that such scenes of licentiousness and confusion, as are spoken of by Mr. Worsley, are ever witnessed in cotton-mills; and that they are, on the contrary, models of order and morality. Such may be the case in cotton factories; but, judging from our own experience of the morals of large manufacturing towns, we must be allowed to doubt the universal prevalence of that high tone of morality among the operatives which the author of this pamphlet would claim for them. Order and regularity, we readily grant, are absolutely essential to the proper conduct of every large establishment; but these will not *ensure* the prevalence of morality and regular habits among the operatives when released from the supervision of the manager or superintendent. With regard to the improvement in the dwellings of the operatives, we rejoice in believing that there has been of late a move in the right direction; and an increasing disposition among the mill-owners and large employers to reside among those employed in their extensive works, will do much, if accompanied by a disposition to set a good example, to annihilate ill-feelings between the two classes, and to elevate the latter to a higher position in the social scale.

We would recommend this pamphlet to the notice of those who would see both sides of a question ere they decide upon its merits.

21.—THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LEIGH HUNT; with Reminiscences of Friends and Contemporaries. Three Vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill. 1850.

In our present number we can do little more than announce the appearance of these agreeable volumes. In the preface, the author entreats the reader to bear in mind *two things*; and these words he puts in *italics*, not to give emphasis to the truth, but to show how anxious he is on those points; and continues:—

"The first is, that the work, whatever amusement he [the reader] may find in it (and I hope, for the publishers' sake, as well as my own, that it is not destitute of amusement), was commenced under circumstances which committed me to its execution, and would have been abandoned at almost every step, had those circumstances allowed.

"The second is, that the life being that of a man of letters, and topics of a different sort failing me towards the conclusion, I found myself impelled to dilate more upon my writings than it would otherwise have entered my head to contemplate."—p. vi.

He then proceeds, in his own pleasant way, to excuse this auto-criticism, by adducing examples of many eminent authors who have pursued the same course; and after saying that on the whole he is glad that he has written his autobiography, he further explains that he has been so long accustomed to talk to the reader in his own person, or at least to compare notes with him upon all sorts of personal subjects, that he falls more naturally into this sort of fireside strain than most

writers, and therefore does not present to the public so abrupt an image of individuality.

"The autobiography includes all that seemed worth retaining of what has been written in connexion with it, and this has received the benefit of a matured judgment. The political articles from the *Examiner*, curious from the consequences attending them, are republished for the first time; several hitherto unpublished letters of *Thomas Moore* appear in the third volume, in addition to those which the public have already seen; and the whole work will be new to by far the greater number of readers, not only because of the new reading generations that have come up, but because times are altered, and writers are willingly heard now, in the comparative calm of parties, and during the anxiety of all honest men to know what it is best to think and to do, whom, twenty or thirty years ago, every means would have been taken to suppress."—p. ix.

We shall probably return to these volumes in our next number.

22.—A SHORT TREATISE ON THE UNEQUAL AND DISPROPORTIONATE IMPOSTS LEVIED ON PORT WINES, shipped from Oporto to Great Britain; compared with the Imposts levied on Wines, of the same character, shipped to America and other countries. By Joseph James Forrester. London: Richardson, Cornhill. 1850.

In our number for October last, we reviewed a pamphlet on Port Wine, by Mr. Forrester, in the pages of which are exposed many of the tricks of trade to which the growers are in some measure compelled to resort, in order that they may concoct a beverage adapted to the English palate. In the present pamphlet, Mr. Forrester gives a slight sketch of the rise and progress of the port wine trade, showing the injustice and absurdity of the restrictions to which it is subjected, in the shape of unequal imposts levied upon wines shipped at Oporto, for exportation to England and other countries.

Mr. Forrester gives several statistical tables relating to

"The progress of the trade over a space of nearly two centuries; and it is singular to remark, that whilst the demand for other wines has gradually increased in proportion to our population, little or no increase has taken place in our importation of ports. In 1743, not less than 24,529 pipes were shipped from Oporto, and in 1843-4 (one hundred years afterwards), the exportation did not exceed 26,400 pipes! Last year (1849), the total exportation to Great Britain was only 24,525 pipes; when in 1779, not less than 29,318 pipes were shipped to this country from Oporto."

In the Alto-Douro, the quality of the wine is determined by the Wine Company, who will sometimes declare three different qualities in the same vat, "of which, one part can only be shipped to Europe, another to America, or out of Europe, and the third must be consumed in the country where it is grown." For the wines intended for European consumption—and this virtually means English consumption, England being the greatest purchaser—the sum of £3 per pipe must be paid for permission to warehouse them at Oporto; and a further sum of £3 8s. 4d. per pipe as export duty; while the wines

intended for countries out of Europe pay no more than 6d. per pipe for all demands. The consequence is, that there is a good deal done in the way of smuggling the wines into Europe *via* America.

Several useful tables are appended to the pamphlet, relating to the produce and exportation of port wine from the year 1678 to 1848.

MISCELLANEOUS.

POLITICAL ECONOMY. By Nassau William Senior, Esq. London: Griffin and Co.

A TREATISE of high reputation, originally published in the 'Encyclopædia Metropolitana,' and now rendered accessible to the public at large, by appearing in a separate form—that of a small octavo volume. We could have wished to have seen it better got up; for the page is too crowded with type, and the margin stinted. But the object has been, to make it range with the new issue in volumes of the 'Encyclopædia Metropolitana;' and, from the value of the contents to all students of political economy, this will hardly be considered a drawback sufficiently serious to interfere with its general circulation.

PEACE LYRICS. By H. G. Adams. London: C. Gilpin, 5, Bishopsgate Without.

A MODEST contribution to the cause of universal brotherhood, appropriately dedicated to Elihu Burritt. Many of the Lyrics are very spirited, and all display an earnestness of tone and singleness of purpose that do equal honour to the ability and the humanity of the author, who thus declares his "poetical creed."

"I sing no song of chivalry,
I wake no sounding lyre,
The deeds of knights in tourney-fights
May not my soul inspire;
I look not into ages past,
Nor dream of by-gone days,
The toil and strife of present life,
These better suit my lays.

"I turn not to the giddy height
Where mad Ambition treads,
Nor to the plains of gory stain,
Where War his banner spreads;
Those whom the world has *heroes* called,
I dare not so mis-name,
But the *truly* great, whate'er their state,
Shall grace my note of fame."

ADAMS'S POCKET DESCRIPTIVE GUIDE TO THE ENVIRONS OF THE METROPOLIS, in a Circuit of Thirty Miles round London. By E. L. Blanchard. London: W. J. Adams, 59, Fleet Street. 1850.

A USEFUL pocket companion in a number of excursions round London. It embraces portions of the counties of Berkshire, Hertfordshire, Middlesex, Surrey, Kent, and Essex; and points out the principal objects of interest to

be met with in a series of pleasing trips in various directions around the metropolis, by rail, by steam-boat, and by omnibus. The accurate and well-engraved maps, and the tables of distances, add to the utility of the 'Guide,' which will be found worthy of consultation by every home tourist, when puzzled for a locality whither to direct his steps, and able to escape for a few hours from the noise and smoke of London.

THE BOOK OF NORTH WALES. Scenery, Antiquities, Highways and Byways, Lakes, Streams, and Railways. By Charles Frederick Cliffe, Author of the 'Book of South Wales.' With a map and illustrations. London: Longman and Co. 1850.

Those whom leisure will allow to wander so far, will find this volume a useful companion in their peregrinations through the principality, which will doubtless be more frequently than ever visited, now that the opening of the Britannia Bridge offers both additional facilities and additional inducements to visit a part of the United Kingdom, as interesting from its historical associations, as it is attractive from the beauty and romantic character of its scenery. The map is well engraved and clear, and the illustrations give a good idea of several monuments of antiquity, which the tourist will hardly fail to visit.

PHILIP THE SECOND. A Tragedy. By N. T. Moile. London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co., Stationers' Hall Court; Kimpton, High Holborn.

FROM the Prologue to this tragedy in rhyme, we select a dozen lines by way of sample of the Author's poetic powers: they are as good as any in the Tragedy itself. It is, we believe, his soul whom he is addressing:—

" 'Tis sweet by headlands that o'erlook the sea,
And face the sun—Come, sit beneath with me!
Yon ship has harnessed winds to plough the deep:
Bright are their pinions as the cloud they sweep;
Chariots that fulmine far the deck endorse,
And steam wheels onward with a thousand horse:
But storm with more already metes her way,
And yawning quicksands bellow for their prey.
Happy, who hears of wreck the stronger share,
Or wonders at a work 'tis death to dare!
Drain thou the hive, nor envy those that filled—
'Tis better thrift to buy, than breed or build."

THE MORAL STATISTICS OF GLASGOW. By William Logan, Commissioner of the Scottish Temperance League. Glasgow: Office of the Scottish Temperance League. London: Houlston and Stoneman. 1850.

THE object of this pamphlet, which is dedicated to the Lord Provost of Glasgow, is to exhibit the information obtained by a committee appointed to investigate the "consequences and concomitants of intemperance in Glasgow, with the view of furnishing accurate data from which a statement might be drawn regarding the effects of drinking habits on the general population of Scotland."

The contents are classed under separate heads, all bearing reference to the connexion of intemperance with disease, pauperism, prostitution, juvenile delinquency, sabbath profanation, schools, and various other important topics, and is well worthy perusal by those who have at heart the well-being of the working classes.

